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June 11, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NA EKLY

OUR MUSCLE-BOUND NAVY

By
Lieutenant Commander
Holden A. Evans,
U. S. N., Retired

MRS J O MAJOR
21 S BUCKEYE
IOLA
KANS
26N38

June 11, 1938

HONOR STUDENTS
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②
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3,739 *Graduates* of '38

were asked by 73 college newspapers

"Which Pen would You prefer as a Gift?"

THEIR CHOICE TELLS YOU WHAT TO SELECT

FOR *Commencement*
FOR *Birthdays-Weddings*
FOR *"Au Revoir" Gifts*
FOR *Fathers' Day (June 19)*
FOR *All Anniversaries*

To supply a reliable guide to purchasers of Graduation Gifts, 73 unbiased college newspapers recently polled 3,739 graduates in leading colleges from Coast to Coast and determined their No. 1 choice of pens. *To no one's surprise, the revolutionary Parker Vacumatic received almost as many votes as all other pens combined!* Here are some of the reasons:

"Shows when to refill!" You see days ahead if the ink is running low, so it won't run dry unexpectedly.

"Double Ink Capacity!" Diaphragm Filler abolishes rubber ink sacs, piston pumps, etc.,— hence has room for 102% more ink than even our famous Duofold.

"World's Smartest Style!" Shimmering circlets of Pearl and Jet form a barrel gracefully slenderized for restful balance.

"Scratch-proof Point!" A Point wrought of Platinum and Solid Gold, tipped with flawless Osmiridium, twice as costly and far smoother-writing than ordinary iridium. A Point that's always ready to start when you are!

"Air-Conditioned Barrel!" Its tiny breather tube equalizes air pressure inside and out, so the ink won't flood your paper.

So take the shortest route to any nearby pen counter today, and try this pedigreed Beauty. The smart ARROW clip identifies the genuine Parker Vacumatic.

The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories: Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

HONOR STUDENTS

1. **Nancy Porter, Northwestern, '38, says:** *"More seniors here prefer Parker than any other pen!"*
2. **Marilyn Irene Stump, California, '38, says:** *"California seniors named Parker first choice!"*
3. **John R. Thompson, Yale, '38, says:** *"Yale graduates give Parker about a 2 to 1 majority—"*
4. **Ralph M. Wallace, Tennessee, '38, says:** *"I personally know 18 seniors besides myself who voted for a Parker Vacumatic!"*

COPR. 1938, THE PARKER PEN CO.

Parker
VACUMATIC REG. T. M.
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Parker Quink, the new pen-cleaning ink, makes a pen work like a charm. 15¢, 25¢ and up

New Jewel Case included with matched Pen and Pencil Sets at $8.50, $11.25, $12.75, $15

Parker
VACUMATIC
P
Full
TELEVISION
Ink
Supply
Less than actual size
Holds 102% MORE INK
THAN OUR FAMOUS DUOFOLD
PENS
$5.00
$7.50
$8.75
$10

STENOGRAPHERS WANTED

One thousand positions open at better than average salaries. Must be intelligent, rapid and accurate, and above all, careful to see that they offend neither their employer nor their fellow employees by reason of halitosis* (bad breath).

* This is the kind of an ad that never appears. But it should—for the sake of both employer and employee. After all, nothing is so unwelcome in business as halitosis. In many an office, it is automatic cause for discharge. Unfortunately, everyone has halitosis at some time or other—*without realizing* it. But why run the risk at all? Systematically every morning and night, and especially after excesses of eating and drinking, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Its quick, delightful antiseptic action immediately stops fermentation of tiny food particles, the major cause of mouth odors, and makes the breath—indeed the entire mouth—sweeter, fresher, purer. When you want to be on the safe side, use Listerine Antiseptic, the supreme deodorant.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

FROM PLAIN JANE AT $18 PER TO
"GLAMOUR GIRL"
AT $100.00 A WEEK
AS TOLD BY WALTER THORNTON, THE MAN WHO PICKS THE BEAUTIES FOR STUDIO, STAGE & SCREEN
WALTER THORNTON
I'M A STENOGRAPHER OUT OF WORK AND DESPERATE. I WANT TO BE A MODEL, MR. THORNTON.
YOUR FACE IS GOOD. FIGURE, TOO. BUT FRANKLY, YOU DON'T MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF. LET ME SHOW YOU...
WHEN YOU ENTERED, YOUR HEAD WAS DUCKED DOWN...BODY SLUMPED...YOUR MANNER, SHY. NOW LOOK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LIFT YOUR CHIN ... STAND ERECT...POISED! YOU BEGIN TO RADIATE CHARM AND CONFIDENCE
NOW, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL—YOUR SMILE. IT LACKS SPARKLE—BECAUSE YOUR TEETH ARE DULL. YOU MUST HAVE BEAUTIFUL TEETH IF YOU WANT TO SUCCEED AS A MODEL. I SUGGEST YOU TRY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE BECAUSE...
... IT IS THE FAVORITE WITH MODELS WHO MAKE THE BIG MONEY. GRACE ROWLAND WAS TALKING ABOUT LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE THE OTHER DAY. SHE SAID IT'S "A PERFECT BEAUTY BATH FOR TEETH ..IT GIVES THE MOUTH A FEELING OF DEWY FRESHNESS." USE IT A WHILE AND COME BACK TO SEE ME LATER.
THREE WEEKS LATER
WHY, MILLIE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF? YOU'RE GORGEOUS!
WALTER THORNTON HAS SHOWN ME HOW TO STAND... HOW TO WEAR MY HAIR...HOW TO MAKE UP ...AND ESPECIALLY HOW TO BRIGHTEN MY SMILE—WITH LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE—AND I'VE LANDED MY FIRST MODELLING JOB!

The Merchant of Venus is what they call successful Walter Thornton in New York. Every year he interviews thousands of beauties. If they pass his critical inspection, he sends them to commercial studios, the stage, and movie lots

A FEW MONTHS LATER
CONGRATULATIONS! ANOTHER $100.00. THAT'S THE SIXTH WEEK YOU'VE BEEN IN THE BIG MONEY—AND HEADED FOR HOLLYWOOD, TOO.
THANKS TO YOU—AND TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
OF ALL THE BEAUTY HINTS MR. THORNTON GAVE ME, I APPRECIATE MOST HIS SUGGESTION TO USE LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. IT'S GENTLE, SOFT, DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING, AND IT'S REALLY MIRACULOUS THE WAY IT MAKES TEETH SPARKLE AND GLEAM.

CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

It's a change for the better

When your dentist cleans your teeth, there is no spilling or mess because he makes his powder into paste. Otherwise the fine particles would fly off his rapidly revolving brush.

We, too, "cream" the finest dental powders into a paste, Listerine Tooth Paste. Thus it gives you the cleansing efficiency of powder *in modern form* . . . easy to put on the brush . . . no waste, no mess.

The formula itself is super-safe and extra-active. It quickly brings to teeth the sparkle and glistening high-lights so much admired in the photographs of New York models.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste tomorrow. You are sure to like its full-bodied, refreshing flavor. For added economy, buy the double-size tube. At all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

June 11, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT — Politics
AIMEE LARKIN — Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK — Washington
W. B. COURTNEY — Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER — Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS — Sports
KYLE CRICHTON — Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN — Art
DENVER LINDLEY — Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS — Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG — Fiction
IFOR THOMAS — Photographs
MAX WILKINSON — Fiction
JIM MARSHALL — The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

BEFORE she left Boston Martha Westcott *should* have known what she was in for. But she didn't picture how it would be. She was going to join her fiancé, Captain Radcliff, who was engaged in suppressing disturbances in Ireland. Disturbances sound impersonal enough, until you meet one face to face—as Martha met Michael O'Shaughnessy.

She saved Michael's life the night the Tans raided Mrs. Morley's house. And Michael gave her a life in return. "Three Met in Dublin," a story of the grim days of the troubles, is told by Howard Barry.

AROUND the camp ran a high-tension wire. Inside huddled a strange assortment of men, kicked and beaten into a kind of weary and outraged insensibility. Doctors, lawyers, burgomasters, entertainers—men who had forgotten that free speech is not tolerated in Hitler's Third Reich. Hours of back-breaking exercises, hours of soul-smothering labor, more hours polishing equipment under threat of the Darkroom, until life had become a dull torment. One of these men, now in this country, shows you the inside of a Nazi concentration camp in "The Nazis Got Me."

MARK'S mother lived in Tokyo. She spoke five languages and wrote in Latin. She realized that Mark needed a touch of common, rough-and-tumble life and so she sent him to Harvard, accepting the risk that he might fall in love. It was this formidable woman half a world away that Jean had to face when the struggle for Mark began. "Romance in the Rain" is a brilliant story by Hamlen Hunt.

EFFICIENCY has finally reached out and laid rough hands on the hen. No longer can she wander at her own eccentric will. She's now just a part—an essential part—of an egg factory. J. D. Ratcliff explains the new and profitable procedure in an article called "Pullet Paradise."

IT WAS the chief who thought of having a secret compartment built into a car and then sending the car out to be stolen—with a detective inside. Babe Jules was the only detective small enough to fit and so it was Babe who saw the adventure through in a "Tight Spot." The story is by Donald Barr Chidsey.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, Dorothy Ducas, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Quentin Reynolds, Kathleen Norris, Robert McCormick, Mignon G. Eberhart, Freling Foster and others offer assorted treasures. Enough for all.

●

This Week

SHORT STORIES

WILL F. JENKINS
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Looking You in the Eye. The eyes have it. Page 25

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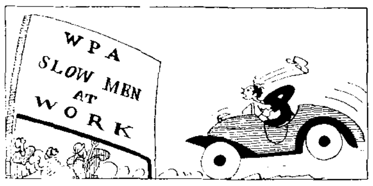
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Penny's worth. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Look Before You Hit. Page 70

COVER JON WHITCOMB

Any Week

MR. JOHN W. LARIMORE of Nogales, Arizona, says that he was driving along minding his own business when a large new sign on the roadside stopped him. It read: U. S. Public Works Program. WPA. Slow Men at Work. After some little trouble he located the men. "But I am unable," says he, "*to report* what slow men do while working. They had slowed down to a complete stop."



AND Mr. Ed B. Horst of Rome, Georgia, wants to know whether "there is a school, college or place where they will teach you how to become a member of Congress." Furthermore, he wants to know "who to write to to find out what a man or a woman can learn free from the government like dentistry, carpentering and flying, and will the government pay your way back home? I do not want this information for myself," says Mr. Horst, "but for a friend who is married and would like to surprise his wife."

ONE of the reasons we are pretty fond of our government is that it keeps us in suspense. No telling what it's going to do next. Mr. Sam Foss Locke of Albuquerque, New Mexico, says that his town was knocked goggle-eyed not long ago when word arrived from Washington that Albuquerque was about to receive three and a half million dollars to build a hydroelectric power plant with. "The rest of the week," says Mr. Locke, "was devoted to a frenzied scurrying about to find out *who the hell had applied for that* dough and who wanted a hydroelectric dingus anyway. No one knew anything. We tried Washington but all the satisfaction we got was that the three and a half million was on its way and please stop being a nuisance. Finally somebody asked a gent named Lembke, who used to be mayor. Mr. Lembke scratched his head and presently remembered that he had asked for the money one rainy afternoon about three years ago when things were a bit slow and forgot all about it. Anyway, here we are, 45,000 American citizens, suddenly told that our uncle has slipped us a fortune, bless his meandering old heart. But you should have seen the officials of our local privately owned utilities. We thought we'd have to shoot them to calm them down."

MRS. HANNAH GUHL of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has notified us that "if you don't do something about that subway Mussolini, Frank Hague of Jersey City, I am going to lose all confidence in you." Mrs. Guhl does not realize that we are not the courts. Neither does Mr. George B. McCool, one of Mr. Hague's hottest Charlie McCarthies. Mr. McCool informs us that he and we "fought side by side to rid the world of red radicals and communists," all of which comes to us as quite a surprise. Having had twenty years to think it over, we've arrived at the conclusion that we never did know what we were fighting about. Anyway, Mr. McCool insists that we "spring back to arms and aid that great American, Frank Hague, to fight his single-handed battle against those who would overthrow this country for which we fought and died in 1918." We did not die in 1918 and may as well make it clear at once that we're not going to spring back to arms even for so noble a patriot as Mr. Hague. We have a lot of manuscripts to read and we've got to paint a fence, a lot of screens to repair and we've promised to go see our son pitch a baseball game. *Also our feet hurt.*

Collier's
1933

BESIDES, we have all we can do to see to it that we don't slip in the estimation of the class of 1933, University of New Hampshire. We've just heard from Mr. Richard D. Auerbach of Boston, Massachusetts, chairman of the Five-Year Alumni Class Reunion of that *ancient and ivied school.* "With a seventy-five per cent return of our questionnaire," writes Mr. Auerbach, "the class has voted Collier's as its outstanding and most popular weekly magazine. The group represents a diverse classification of interests and consequently such preference speaks well for your publication. Congratulations from the class of 1933."

THEN, too, we've just got our weekly letter from Mr. John K. Sylvers of Butte, Montana. Mr. Sylvers always writes the same thing. We're pretty well worn down with our struggle to induce him to change—or quit. Writes he, as usual: "Nope. You're still wrong. Yrs truly, John K. Sylvers."

WELL, one of us is. W. D.

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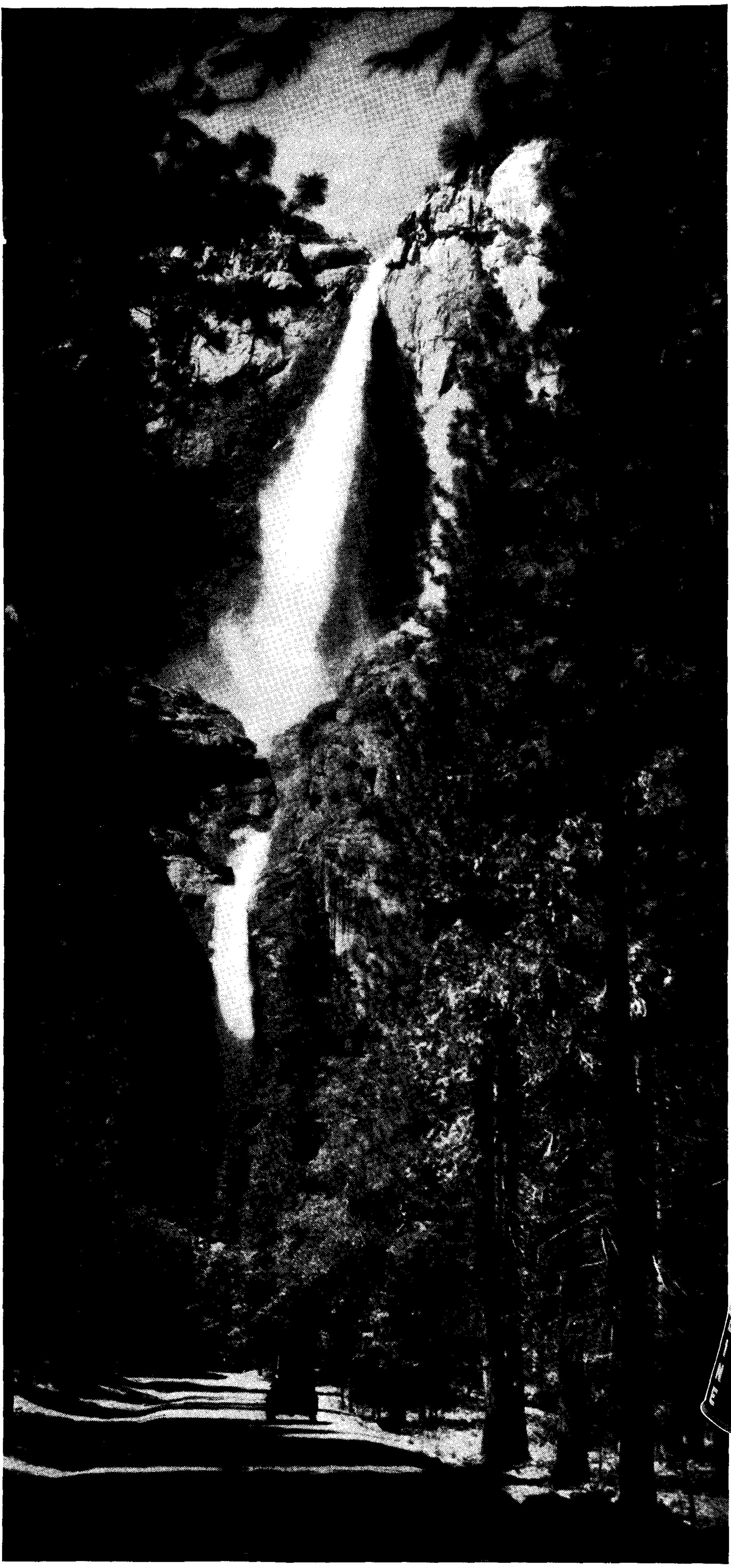


Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley, California

DISTILLED

for trips across town or over the Rockies

●

THIS OIL KEEPS YOUR ENGINE *CLEAN*

A CLEAN engine means a car full of pep and ginger, with plenty of "get-up and go."

And that's the kind of a car that means pleasure anywhere—city street or cross country highway.

Certainly you want this good performance, so buy Havoline, the *distilled* oil. For distilling removes those impurities that cause so much unnecessary engine wear. It makes your engine alert. And you get more out of your gasoline because there's no hard carbon to cause knocks.

Why don't you change to Havoline right now? This distilled oil will make you realize just how good your car can be.

Buy Havoline, the Distilled oil, at Texaco and other good dealers throughout the country.

HAVOLINE
HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL
WAXFREE
Like clouds
DISTILLED!

MADE FROM PARAFFIN BASE CRUDE

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS
Affiliated with THE TEXAS COMPANY

Copyright 1938, Indian Refining Company

ATHLETE'S FOOT
thrives on Hot, Steaming Feet

The Athlete's Foot germ thrives in perspiration—gets in through broken skin

Drench DANGEROUS CRACKS between your toes Tonight!

DURING hot weather, your feet stew inside hot shoes and socks all day—sweat and burn. This irritates the skin—causes it to split open between your toes—forms a regular hotbed for Athlete's Foot. A crack between your toes often means you already have the dreaded disease.

This painful infection is caused by a germ that feeds on perspiration and dead skin. When cracks occur, the germ gets in! It bores deep and spreads. Tiny white blisters—itchy redness appear. The skin peels off, leaving raw sores. You are a victim of Athlete's Foot!

U. S. Public Health authorities estimate 50% of the adult population has Athlete's Foot at some time.

Look between your toes tonight. If the skin is beginning to crack, splash on Absorbine Jr. at once.

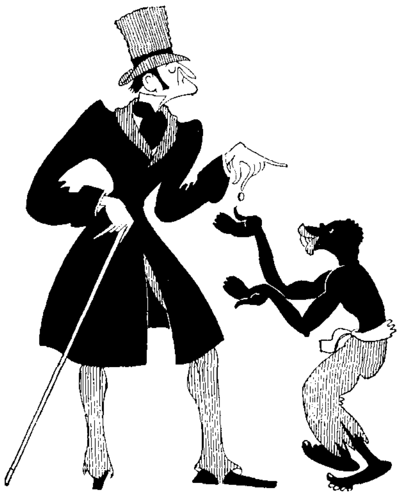
It dries the skin between the toes.
It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
It kills Athlete's Foot fungi.
It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.

At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

DIRECTIONS: Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength freely every night and morning. For supplementary treatment, place cotton saturated with one part Absorbine Jr. and three parts water between the toes, or other afflicted part, and bandage lightly. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.
Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi

The famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn, mosquito and insect bites



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

About 1800, tipping in the United States was virtually confined to the presentation of a few pennies to colored boys for running special errands. Now this practice has reached such proportions that the total tips given to New York City taxicab drivers exceed the passenger revenues of any of the American railroads with about five exceptions.

"*Rasputin*," or Gregory Efimovitch (1870-1916), the illiterate and notorious Russian who posed as a monk and became a royal court favorite, is known to most of the world only by his infamous nickname. Rasputin is from the Russian word *rasputny* which means profligate, or completely given up to dissipation and licentiousness, shamelessly vicious and dissolute.

Man is so susceptible to tularemia, a disease of wild rodents such as rabbits, hares, squirrels, woodchucks and gophers, that a high percentage of medical research workers, despite every precaution, have contracted it while studying infected animals. On the other hand, there is no record of a case in which this disease has been transmitted by a human being.—*By E. K. Wolfe, Berkeley, California.*

The only direct proof that the atmosphere reaches a great height is furnished by photographs of the aurora borealis, or northern lights, made against a background of stars. One exceptional display, observed west of Norway on September 8, 1926, ascended six hundred miles, showing the air to be dense enough at that altitude to manifest electrical phenomena.

The membership waiting list of the Marylebone Cricket Club of London seldom contains the names of less than 10,000 cricketeers, many of whom have to wait forty years to become members.

During the past fifty years, France has commuted the death sentences of women because executioners, through fear, have refused to guillotine them. The superstition is based on the fact that many who executed women in the past died mysteriously soon afterward.

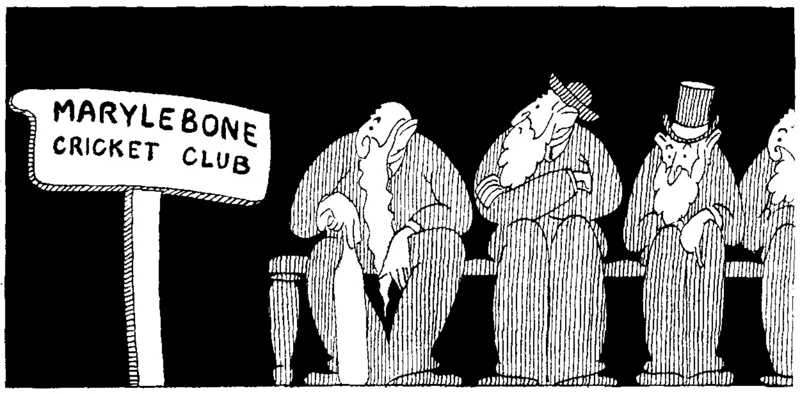
The avocado, or alligator pear, has three unique characteristics. Its protein and dry matter surpass that of any other fresh fruit, its ripeness can only be determined by a laboratory test of its oil content, and its growth is sometimes so abundant that whole trees have collapsed under the weight of their fruit.

Among certain tribes of Indians in Colombia and Ecuador not long ago, the depth of a person's grave was gauged by his former standing and influence. While ordinary individuals only rated an eight-foot burial, important men such as chiefs, witch doctors and rainmakers were honored with "great graves," often sixty feet deep.

Animals as well as human beings may develop skin cancer from excessive sunburn. Australia is especially noted for such cases among its sheep whose exposure to the sun on the plains sometimes results in cancer of the tender inside skin of their ears.—*By Rodger L. Simons, Stockholm, Sweden.*

One of the world's oldest beliefs, particularly among Moslems, is that "shooting stars" are firebrands thrown by angels at evil spirits when they come too near the gates of heaven.

Blushing is not confined to the face and neck. Anthropologists have found individuals, among primitive and seminude tribes, who blush as far as the waist.—*By Dorothy E. Ward, Kentville, Nova Scotia.*



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. . . AND THOUSANDS EVERYWHERE AGREE!

"It's Tops IN MORE FOR THE MONEY VALUE!"

"ANYTHING you want, Chrysler Royal's got! Power, pickup, smoothness. Rides like a much bigger car, performs and handles better. The body, brakes and other safety features are great. It's a beauty."

says **D. C. JULIAN**
Huntington Park, Calif.

"OUR FIFTH CHRYSLER"

"I wouldn't own a car without Chrysler's safety features. The new Royal is beautiful and full of zip, even at low speeds. Smooth, comfortable, roomy, easy to drive. We looked at other cars, but came back to Chrysler."

MRS. WALTER W. FULLER
Detroit, Michigan

"IT'S BIGGER . . . AND FINER IN EVERY WAY"

"Chrysler Royal tops them all in beauty. Most economical car I've ever had, 19 to 20 miles per gallon. Smooth as velvet, wonderful pickup, easy riding. It's a big comfort to me."

JOSEPH C. MATCHETTE
Buffalo, N. Y.

"21 MILES PER GALLON"

"A child can drive the new Royal. It performs wonderfully in the mountains. It's ideal for a woman—quiet, smooth, comfortable and easy to handle. Great safety features and 21 miles to the gallon on trips."

MRS. MABEL MEINKE
Cleveland, Ohio

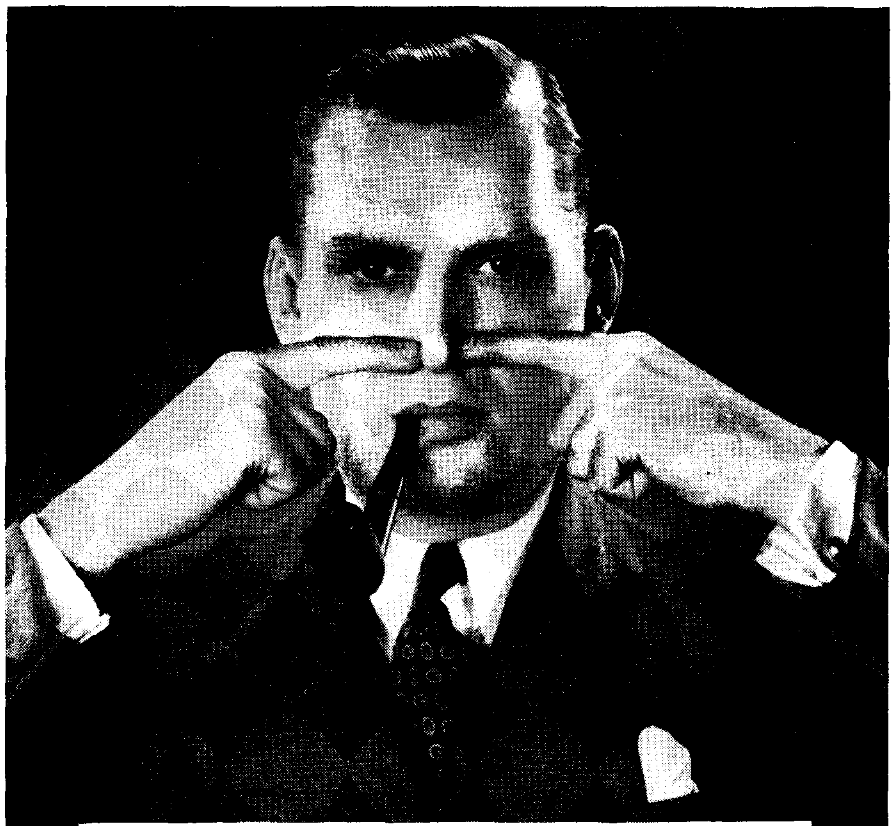
Chrysler Royal $975*

5-PASSENGER TOURING BROUGHAM,
READY TO DRIVE IN DETROIT,
FEDERAL TAX PAID

★ TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9 TO 10 P. M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME ★

*Local tax, if any, extra

Let this Test lead you to more Pipe-Pleasure!



1 If you think you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *taste*...make this simple test. While you're smoking, pinch your nostrils shut. Note that your tobacco smoke tastes flat ...*flavorless.*

2 *Now let go.* The flavor returns immediately, proving that you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *smell.* That's why HALF & HALF'S distinctive *aroma,* added to its finer *taste,* gives you richer, fuller tobacco flavor. This exclusive quality is called FLAVOROMA.

Why you get FLAVOROMA only from Half & Half

As the test shows, you enjoy tobacco flavor only *partly* through your sense of taste, *largely* through your sense of smell.

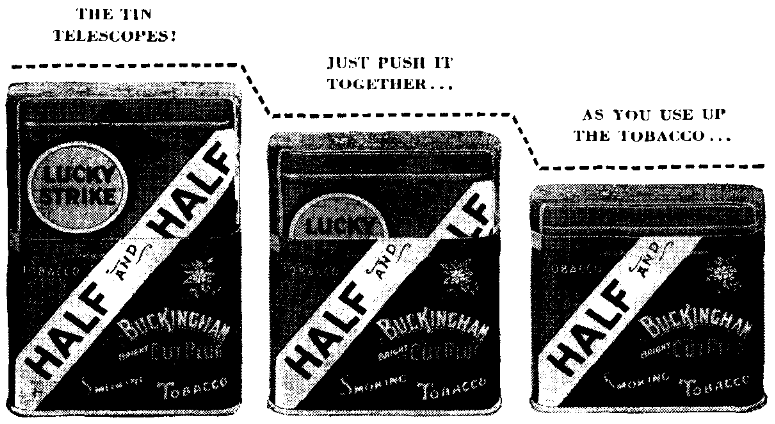
Knowing this, we set out to blend a tobacco appealing partly to your tongue, but *especially* to the keen nerves at the back of your nose.

In HALF & HALF, we finally got a blend that does just that. A blend with a very special quality which we call FLAVOROMA...a perfect combination of AROMA and TASTE that produces finer tobacco flavor.

It is this exclusive quality of FLAVOROMA in Half & Half that gives you more pipe-smoking pleasure than you've ever known before.

Try HALF & HALF yourself. Learn why FLAVOROMA is switching so many pipe-smokers to this tobacco every day.

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company



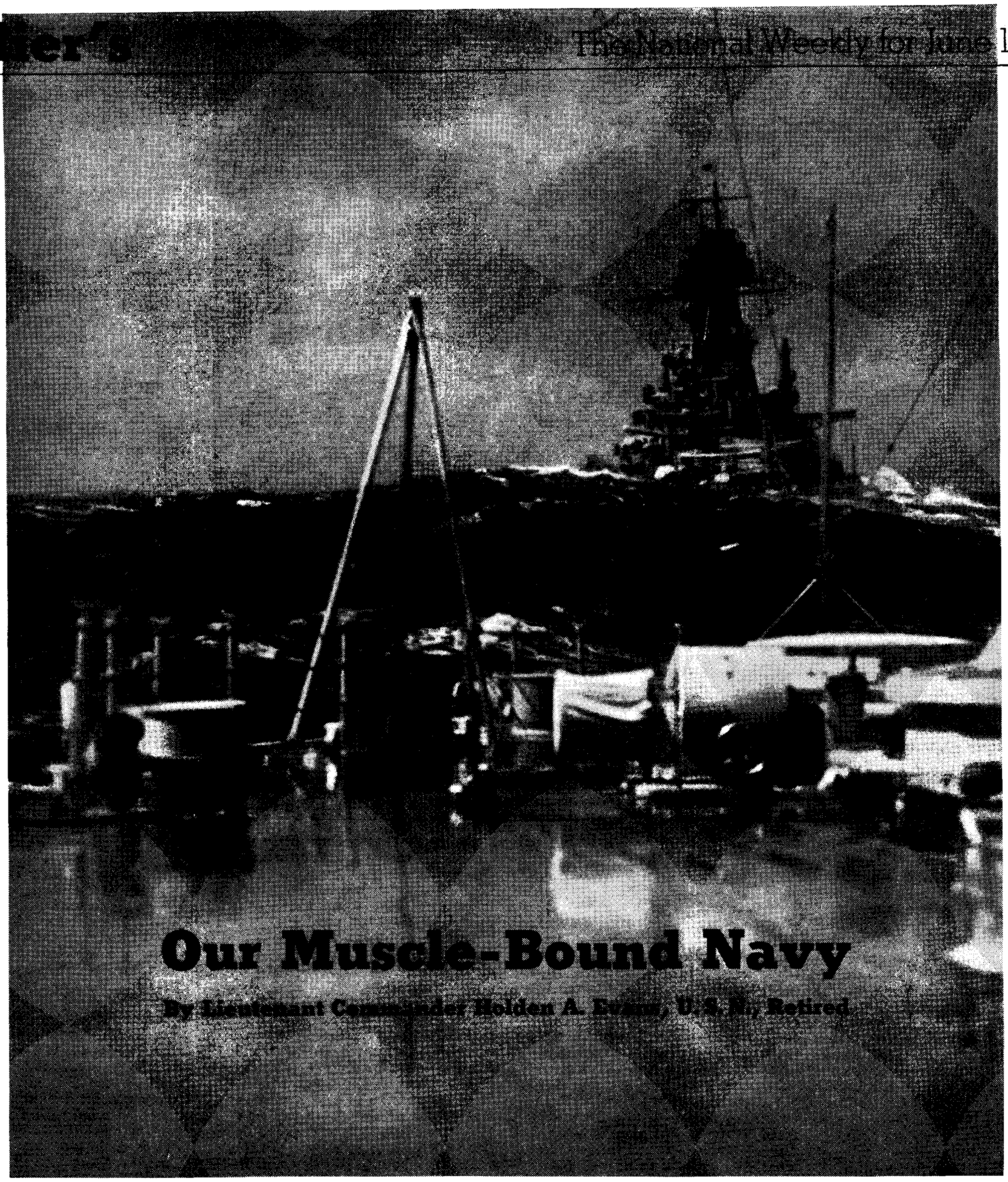
The Telescope Tin gets smaller and smaller as you use it, makes tobacco easy to get at all the way down. No scraped fingers as you reach down for the last load. (Patent No. 1,770,920.)

Enjoy the FLAVOROMA of

HALF AND HALF

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Collier's The National Weekly for June 11, 1938



Our Muscle-Bound Navy

By Lieutenant Commander Holden A. Evans, U. S. N., Retired

In heavy seas during the Pacific war games, the flagship U.S.S. Pennsylvania is trailed by the dreadnought Arizona

WE ARE planning to build a Navy that will equal that of Great Britain, which has the finest afloat. Perhaps we need such a fleet. I don't know. But there is one thing of which I am morally certain. By spending a thousand million dollars we can have the largest Navy . . . but it won't be the best!

You, as taxpayers, who have to foot the tremendous bill for rearmament, have a right to know now what is being done. Even if a conflict with a foreign nation never materializes, the billion-dollar initial cost and six hundred million more for operation and maintenance will touch your pocketbook very heavily.

I say flatly that our Navy organization is bungling and unworkable and ridiculously expensive. Fleets are built for war, and our sailors are as good fighters as can be found on the Seven Seas. But wars are not won only by men who fire the guns, but by those in the Navy yards and arms factories and munitions plants as well.

We Americans have a habit of confusing size and quality. If our Atlantic and Pacific coasts are guarded by more ships than any other nation can muster, we'll be satisfied, and will ask no questions. The bigness of the fleet is sufficient comfort. I am not offering opinions or theories about the Navy, but facts that are written into the record. I know what those facts are, because I spent fifteen years as a naval officer and ten more building ships for this country and several other nations.

What's wrong with the management of the Navy? A brief summary might be listed as:

1—The sea-lord clique, with its contempt for civilians, and its insistence that only line officers rise to power.

2—Wasted man power in unnecessary shore assignments.

3—Rotation of duty that prevents the development of specialists.

4—The unfair system of promotion.

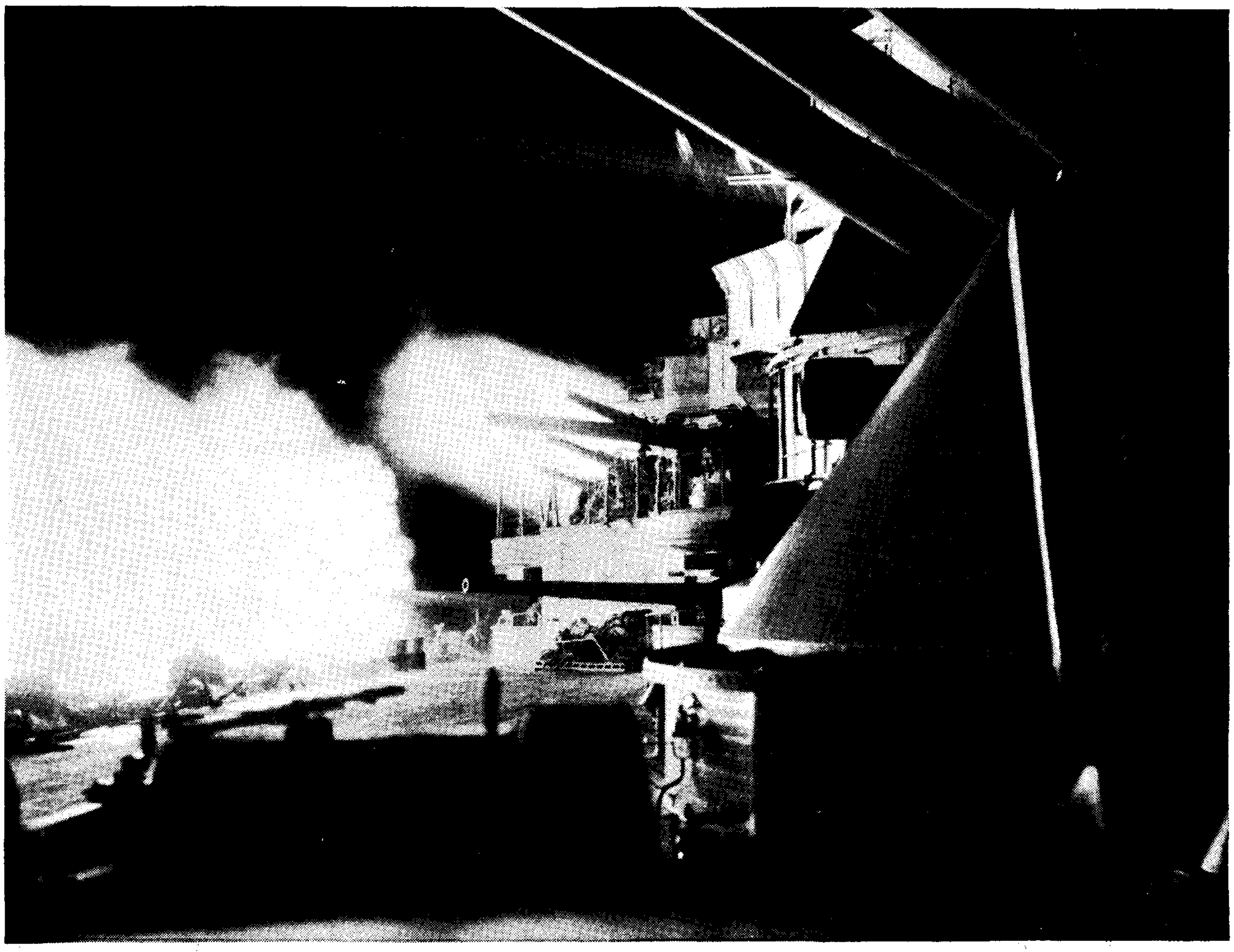
5—Lack of proper management in Navy yards and naval industrial plants.

Let us see how these factors enter into the mishandling of America's first line of defense.

A battleship is an extremely complicated machine that requires years of experience to understand and handle. The problem becomes even greater when it engages in fleet tactics and war maneuvers. The only place an officer can gain that experience is on shipboard. Yet, thirty-five per cent of our Navy's officers are on shore duty, and of these in the grades from rear admiral to commander no less than sixty-four per cent!

Great Britain believes her sailormen should have the feel of the rolling deck under their feet. They must be familiar with all the complexity of machinery and guns and electrical devices that make up the floating fortresses. When a sudden blasting emergency arises everyone must be so familiar with his tools that he reacts automatically. But we have captains commanding first-line ships who have had less than three years' sea duty in their grade. Even though a man possesses all the natural intelligence and courage in the world, lack of experience throws an impossible burden on his shoulders. Then, why should he not be kept at sea until he has a mastery of these things at his finger tips?

Why? Well, naval officers are not entirely the heroic supermen popular imagination paints them. They are quite human fellows, who like to be with their families, visit their clubs, play a little golf. Shore assignments offer those perquisites. Naturally, they are eagerly sought, and as a result the bureaus are overrun with officers who would be more valuable afloat.



The heavy guns of the U.S.S. Pennsylvania roar into the darkness during a practice battle at night

ACME

I do not assume there is no need for officers ashore. Some are required for planning and construction and development; for contact with the Secretary and Congress. But I do insist that a vast number are wasted in their present berths.

Great Britain's fleet at the moment is much larger than ours, but we have almost twice as many officers assigned to the Navy Department as she has to the Admiralty. Her war machine is geared for active duty in twenty-four hours. Ours is not, and never will be as long as the present organization remains unchanged. I lay this accusation squarely at the feet of the high-ranking officers of the Bureau of Navigation—sea lords, we'll call them, if you like the term.

Held by Rock-Bound Tradition

They cannot deny that last year, when asking an appropriation of $550,000,000, they forgot a simple little item of $29,000,000. Forgot! A slight error that Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, chief of the budget office, admitted to the House Appropriations Committee. The error was made in assembling the estimate, he said, as though it were as unimportant as a pair of dungarees. It is not too harsh, I assume, to say that when such a mistake slips by there is something basically wrong in the method that permits it. Or that the Navy might be equally careless in other things.

The old way was good enough for our grandfathers, and it should be good enough for us. That is rock-bound tradition. So there is no elimination made of useless swivel-chair jobs.

What value can work in the Naval Observatory, the Judge Advocate General's office, the Branch Hydrographic offices, the Supervisor of the Port and Inspector of Materials be to men who are supposed to handle ships, and fight them? Why should scores of line officers occupy swivel chairs instead of preparing themselves for battle? There is no reason I know of, except that these are prized and pleasant jobs, much coveted in the Navy.

It is assumed that the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps units at universities scattered throughout the country require competent instruction. When Captain Charles M. Yates, of the all-powerful Bureau of Navigation, was called on to explain their cost and functions to the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, he amazed those gentleman with his story.

Yates testified that each N. R. O. T. unit is supplied with six officers, scaling down in rank from captain to lieutenant. The average pay and allowances of those instructors amount to $5,652 each . . . and their duties occupy them four hours a week! Four hours of classroom work and drill every seven days . . . and the Navy Department spends approximately thirty-four thousand dollars a year in salaries alone on each of the half-dozen units! This should interest the taxpayers. If a university spent that much on coaches to teach the scrub football team, it would be the talk of the country. But equivalent waste on young men who are destined for the Navy only in the event of emergency is completely ignored. But, then, maybe a football team is more important than the naval establishment so far as the public is concerned.

It may not be important to the man in the street, who pays the bills, that the juiciest of plums are missions to South American republics. This is in furtherance of the "good neighbor" policy, and no one can sensibly complain of neighborliness. But, as this is written, a captain and commander are in Argentina. In addition to their pay, the former draws $9,985 and the latter $9,686 from that nation. It is understandable that the officers consider these emoluments as gifts from heaven. But how a year or two of playing the uniformed dilettante will better qualify them to take ships into battle is more difficult to fathom.

These examples of wasted man power merely scratch the surface. They would not be tolerated in civil life. To correct the condition it would be necessary to eliminate useless jobs and fill others with competent civilian employees. This would release a large number of officers for duty on ships, where they belong. But the Navy will fight any change. The Navy handles its own as it pleases . . . and it pleases the sea lords to have shore jobs that do nothing to improve operations of the department.

The psychology of our commanders adds friction where smoothness is needed. I remember, as a midshipman at Annapolis, how our attitude toward civilians was directed. We were taught to disdain anyone who was not part of the service, referring to them contemptuously as "damned cits." The fact that those civilians paid our salaries and bought us the ships we served on did nothing to change our perspective. They were beyond the pale—and that contempt is still mirrored in the Navy's attitude toward civilian employees.

The Navy's Caste System

There is, admittedly, nothing to be done toward changing this viewpoint. It is too deeply ingrained, too rigidly a part of men who have eaten and drunk and slept with it since they were immature boys. Possibly, in years to come, the lads in Annapolis will be taught there is nothing inherently disgraceful in being a civilian. But I doubt it so long as tradition is a vital factor in the uniformed service.

The sea lords go still farther in class distinctions. They belong to the line of the Navy. Officers of the Construction and Engineering departments are on a slightly lower plane. Regardless of their ability, the latter must not be permitted to gain too much influence. That is the basic reason underlying rotation of duty. If a man is continually shifted from one job to another he is not likely to gain a sufficient grasp to make him dangerous to the potentates of the line.

"Rotation of duty" is a phrase strange to civilian ears. It simply means that after an officer has spent a certain amount of time on one job, he is shifted to another.

Let us assume you are general manager of a plant employing say, five thousand people. There are numerous departments: manufacturing, sales, maintenance, personnel. Would you shuffle the heads of those departments every three or four years, putting your hard-boiled old plant superintendent in charge of sales, and your sales manager into the office to direct stenographers and file clerks? You would not, unless you were anxious to bankrupt the company and ruin yourself.

Yet that is exactly what the Navy does, because the lords of the Bureau of Navigation want complete domination. They are determined that no man, other than a line officer, shall lift his head too high. Line officers must necessarily rotate. Hence those in the Bureau of Construction and Repair must do likewise.

Anyone with an elementary knowledge of industrial management understands that a manager must know his personnel as intimately as he knows his work. He discusses the new Harrigan baby with its happy father, and Mrs. Schmidt's illness with her husband. The sea lords, who lack even a rudimentary knowledge of industrial management, cannot understand this. They protect their clique at the expense of the service.

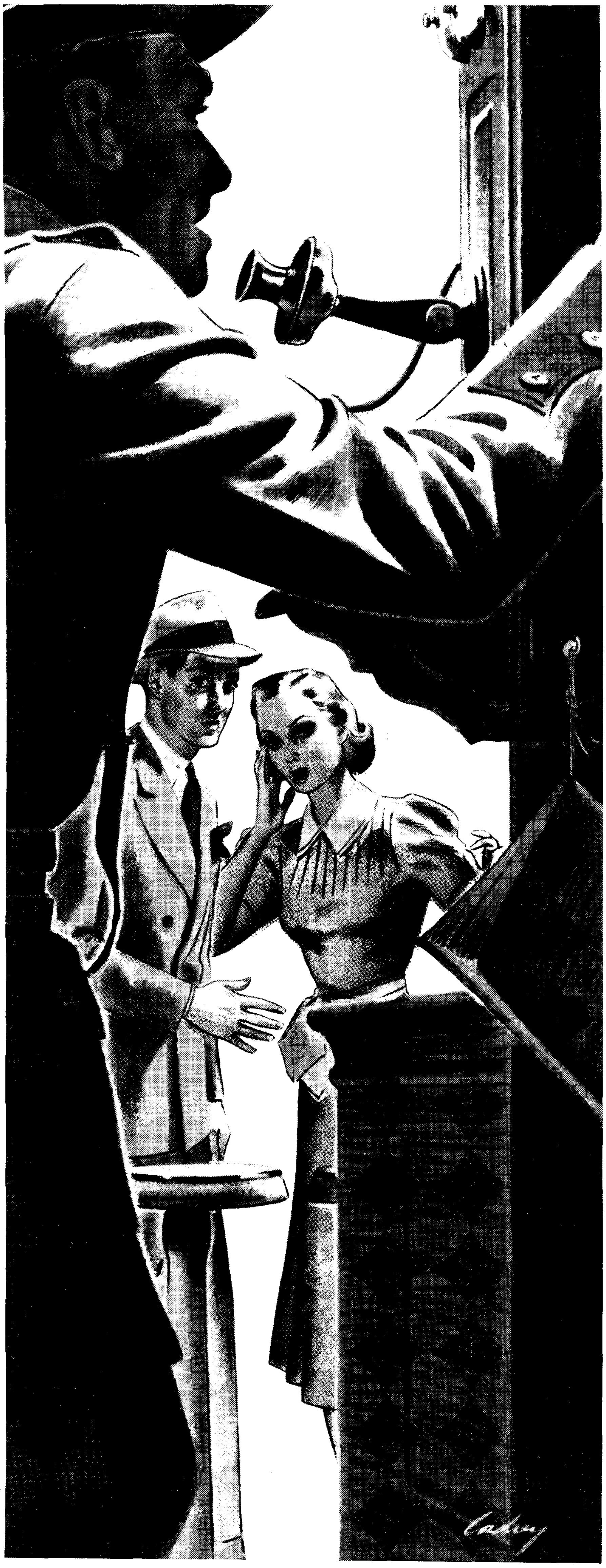
Sea Lords Save Their Jobs

It is easy to see how this works out to the detriment of everyone concerned. Take Lieutenant Commander John Smith, who has been working as a designer in the Bureau of Construction and Repair. Design is a tremendously important factor in naval success. Lack of proper design may lose a battle and a war. Smith has an instinct and real talent for design. His heart is in it. Already there is talk about it. The talk is heard in the Bureau of Navigation. Prominence for the individual is bad. It cannot be tolerated. The bureau chief calls the chief constructor. "Smith has been on design for four years," he says. "That is too long. He must be sent elsewhere."

"He is extremely valuable to me, sir," the chief constructor protests, knowing that whatever he says will have no bearing with his superior. The argument is lost. Lieutenant Commander Smith is assigned to a shipyard as an inspector, and a man with no particular love or liking for design is put in his place. The Navy is the loser, but the clique is protected. That is the vital thing.

In the Philadelphia Navy Yard is another constructor with a remarkable record. Let us call him Commander Brown. He reduced costs to such an extent that he built a cruiser for a million dollars less than its sister ship in the New York Navy Yard. You and I, who pay for every bit of armor plate and every gun, should be interested in a man like that. A million dollars saved on every cruiser would amount to no inconsiderable sum in this new program of ours. What was Brown's reward? Such outstanding performance was dangerous to the line officers. He was sent

(Continued on page 44)



"Gimme the Abington state-police post," he shouted. "And make it fast!"

Front Man

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Fortunate interlude on the highroad to a life of crime

BUD was on top of the world. He was twenty-two, and he was front man for Deadpan, and Deadpan was the biggest man in his line in the country. Which meant the whole world. He'd already been chased across four states—leaving behind him grisly reminders of the danger of chasing him—and now he was the object of the biggest man hunt in history. And Bud was his front man, which was a high honor. You see, ordinarily Deadpan couldn't trust anybody because of the reward out for him. And, therefore, nobody could trust Deadpan because he couldn't trust them. So Deadpan couldn't trust them because they couldn't trust him because he couldn't trust them, so . . . But he could trust Bud, and he did. And Bud was consequently on top of the world.

He drove down the road in the little car that he'd bought secondhand and worked over until it ran like a racing car, though it still looked like a wreck. That filling station up ahead looked just about right. Not too busy; not too dull. There was a big red car with a fat man in it, and a girl was working the hand gas pump. The sign said, "*Sandwiches, Coffee, Hot Dogs, Lunch.*" Bud turned in and shut off his motor alongside the building. He climbed out, the automatic in his pocket bumping against the steering wheel. He went over to the tank. The fat man was saying:

"Deadpan's out this way. Ain't you afraid he'll hold up your place?"

"He wouldn't find much here," said the girl.

"He might steal you," said the fat man.

"That's ten gallons even," said the girl.

The fat man paid and stepped on the starter and drove away.

"You want some gas?" the girl asked.

Bud nodded.

"But there's no hurry. I'd like to get something to eat first."

He opened the door for her to go in. The filling station was pretty small. A counter with four stools, some shelves, and a showcase with spark plugs and cigarettes and pies and blowout patches in it. The girl went behind the counter and Bud said, "Ham and eggs and coffee." Then he fidgeted while she went through a flimsy curtain to the back room to put it on the stove. The hunt for Deadpan was getting tight. Bud, as front man, was getting Deadpan's grub and gas and so on, and Deadpan was moving nights, with Bud going on ahead and hunting out clear roads for him. But it was getting pretty close.

The girl came back. The eggs and ham hissed and crackled in cooking fat behind the curtain. The girl picked up a cloth and started to dust a shelf. Bud was just trying to figure out an opening to start asking questions when he saw her stop and look ruefully at her hand. It was red and irritated.

"You're not used to working that pump," he said.

"No-o," she admitted. "There was a fellow here that worked it, but he quit yesterday. I've got blisters."

Bud said, "Tough!" commiseratingly. Then he added:

"I guess a lot of people talk about Deadpan around here."

"Men like that fat one," said the girl; "they're just trying to make a wisecrack. I don't pay any attention to them."

Bud got out a pack of cigarettes and lighted up. But he was uneasy inside. He had Deadpan safely hidden away for the day. He thought so, anyhow, and so did Deadpan. He had a route all picked out for a getaway when it got dark tonight. He'd been scouting roads all morning. But it was a good idea to check up on things, just in case a lot of cops started accumulating, or something.

The girl started to dust again, with the cloth in her other hand. Then she looked out of the window.

"Darn!" she said. "More pumping!"

"I'll take it," said Bud. "No trouble."

HE WENT out and pumped ten gallons. He found a rag and wiped off the windshield professionally. His last job had been in a garage. The girl came out as he finished putting in a quart of oil from one of the glass jars. He motioned to her to take the money. The car had a radio in it, going. The man was a traveling salesman. Bud jerked his thumb at the radio and said:

"Any news on Deadpan?"

"They're ringing him in," said the man in the car. "Getting all set to take him. Thanks."

The last was to the girl. He drove off. The girl said: "Your plate's on the counter. It was just ready."

Bud went in and sat down to eat. He knew that when the salesman said, "They're ringing him in," it didn't mean anything, but he couldn't help worrying. He frowned uneasily at his plate.

"You're mighty interested in Deadpan," said the girl.

"Uh-huh." Then Bud saw his opening. He said, "I used to know him."

"How's that?"

"In a garage where I worked," explained Bud. "He got a job there. He was on the lam then, but nobody knew it, or that he was Deadpan. He was a pretty swell fellow. One morning he didn't show up, and next day some G-men came looking for him. They said he was Deadpan. He was gone by that time, though. Somebody must've tipped him off."

All that was true. Quite true. But Bud didn't mention that a month later he'd gotten word from Deadpan that he needed help, and he'd been thrilled and flattered to think that Deadpan would trust him, and he'd gone where Deadpan said, and now he was front man for him. He could go places and buy things and find out news while Deadpan would have been recognized instantly.

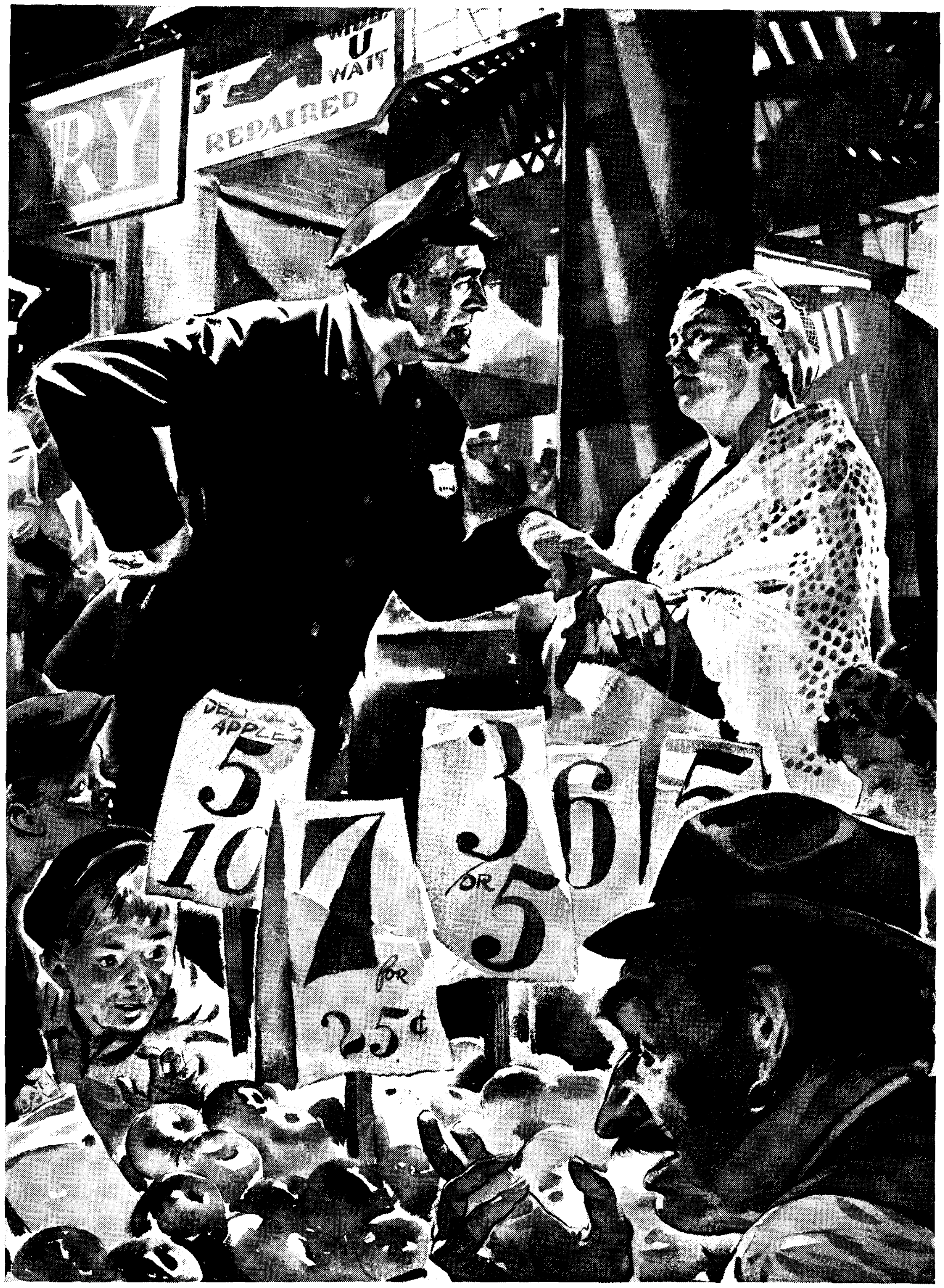
(Continued on page 31)

Flatfoot

By Leslie T. White

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Meet Finnegan, a tough cop. Hard enough for the hoodlums of his family, wise enough for the lovers



"Ethel," Finnegan interrupted. "Button up your lip before that nice girl walks out on you!"

SERGEANT MACGILLIVRAY was nervous. He felt sudden sweat dampen his upper lip as he hunched in the front seat of his parked squad car and watched the approach of Patrolman Finnegan.

Finnegan, spotting the district car, tossed aside the remains of a doughnut he had filched somewhere along his patrol, and sauntered over.

"Hi, Angus," he saluted the sergeant. "What's news?"

Sergeant Angus MacGillivray was not a man to test the water with his toe.

"Pete," he blurted, "you ain't gonna like this, but I reckon you heard the commissioner has been modernizin' the force by replacin' foot patrols with radio cars. An', well, startin' tomorrow night, the radio cars take over this district, an' you—"

"An' me—*what?*"

"You go on duty as night jailer in the Harbor Stationhouse." He squirmed under Finnegan's metallic glare, adding: "It's a soft berth, Pete. More dough too."

Finnegan glowered. "An' that dumb politician thinks he can send a couple of smart-alecky kids—"

"Listen," MacGillivray interrupted, "you ain't arguin' with *me*. I'm only the hired help aroun' this department; I take orders an' I pass 'em along. You only got about two years till your retirement. So you better play smart an' be damn' glad you got a nice soft berth in the jail, instead of a suspension like most of the younger flatties who couldn't pass these new examinations. Think it over!"

Before Finnegan could dig up a suitably caustic retort, the sergeant nudged his driver.

"Okay, Pinky, let 'er roll. An' you, Pete—see you in jail."

FINNEGAN watched the squad car vanish before he turned and slowly shambled down Pulaski Street. It was difficult to realize that, after nearly a quarter of a century, he was finished on this familiar beat.

He felt tempted to barge down to the commissioner's office and tell that worthy a few things; certainly somebody ought to tell him off. Yet on reflection, he concluded that the sarge was right. Play smart and wait for his pension.

But what about all these folks who, for the past ten years, had regarded him as a sort of combined father confessor, judge, jury and mediator on all neighborhood and personal matters? It had taken the first ten years of tramping the streets, helping them, knowing them, to win their confidence and respect. And now this lame-brained commissioner . . .

Moist with indignation, Finnegan paused in front of the All-American Cleaning and Dyeing. Sol Wurzbach, the proprietor, bobbed his head out.

"Hya, Captain, maybe you drop in tomorrow night. My Minnie she is goin' to marry a week from Saturday that fine boy I tol' you about, so we give her a party."

"Okay, Sol," Finnegan began automatically, before he suddenly remembered. "Say, I can't do it. Bein' transferred to the jail. Sorry."

Wurzbach's eyes bulged. "*You!* No, no, no! Hey, they can't do that! I get up a petition! I'll see my lawyer. . . ."

But that was the way it was; these people knew him, trusted him. He not only represented the authority of the police department; he was the department. Finnegan let his jaundiced eye roam ahead, and flinched. But it was too late to duck.

Mrs. Malarkey bore down on him. Mrs. Malarkey was a widow whose shrill, querulous whine had already driven one daughter, Naomi, into hitchhiking to Hollywood, from whence no word had ever filtered back home, and the remaining youngster, the nineteen-year-old Flossy, had caused Finnegan more grief than any two boys in the neighborhood.

"That girl of mine!" squealed Mrs. Malarkey. "I don't know what I'm *going* to do! Now she's runnin' around with that big bum what drives a truck for the tailor."

"You mean Hymie Minovich. Ah, he's a fine lad."

"There you go encouragin' her! You an' your socialism ideas. After all I've done for her, too, I'm afraid she'll turn out no good like her sister. Well, I gave her fair warning. Just one more night you stay out till after twelve o'clock, young lady, I tell her, an' it's the reform school for you. I'll not have two daughters turnin' out . . ."

"Ethel," Finnegan interrupted, and Mrs. Malarkey froze to startled attention because he had not used her first name in twelve years, "you talk too damn' much. Button up your lip before that nice girl walks out on you!"

(*Continued on page 26*)

Poor Man's Fishing

By Frank J. Taylor

There are millions of stripers and thousands of rabid week-end fishermen. Just another of California's "biggest and bests"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

YOU'VE heard of "Doc" Watt and Jabes Swan and W. A. L. "Midnight" Miller, of course. No? Well, memory's short. The trio led the Western bass anglers' hot-stove league for years. The Doc was the scientific fisherman. Jabes did the biggest talking. But Miller landed the most fish. Some say it was because he loved to fish at midnight in his favorite haunt, San Gregorio lagoon, just south of San Francisco.

All Mr. Midnight Miller needed to land fish was a last Sunday's newspaper, a stout rod and line, a reel, some clam necks, a forked stick and a bell. Oh, yes, and a bottle of paste. Assembling these items and himself by a campfire of a Saturday night, he followed a ritual. Six double pages of newsprint pasted together and spread on the salt grass made a bed. Six more became a blanket. A few additional sheets propped up with stakes formed a windbreak against the sea breezes.

Threading a clam neck on his hook, he cast the line far into the lagoon, rested his rod over the forked stick, tied the bell to the line near the reel. After a yawn and a stretch, he crawled between the paper covers to doze off and dream of finny monsters until the bell rang. It always rang at midnight. Bounding to his feet, Mr. Miller exulted in twenty strenuous and glorious minutes until there lay at his feet in the pale moonlight a glistening fat bass, silvery with black stripes from gills to tail. Recasting and adjusting the bell, he crawled between the newsprint again to await the next call that would come from the lagoon.

"That, sir," he used to say, "is poor man's fishing."

Well, times and tides have changed. Mr. Midnight Miller has passed to his reward. Poor men don't fish at night any more, nor do rich men, either, it being against the rules in most states. But Mr. Miller's worthy adversary, *Roccus lineatus,* "stripers" to most of us, has kept on multiplying and battling for the bait until today he is considered one of our greatest game fish.

Just to refresh your fish lore, striped bass are natives of the Middle Atlantic waters from the Carolinas to Massachusetts. They're not true bass nor true perch, yet are related to both. They are on the increase on the Pacific Coast, where prior to 1879 there wasn't a striper in existence. That year, Livingstone Stone, of the U. S. Fish Commission, gathered in 135 young stripers about three inches in length from the Navesink River in New Jersey and carried them overland by train to Carquinez Straits where he liberated them. Three years later, J. G. Woodbury, of the state fish bureau, brought five hundred more from the Shrewsbury River, also in New Jersey. These he planted in Suinsun Bay, likewise an arm of San Francisco Bay.

From this modest start, within twenty years, the commercial catch of striped bass in San Francisco Bay exceeded a million pounds a year, and the Saturday-Sunday anglers were hauling out as many more. The stripers proceeded to clear the waters of carp, suckers, bullheads and the other relatively useless fish. They migrated up the coast to Coos Bay, Oregon, and as far south as Monterey Bay, though they stubbornly refused to linger when planted in the warmer waters of southern California.

While they were successfully making a new home for themselves on the Pacific, their cousins were fighting a losing battle along the Atlantic. By 1908, a U. S. Bureau of Fisheries Survey revealed the catch in California running neck and neck with that of nine Middle Atlantic states pooled together. Anglers still catch bigger stripers off the Eastern shores, the quarter-century record being a sixty-five pounder landed by a Rhode Islander, Arthur Clarke of Jamestown, two years back. Last year's honors went to an Attleboro, Massachusetts, angler, E. S. Kerfoot, whose eel bait intrigued an unwary fifty-five pounder off Narragansett Pier. The best the Westerners could show was Alf Brume's forty-five pounder landed at the mouth of the Russian River, on whose banks Mr. Brume lives.

But week in, week out, year in, year out, the Western anglers have the best of the striped-bass sport, in spite of the fact that the striper is a newcomer and an exotic fish on the Pacific. The reason is that fifteen thousand rabid week-end fishermen have banded together through a federation of seventy angling clubs in a militant lobby known as The Associated Sportsmen to save the striper from extinction. Their first objective, won three years ago, was the law making the striped bass strictly a game fish, prohibited in commerce, like trout. Their all-time battle is to save Western waters from pollution, which is the number-one reason the striper is slipping in his native Atlantic waters. The bass can hold his own against the anglers, but he can't stand oil from refineries, chemicals from industries and filth from sewage-disposal plants. It's a good deal as Skipper Gene Copp says:

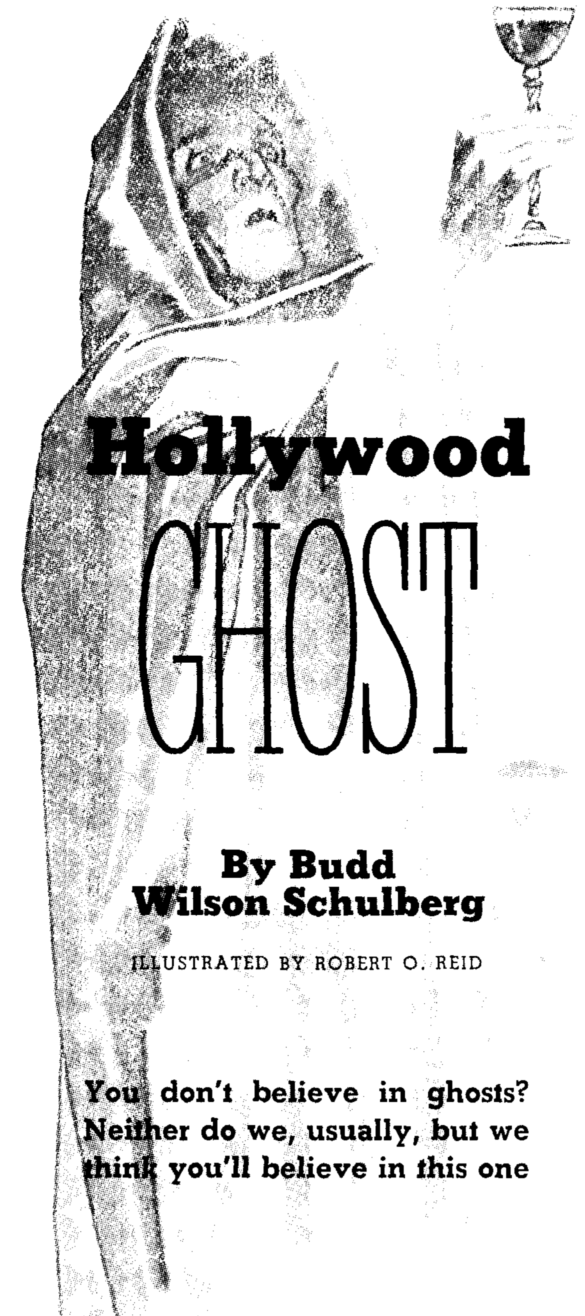
"Boy, you can fish the same hot spot for forty years, and the bass will still come back to it. I know, because I've done it. But start polluting the waters and Mr. Bass leaves that same day. I've seen that happen, too."

Skipper Copp of Oakland rates as one of the practical authorities on stripers. Some of the scientific gents across the bay in the Fish and Game Commission offices may have more theories, but he has the facts. He's studied the fish from the business end of a rod since he was twelve, when he caught his first bass in the estuary. The skipper's been fishing since: thirty years for the fun of it, ten as the professional guide, friend and boatsman of San Francisco anglers.

The Skipper and the Missus, that is. He met the Missus twenty-seven years ago. She liked to drag them out as much as he did, so they practically lived on the Fanco, the boat he built and named for her.

The stripers like to ride the incoming salty tides up the bay and into the *(Continued on page 62)*

It's a twenty- to forty-five-minute game of patience to tire out and land a striped bass



Hollywood GHOST

By Budd Wilson Schulberg

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

You don't believe in ghosts? Neither do we, usually, but we think you'll believe in this one

WHEN her marriage burst in her face, Nancy Cutter *fled to Hollywood from San Francisco.* When you are thirty-one, when all your hopes for a home that would stand and a love that would last are dynamited, it is so difficult to be sweet.

You may be simple and old-fashioned like Nancy; you may still believe that children and a home are enough, but when your husband does an about-face, when it all goes smash, you may do what Nancy did: bring your money to Hollywood, throw it high up Hollywood Boulevard and deep into the valleys of Beverly Hills.

Draw a big, red smile on your face with lipstick, smear a happy glow on your cheeks, toss the gayest parties of the season, and find a man who is just too funny for words, a man who tells you not to take life seriously though you know it is the most serious thing in the world and draining fast, a man whose clothes and jokes and smiles are made to order, someone like that big screen writer Nancy was expecting, Remington Brooke.

Nancy was succeeding in being very gay, and everyone who had come to drink her liquor and gulp her food told her what a simply charming hostess she was. But Al Manners didn't tell her anything, because he was one of those writers who can't stand parties; his only excuse for showing up was that he wanted to see Nancy. He couldn't tell her how gay and marvelous she was, because you didn't need an X-ray to see that Nancy's powder and her war paint were pretty poor camouflage. Al cared enough for Nancy to see that she was laughing the way people do when they are lost and so very lonely. He kept coming to these parties because he had to tell her this before it was too late—before she gave herself up entirely to these rooms of smoke and laughter, and to Remington Brooke.

They had run out of gossip—one finally does in Hollywood—and in desperation had turned to ghost stories. Nancy switched off all the lights, and the butler lit the fire in the fireplace, and everybody looked thoughtfully or blankly or drunkenly into it.

Just then a man of importance made an entrance —a big sunburned hulk, whose arty clothes did not quite suit his thick, satisfied face. His several double chins slid down the neck of his tweed blazer, on the side pocket of which stood an ostentatious British crest. He framed himself in the doorway and stage-whispered "*Beware!*" and one little starlet shrieked a tuneful tremolo, and everybody laughed, the newcomer loudest of all. Then Nancy ran forward and they squeezed hands.

"Remmy, darling, you're just in time," Nancy said, as he continued to hold her hand in that big sunburned paw of his, "we're telling ghost stories."

Nancy sat Remmy down in the middle of the circle and all eyes were on Remmy, which pleased Remmy very much. For he was one of those Hollywood landmarks, like Greta Garbo's 1920 car, or the doorman at the Trocadero, one of those human showcases who felt he was serving his function in life only when he was drawing a crowd.

Nancy curled up on the floor at his feet. Al watched them, understanding why a regular girl like Nancy should turn to Remmy after what had happened to her, wishing he knew a way to stop it. She caught his look and winked, not wanting Al to be too angry—he was such a dear—and Al winked back, not wanting her to know how angry he really was.

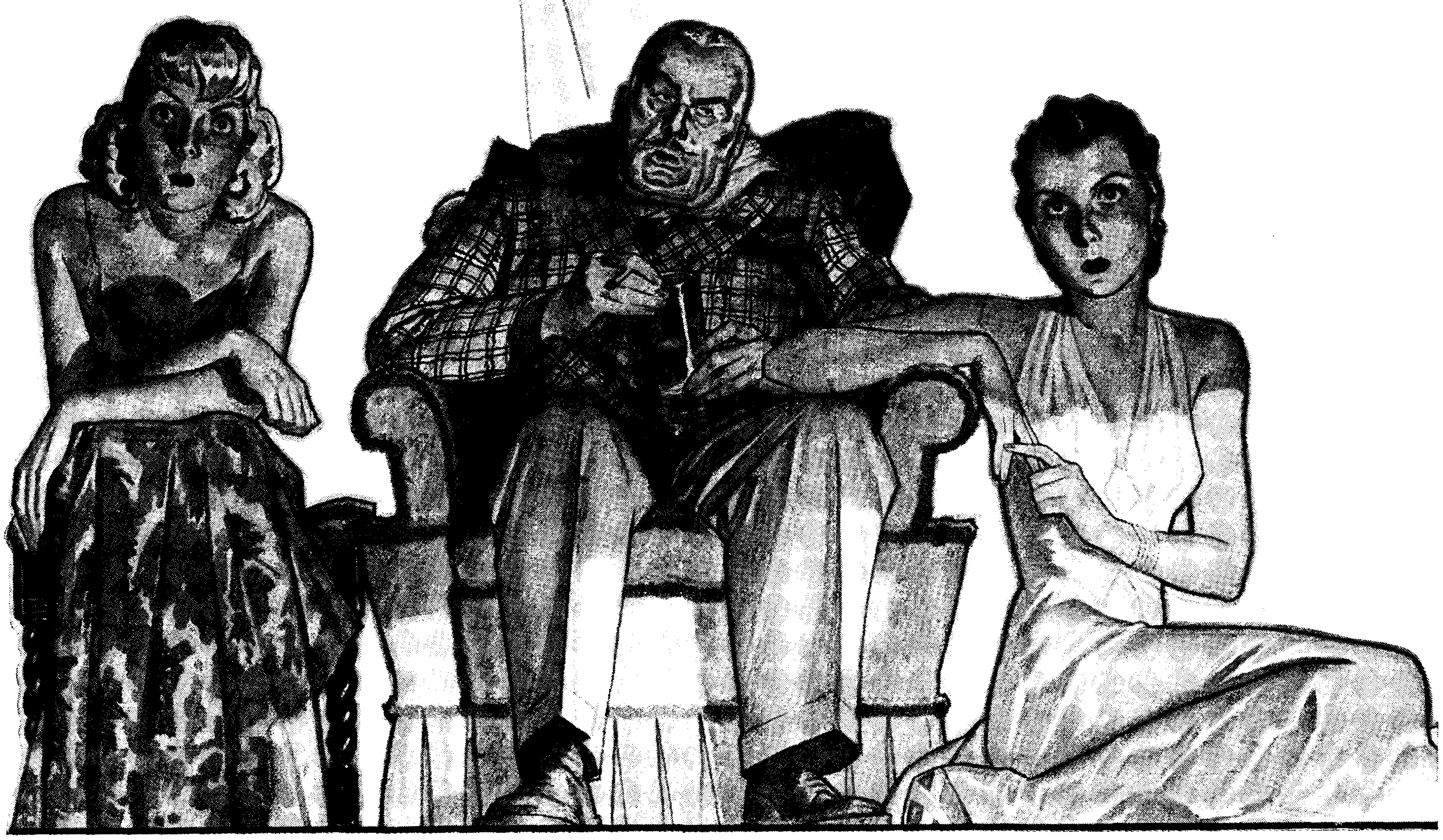
"Remember, girls and boys, everybody has to tell his spookiest story," Nancy warned. "You begin, Remmy," she begged. "I just know you have scads of ghost stories in your system simply screaming for expression."

"So I'm elected, am I?" he asked, speaking very clipped and British, for Remmy lived in a very English house in Beverly Hills, and spent six months of every year in London and collected pewter and complained about how uncivilized Hollywood was. And nearly everybody in town felt quite badly that Remmy had to sacrifice himself to Hollywood and America and forgot completely that he had first seen the light, or rather the murk, of day in Scranton, Pa.

"Your public is waiting, sire," Nancy said mincingly, and Remmy responded kittenishly, "Remember, you brought this on yourself—" Al Manners wondered what would happen if you tried to stop him from telling his story. Remmy leaned forward then, and put his fingers to his lips, and a hush fell over the place; *and he began in whispered tones, telling a tale* of the ghosts who returned to his father's banquet hall in England to finish a toast that had been interrupted by death.

THEY were all enthralled by Remmy's story, Nancy lost in a cloud of dense admiration and everybody listening spellbound—except Al, and a few other writers who were trying to think of yarns to top Remmy's as soon as he finished.

Al wished the real ghost of this story would appear—it would be really exciting to look upon the face of Edgar Allan Poe. He sat there sipping his highball and looking into the fire; he was twenty-nine, he had just been jumped to five hundred a week, he was trying not to listen to Remmy's phony dramatics. A lot of dough when you haven't got the dame



you want is like a big fire that can't keep you warm.

Remmy was just finishing. The little starlet shrieked, you wondered how soon it would take her to get really hoarse, everybody laughed and seemed very pleased. Nancy filled his glass again, and said, "Remmy, you're marvelous!" And Remmy threw his great head back and laughed to give everybody the impression he took none of this seriously.

Then Nancy caught Al's eye; there was a funny look in it, anger and unrest encircled there and she thought the poor boy must be jealous—she liked him so much though he lacked Remmy's *lift*, so she announced that the next ghost story would be by Al Manners.

Al modestly protested that he didn't know any ghost stories.

"Then make up one, old fellow," Remmy suggested. "After all, we are writers."

Al looked at him. "Come to think of it," he said, "I do know one."

"You're in a tough spot, having to top Remmy," somebody warned.

"Once upon a time," Al began, "there was a prominent scenario writer in Hollywood—"

"Nothing doing, old boy," Remmy interrupted, "we want a real ghost story."

"This is the realest ghost story in the world," Al insisted.

Remmy laughed.

"He probably had the ghost swear to it before a notary public."

"As a matter of fact," Al said, "I know this ghost story is true because the ghost told it to me himself, right here in Hollywood."

"Is it spooky?" Nancy asked.

"Nancy," Al said, "the last time I told this story I got the jitters so bad I had to be carried home in a strait jacket."

A nervous laugh ran through the crowd and everybody pulled his chair in a bit.

AL BEGAN again:

Well, we fade in on one of the biggest homes in Beverly Hills. It used to belong to a movie star who went broke and this big-shot writer picked it up for a song and dance. We'll call him Charley Twogrand. He was a darling of the columnists and one of the town's gayest—they used to drink his liquor and developed a great friendship for him.

Charley Twogrand was making whoopee and movie stars and thousands of dollars a week, but he was not a happy man. There was a great tragedy in his life. What the town did not know and only a few wise guys like myself had guessed was that Mr. Twogrand did not know how to write.

It wasn't that he couldn't think of plots or point up characterizations or do any of that tricky stuff. After all, some of the best of us can't do that. Charley wasn't even able to write a letter. I mean he juggled words like a drunken waiter. Every time he piled them up they fell to the floor and cracked into a thousand pieces.

Charley said he went to Oxford and I'm not saying he didn't, only they don't seem to teach you how to write English at those limey schools any more. And after he hit Hollywood he was so busy selling stories that he never found time to learn.

I used to be in the office across the hall from him so I know what I'm talking about. Charley used to start to dictate a letter and get as far as the third word. Then he would grow temperamental, tighten the bright yellow scarf around his neck and say to the girl, "Oh, well, you get the idea, put it in your own words." You don't have to have a sense of humor to get a laugh out of a guy who sells his writing talents for two hundred and fifty dollars a day telling a twenty-five-buck-a-week stenog to put it in her own words.

(Remmy broke in at this point: "Come, come, Al, we want ghost stories, not confessions." Nancy said, "Now, Remmy!" not really displeased, and the starlet said, "That's marvelous," and several others thought it must be too, and laughed. But Al was not to be put off.)

This Mr. Twogrand of mine was haunted worse than any of Remmy's British friends. He was haunted with the idea that he couldn't write and he felt very sorry for himself because he had to work twice as hard as the ordinary writer, selling himself to the producers on one hand, and finding the stooges to write his stuff on the other.

One day Charley's secretary brought him a letter from a little girl in New York he hadn't seen since his twenty-five-dollar-a-week advertising days, when she was one of the stenographers.

"Dear Mr. Twogrand," it read, "you probably don't remember me, June Strauss, who used to type your copy for you at the Dugan-Kaplan Agency. Well, I'm still punching in at the same time and the same place, only my name is June Weinberg now. I got married—maybe you remember the boy, Monroe Weinberg, who used to run errands here part time, working his way through college. We're very happy together except that Monroe hasn't been able to land a job and that's the reason for this letter.

"After years of knocking around the city doing everything from washing dishes to peddling two-bit ties in Union Square, Monroe finally finished his short-story course at Columbia Extension. I suppose there are about three million people right here in New York alone that are convinced they can write. But I'm *sure* about Monnie, and if I weren't I'd never think of giving up this job and writing you this letter. The little successes he's had, winning the Columbia short-story contest and publishing a book of poetry, gives me courage. I would say *us*, except that courage isn't one of Monroe's strong suits, and he'd die if he even knew I was writing you this way.

"I know that you are occupied at the moment preparing another important screen play, and hesitate to ask this, but when I think of Monroe out of a job and wanting so much to write and feeling so ashamed that I have to support him, I must go on and ask if you could possibly use your influence with the producers to get him in as a junior writer. I would never ask this if I wasn't sure Monroe's talent would repay you a hundredfold. I am enclosing some of his work so you can judge for yourself. Yours most hopefully and gratefully, June Weinberg."

CHARLEY thumbed through the boy's stories—he had a fresh slant, he could see that at once; producers were saying that Charley was stale. It would be a swell gesture to bring this poor little couple to Hollywood.

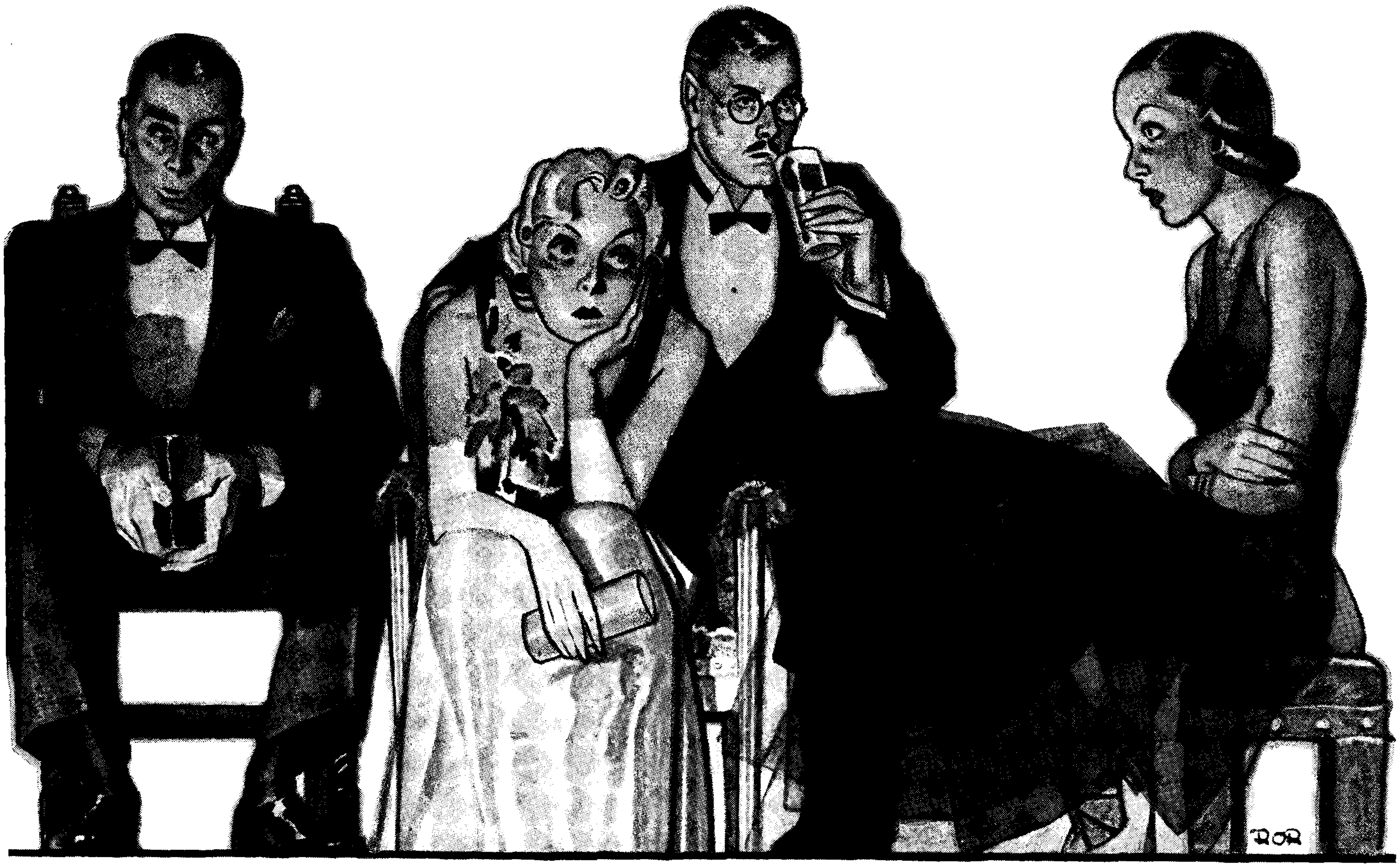
So Charley sat down and wrote—or rather, called in his secretary and told her to write Mrs. June Weinberg and tell her that she and her husband could stay with him in Beverly Hills as long as they liked.

Two weeks later Monroe and June arrived. Charley had his limousine pick them up at the station. He was waiting for them in his den, taking a fine English pipe from his mouth to welcome them to Briarcliffe, as he called it.

June turned out to be a simple little girl, pretty in an anemic, unexciting sort of way. She was dressed rather obviously and pathetically in her best dress. You could see right away that she worshiped Monroe. Monroe looked like an attic poet. He had a long, thin face that just could not be gay, no matter how much it tried. And he did try hard, for he was grateful to the point of tears and,

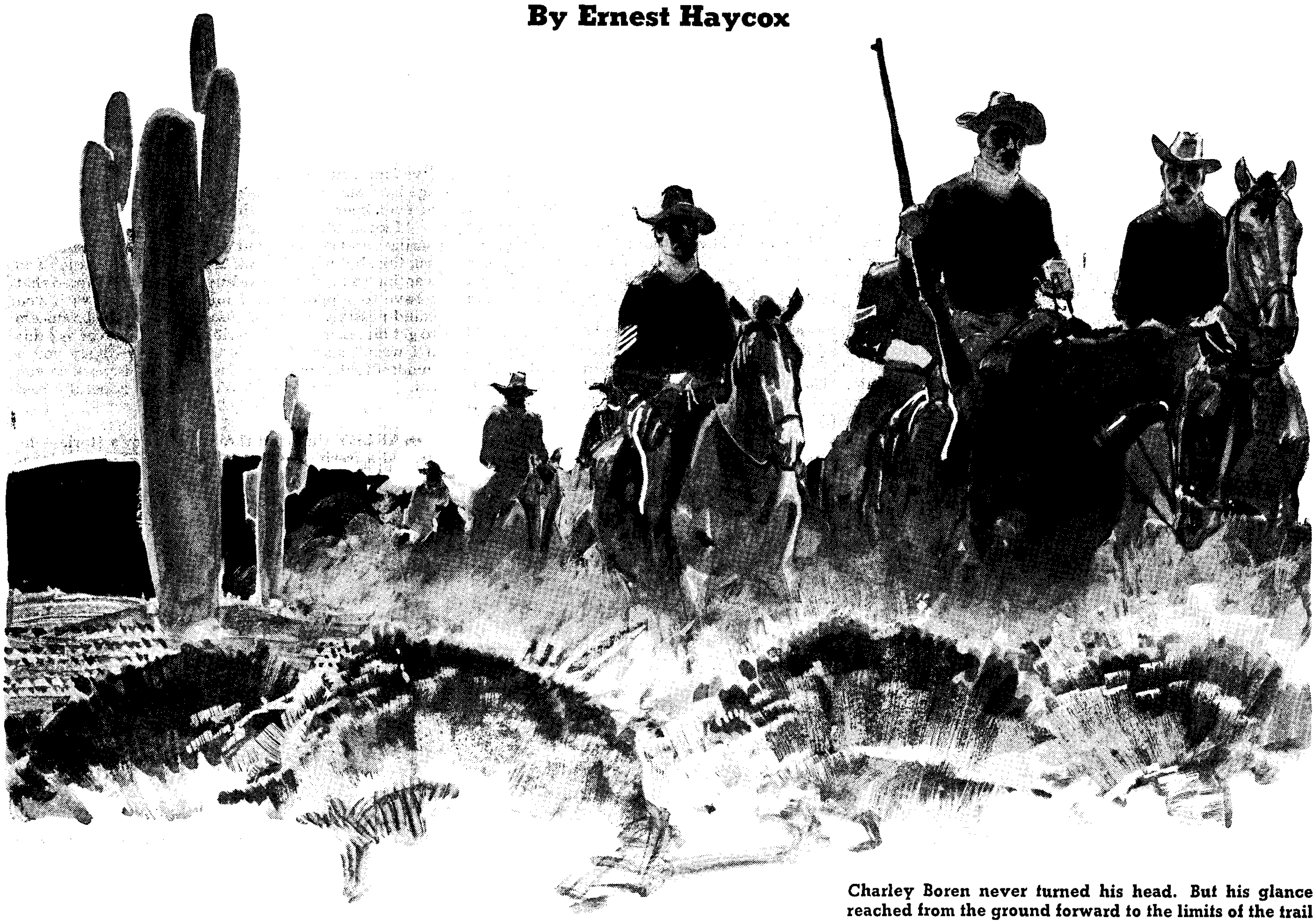
(Continued on page 57)

Remmy began in whispered tones, telling of the ghosts who returned to his father's banquet hall



Scout Detail

By Ernest Haycox



Charley Boren never turned his head. But his glance reached from the ground forward to the limits of the trail

THE colonel's cigar lay arrested between his fingers while he talked to Lieutenant Parke Stobo, its lighted tip forming a dull red eye in the blackness of night. Day's incredible heat had begun to dissolve and a faint breeze slid down the near-by shoulder of the Mesquites. Elsewhere, distance ran flatly into the southern Arizona deeps. The sky had the powdery brilliance of its millionfold stars, though none of that infinitely distant glow touched the earth.

"You will take a detail of twenty-five men, with Charley Boren for guide, into the Mesquites by way of Pete Kemmel's ranch. Do not ride beyond the neck of Stagecoach Pass. Rations for three days. It is a routine detail. Your purpose is to give Lieutenant Wells, who is thoroughly green, a taste of the country."

"Yes, sir," said Parke Stobo and went down officers' row with the fragrance of the colonel's cigar starting up the sharp saliva in his jaw. Out in the center of Fort Tonto's baked parade the trumpeters were sounding tattoo, all those notes fading across the desert in long, beautiful layers of sound.

In his quarters young Lieutenant Philip Wells sat up to the packing-case desk with the pale flame of a government-issue candle before him and brought his diary to date. As the post's newest officer, he rated the last house on the row, this being nothing more than a single 'dobe-walled room with a rammed earth floor and a roof of wattles and baked mud.

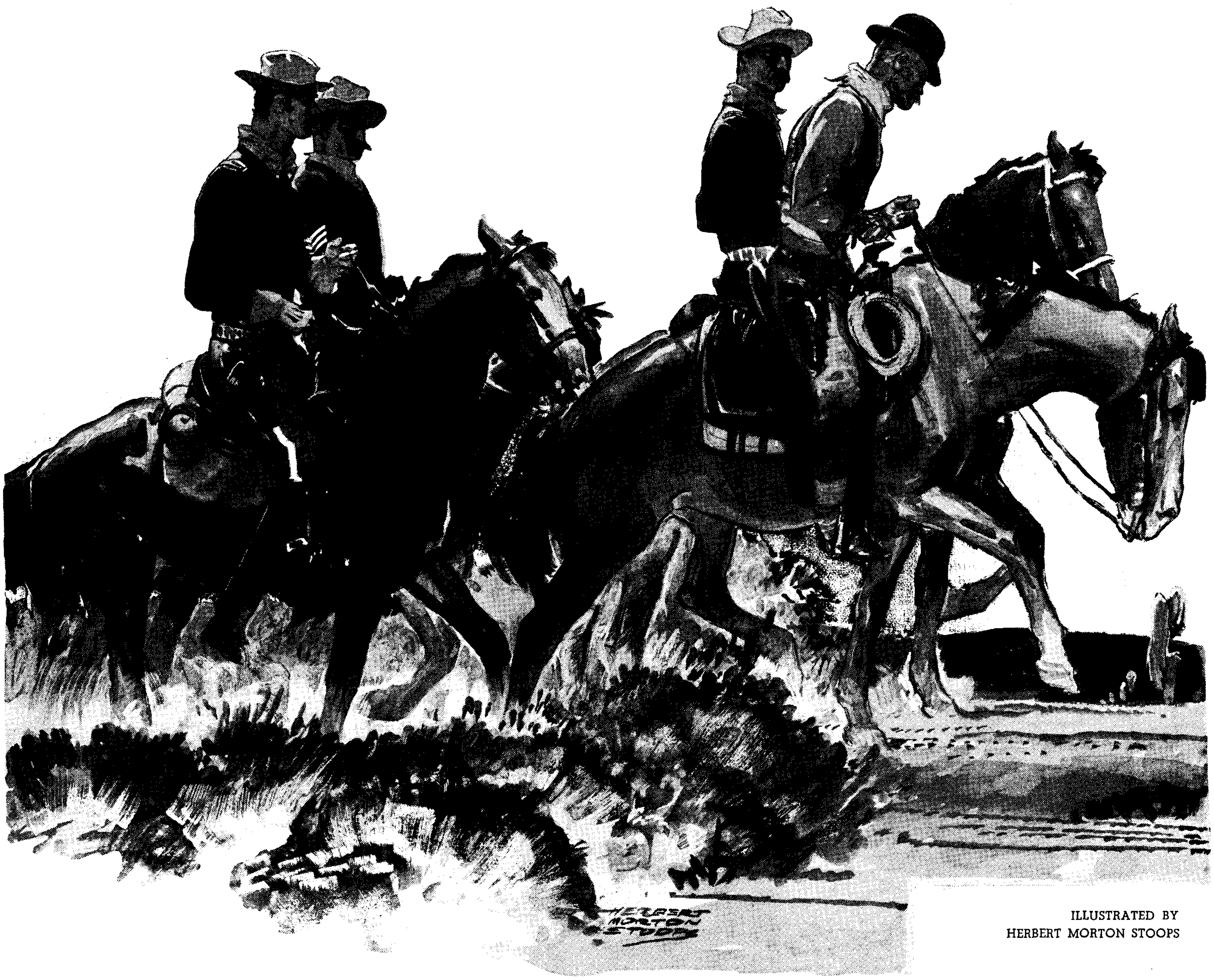
West Point was a month behind him and its extreme orderliness still showed. The soapbox affixed to the wall held his personal effects in neat arrangement. His dress uniform hung from an improvised rafter, its creases sharply defined and the yellow lining of the cape creating quite a glow against the light. Before him, on the packing-case table, stood the few books of his profession, properly erect. A cot, a locker trunk, a washbowl and water pitcher on a cheap stand, and the chair he sat on—these things made up his furniture. And he was rounding out his diary with this solemn statement to the Wells posterity who would one day read it:

"SO I am convinced that a rigorous display of force will subdue the Apaches. There has been much irresolution among our frontier commanders. The Indian understands only fear, but that he does understand and once we apply the due weight of our forces against him I rest certain he will wilt and give way. It is ridiculous to suppose the untutored savage can make any respectable fight against our cavalry arm, which, when properly led, is the most magnificent body of men in the universe. Tomorrow I go on my first scout."

The trumpeters on the parade again were breathing tentative sounds into their instruments. Philip Wells closed the book, put away the pen and rose to the doorway. He was tall and ruddy-cheeked and his quite black hair lay rather long on his head, which was proper cavalry style. His lips held a young man's resolution. When the trumpets began to roll taps across the parade he straightened and his eyes went bright, and a chill ran down his back.

Beyond the parade, out along the silver shining desert, the great traditions of the service were being repeated. The cavalry arm was the proper arm and

Lieutenant Wells' first tour of duty, which taught him many things—chief among them a respect for the Apache as a foe who just didn't scare easily



ILLUSTRATED BY
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

campaigning in the West was the life for a full-blooded man whose gods were the impetuous Sheridan and the gallant Custer. The last trumpet notes died out, closing the army day with a soft, sad impermanence, like a prayer fading. Lights winked off around Fort Tonto's square. The guard relief stamped by officers' row. Philip Wells extinguished the candle and took to his cot, there to lie awake with the eagerness and the improbable dreams of a young man having way with him. . . .

At dawn he crossed the parade to find the detail waiting. Twenty-five rawboned troopers, turned to a uniform ebony of skin, sat morosely in their saddles and watched him with the oblique interest of the enlisted man. Parke Stobo said: "This is Charley Boren, our guide. Lieutenant Wells, Charley. New to the command."

Charley Boren accepted Philip Wells' hand with a brief and noncommittal grip. He was small and bleached-out and thoroughly unimpressive, this civilian guide, with a ragged sandy mustache laying its semicircle over little lips that occasionally stirred a cud of chewing tobacco. His eyes were palest agate, and mostly concealed by the droop of his lids, and he wore an ordinary pair of blue pants, and a vest, and a derby hat cocked low on his forehead. It was an outlandish getup, scarcely in keeping with those conceptions of Western plainsmen that Philip Wells had chiefly gathered from current Currier and Ives lithographs.

Parke Stobo said, "Your horse, Lieutenant," and grumbled a command that swung the whole detail into their saddles. Young Wells put a leg over in the best of style, which was his mistake; the horse simply fell to pieces beneath him and presently he was flat on the ground, more shocked than hurt. Charley Boren had seized the horse's free reins, and handed them back to Wells when the latter rose. Stobo said: "Not quite like the Point nags, Lieutenant. The trick is to climb on fast."

THE command remained inscrutably silent while Wells, a beautiful crimson complexion covering his face from eyebrows to Adam's apple, took to his saddle again. His legs clapped the beast with a force that sent echoes all across the parade. There was a little difficulty for a moment but he really had a decent seat and when the horse understood this the performance was over. Parke Stobo murmured another command that held none of the resonance and authority young Wells deemed proper; the detail swung into a column of twos, filing out of Fort Tonto's southern side. The guard at post No. 1 came to salute.

Riding at the head of the column with Stobo and Charley Boren, Philip Wells felt a certain lack in this departure. No band music, no colonel to stand by and take the salute, no ladies waving their cambric handkerchiefs. They were merely twenty-five shapes lumped taciturnly in the leather, riding through the faint cool of early morning, with an ever-present dust already rising to cloy their nostrils. Beyond the scattered camp of Kaminzin's peaceful Indians on Santa Rita creek, just outside the post, they swung straight at the brown, barren shoulders of the Mesquites. All in the south lay the endless desert, marked by cacti—particularly by the giant saguaro's gaunt arms—and bordered in the deep distance by a faint blue haze. The sun rushed up from the east and presently, as they rode through the lonesome ravines of the Mesquites, all the earth began to glitter.

At eight o'clock the sun began to bite into the young lieutenant's Eastern skin, and they had reached the broken tableland of the Mesquites. There was no clear area for any distance; it was a choppy sea of rounded buttes and sudden flinty stringers flung before them, with a scatter of mesquite and thorny bushes here and there. Far off and much higher in the sky stood a peak shaped like a cowpuncher's hat, its sides darkened by pine.

(Continued on page 66)

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Smart Dope

By Jerome Weidman

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

THE things we've done for that boy! The money he's cost us! The money? Forget the money. How about the aggravation? I should begin to tell you the money and the time and the aggravation and the Lord alone knows what that boy cost us, you wouldn't believe me; you'd think I'm crazy. You'd think we were all crazy: my mother, my sister Regina, me, my father, too—he should rest in peace—when he was alive.

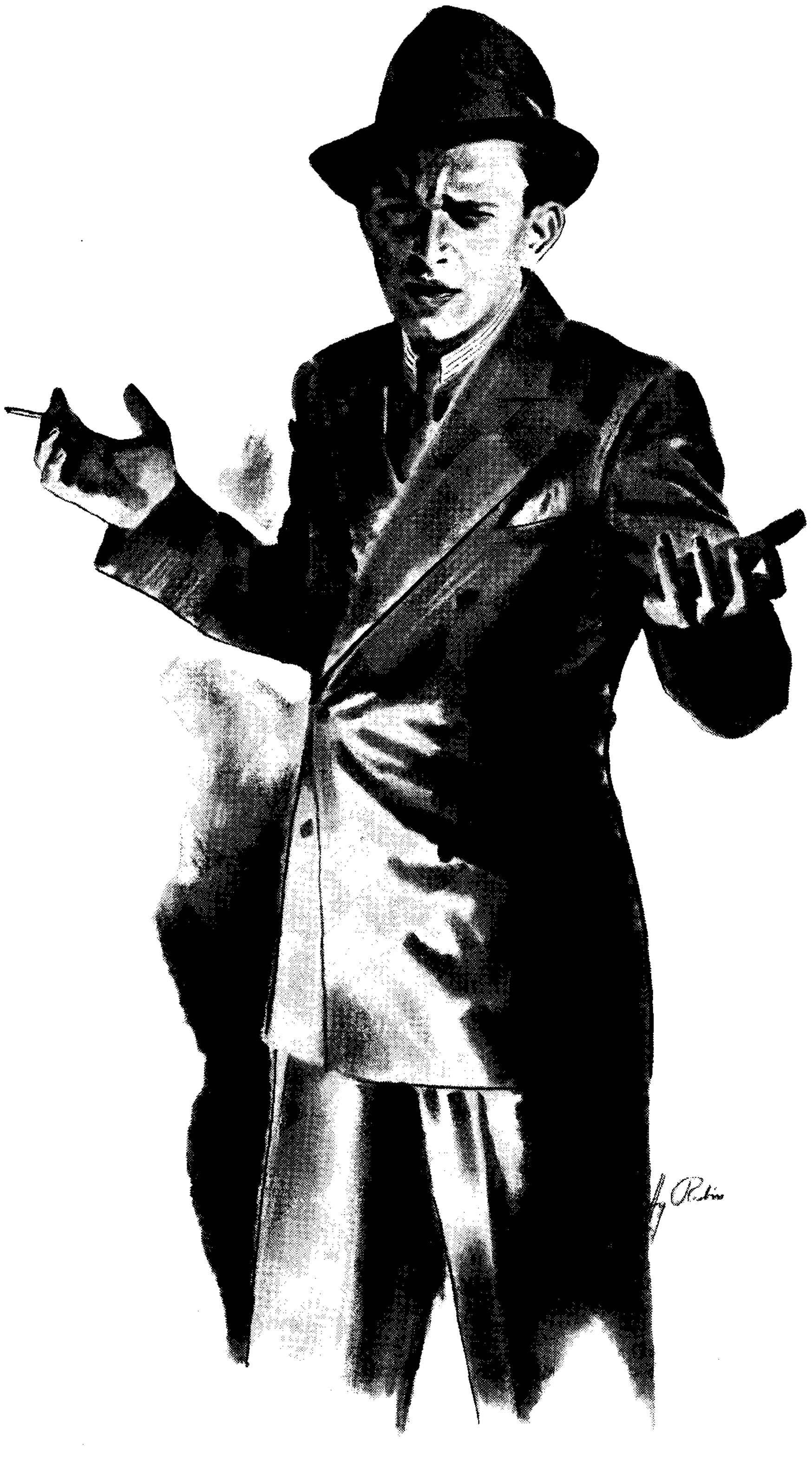
All the time, my whole life I can remember, it was always Miltie. The rest of us we could'a' been starving; but for Miltie there was always enough. My whole life long, all of us, it's Miltie, Miltie, Miltie, Miltie, Miltie. The rest of us, my sister Regina and me, we were lucky we got even through public school and a year in business school. But for Miltie? Don't ask. For Miltie it was violin lessons; for Miltie it was ball-bearing skates; for Miltie it was sleds in the winter and Surprise Lake Camp in summer. For Miltie it was this, for Miltie it was that, for Miltie it was everything. Miltie would've wanted—I don't know—he would've wanted the Statue of Liberty, and we would've gone running quick to buy it for him. That's how smart me and my family are.

Other boys, they finish high school, they go get a job. But Miltie? For Miltie jobs? Don't tell me jokes. By Miltie it hadda be college. So all right, it was college. Comes the end of college, he isn't satisfied, he wants law school. Miltie wants law school, it's by us, you know, like an order from the President! Quick, go run to the bank, take out money, Miltie should go in law school!

Other families, they invest like we did, they sink in a boy so much time, so much school, so much money, they got something to show for it; they got something to be proud of. But whatta we got? All he can do is talk what a dope the whole world is, what a dope Davie Pflug from upstairs is, what a dope *everybody* is, everybody but Miltie. The whole world is a dope, but my brother Miltie, he's smart!

DOPE or no dope, you can take my word for it and I assure you, Davie Pflug's mother and father and their whole family, they'll be up there on Central Park West yet some day, don't worry. And it won't be because their Davie is smart. It'll be because he's a dope. Let me just tell you something: when you take the money in the bank to deposit, they don't ask you no questions whether you're smart or not. You got the bankbook with the money? So you're all right, dope or no dope. But we, our family, a fat chance we got. Central Park West? Don't make me laugh. We got Miltie, the smart one, with that quick tongue of his that he hasn't got sense enough to know when to use and when to hold it in his head. Public school and violin lessons and high school and college and we start him off in law school yet, too; so now, now a boy twenty-three years old, nearly twenty-four, so now first go use pull to try to get him in a lousy job in the post office!

And you listen to him talk, so *he's* right yet! If it was something new to him, say it happened his first year in law school, he didn't know what it was all about yet, maybe, so all right, you can understand it. But he finished two years already, he's in the middle of his last year; say even he's only *half* as smart as he goes around all the time saying he is; he should'a' had more sense.



What ya think I am, he yells, a sweepstakes ticket?

After all, it's not a joke; it's law school; it's an examination. A person even on the outside, he knows enough right away that it's serious. So why shouldn't a boy right there in the school know it? Why shouldn't Miltie know it? Go ask him; he's the smart one!

An easy question, it was, too. You don't even have to be in law school to know it. You go into a telephone, it says; before you can make the call, you look in the little box there that they got on the bottom for returned money; you find in the box three quarters, seventy-five cents; what should you do with the money and tell why? A hard question? Any dumbbell you meet on the street could tell you what to do. But a person that has a little sense, you know, he sees a question like that on a law school examination, so he knows right away it's not right to say you should put the money in your pocket and keep it. I mean, it's just plain ordinary common sense. After all, the way you figure, you figure the examiner knows *himself* that everybody would right away put the seventy-five cents in his pocket and he wouldn't say nothing. The examiner'd do that, too, don't worry. So if you figure out that's what everybody would do, how much extra brains does it take to see right away that that's not what the examiner was after, how much?

Whatever he wanted, I don't know. A law student I'm not. Maybe he wanted you should send the money back to the telephone company or give it to the man that owns the drugstore or the cigar store where the telephone booth is. Who knows *what* the examiner wanted? But at least you don't have to be Einstein to see quick that he *didn't* want you should say you'd put the money in your pocket and keep it. Not on a law-school examination!

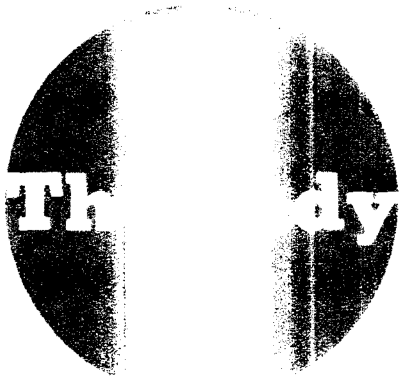
You'd see it, and *I'd* see it, and Davie Pflug from upstairs, *he'd* see it, and anybody else you should ask, they'd see it too, let me tell you. But that's because all of us, we're dopes! After all, we're not smart, you know, like my brother Miltie with his long tongue. Miltie can't go ahead and write down on the examination paper what everybody else—excuse me! the dopes, you know!—what everybody else would write. Miltie is the smart one, you know. Miltie's gotta write on the examination paper he'd *keep* the money and then, just to show how *really* smart he is, because the question also said, "Tell why," he's gotta get first *good* and smart, you know, and say he'd keep the money because telephone companies got enough money!

WELL, I'm telling you, you can start up and get smart with a lot of people, but don't go get smart with law schools. They don't know no jokes. They read the examination papers, they come to that smart brother of mine's paper, they see he said he'd keep the money and his reason why, because telephone companies got enough money, so right away, bang, they send for him, he's gotta go see the dean.

I would've just liked to see how smart he was there in the office, in front of the dean. The dean don't waste no time with him. Plain talk, he tells him in plain English like I'm talking to you now, he says any student that says on a law-school examination he'd keep the seventy-five cents he finds in a phone box, that student's got no right to be a lawyer, he'd never pass the character committee, and furthermore, the dean says any student that says he'd do it because telephone companies got enough money, such a student not only has no right to be a lawyer because his character isn't a hundred per cent, but such a student don't belong even in any American college, because he shows he hasn't got no respect even for the rights of private property, besides his character. And in a one, two, three, before he can open that quick mouth of his, my smart kid brother Miltie, he's out in the street, he's expelled. No more lawyer. Finished!

And when you go try to talk to him, you try to say something about the years and the money and the time we sunk in him, the investment we got in him, and he threw it all away so he could be smart for a half a minute on an examination paper, so he opens up that big mouth of his and he starts to holler. A fortune he cost us, and now we'll never get nothing out of it, and *he* gets sore yet! What the hellya think I am, he yells, a sweepstakes ticket?

So right away you see what you're dealing with. All I gotta say is, if that's the smart ones for you, I'll take the dopes any day.



Th dy Can Take It

By Katharine Roberts

THE girl with the tightly braided pigtails and trick dress stood talking casually with a friend, her hands behind her. She felt a caress of her fingers, turned to look with a coy smile into the face of a longed-for swain, and looked instead into the eyes of a lion whose tongue was even then licking her hands. She ran.

"I don't remember the name of the picture," says Louise Fazenda, "but the lion's name was Ethel."

In that halcyon era when the screen was mute but active, The Perils of Pauline had nothing on the fantastics of Fazenda. And if you recall the lanky Louise, who was nevertheless a bit broad of beam, being kicked off a cliff, bounced high on the stream of a spouting fire hose as invisible wires yanked her up and down, or violently chased by Ethel and her co-lions, you can't help wondering how she has survived these twenty-odd years in fit condition to play the lady blacksmith and part-time wrestler in Swing Your Lady. The gal is practically indestructible.

Fazenda tells you things in that gentle voice so often characteristic of comics who apply the acid touch of truth to the genus homo sap.—and femina sap., too, one may add politely. We found out a good deal before Mack Sennett, whom she hadn't seen since they parted in 1920, came to dinner.

It seems that when Joseph Fazenda, whose ancestors somehow included Portuguese as well as some varied Latin blood from South America, left La Fayette, Indiana, and went out to Los Angeles, it was not because he thought his few-months-old daughter, Louise, had a future in pictures. He went because oil had been found there and the big tanks might provide jobs for a good cooper.

"I grew into a homely sort of kid and I knew it," says Miss Fazenda. "At school, I stood around waiting to be chosen for an angel in a school play. I never was."

We'll admit that she must have been a peculiar oddment as a child. Grandmother braided her fluffy yellow hair in pigtails so tight that she looked constantly surprised. This, coupled with the unfulfilled desire to be a limelit angel, made life pretty dull.

Louise Plays Indians

Finishing high school, she tried for any kind of job, but didn't get it. One day when she was home alone, the woman from upstairs heard her crying and went down to see what was wrong. Louise was explicit.

"Want to be an extra in pictures?" asked the woman, who was one.

"Uh-huh," gulped Louise. The next day her mother gave her a sandwich and fifty cents for carfare and expenses and the woman took her to the old Universal lot where they were making Westerns.

If anyone saw a very blond Indian streak across the far horizon of that picture, it was la Fazenda making a debut. After that, she trailed around to the different lots and was atmosphere for anything from an Indian massacre to a prayer meeting.

The first time she got a part of any size, she started to make an entrance and fell flat on her face. It was so funny, they asked her to do it again. She didn't admit it was an accident—just fell right and left until she was breathless. After that, when she wasn't being chased or dropped off a cliff, she was taking comic falls. She had the inimitable faculty of landing in positions never before achieved by mortal shape.

After Sennett arrived, Louise began to reminisce:

"In those days, a picture was not written—it started with some girls gathered around a policeman, then someone socked him, then everyone ran, and, from there on, nature and the camera took their course."

"Remember The Kitchen Lady?" inquired Sennett, tactfully switching the subject. "And remember when you and Slim Summerville had a love scene leaning against a hot-water tank and the gauge on it kept going up and up?"

"I remember," said Louise, blue eyes narrowing slightly. "The tank burst and hit Slim on the head and spilled hot water all over me."

"Yes!" agreed Sennett enthusiastically, "and do you remember when we smeared the back of you all over with honey so the bear would chase you?"

"And," demanded his erstwhile star, "do you remember the time you had me strung up on wires to a tree where I couldn't even touch a branch and the whole company went off on the truck and left me dangling there?"

"Those were the days," sighed Sennett.

Portrait of a Lady Wrestler

Along about this time, romance not only budded, but didn't get nipped as usual in her case. One of the troubles had always been that every time a romantic moment arrived, it invariably struck her as being funny and she couldn't help clowning the situation. But this time the man, Hal Wallis, was a press agent who rather relished the inopportune Fazenda chuckle.

The result was marriage and life on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and the arrival not quite five years ago of a small son named Brent. After that, she stayed out of pictures for a time, but the film virus was in her blood, so she went back and made what was almost a new start.

The size of her roles grew steadily and she was allowed more characterization than caricature, which was what she wanted. She's gone on kidding femina sap., through Caravan, Broadway Gondolier, The Country Doctor, Merry-Go-Round, and up to First Lady and Swing Your Lady. Her keenest apprehension is that someday soon she is going to hear her son bragging to the other kids, "My mom can wrestle better'n yours can."

When we were first invited to meet her and approached the group she was to be in, we thought she was probably late until someone identified the quiet, nice-looking woman in the modish black dress with pearls at the neck.

She said she'd been smiling so much that her face ached from it and asked if we couldn't just sit and glare at each other for a while. This led to better acquaintance and we easily outglared her; she is very clearly in just as good health as on the day she was first tossed to the lions to make a Sennett holiday; her next picture will probably be made in England; in short, the indestructible Fazenda is still going strong. ★★★

The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with her family on a ranch near the little California town of Salletts, Becky Gibson is confronted with a problem such as innumerable girls have been forced to face: Shall she marry young Joe Feratta, member of an established, well-to-do family, when she is by no means sure that she loves him? Shall she marry Joe—and enjoy a secure, comfortable life? Or shall she wait, and see what life has to offer her in other, and less certain ways?

Sarah Gibson, her mother, is the mother of five children: Becky, Robert, Spin, Andy and Gary. A wise woman, she understands Becky's predicament perfectly. She is therefore more or less noncommittal; she will not advise the girl to marry—or not to marry.

So Becky answers the question herself. She tells Joe that she will become his wife.

Then, quite by chance, she meets Gavin Flood. Flood, once a New Yorker, now a resident of Hollywood, has run up with a friend for a few days in the San Joachim Valley, wherein Salletts nestles. Becky finds herself instantly attracted to him. He is certainly by far the most attractive man she has ever encountered. And the boldest; for no sooner is he introduced to her than he tells her, with the utmost nonchalance, that he loves her!

Naturally, Becky—on the verge of marrying another man—ignores the advance. Still, struggle though she may against her emotions, she is thrilled, strangely disturbed by it. . . . The following afternoon, she meets Joe, with whom she is to dine and go to a movie in Salletts. Joe tells her that she will have to dine alone—old Judge Miller, of whose law firm he has just become a member, wants to have an hour's conference with him. Joe leaves. Becky steps into the Saddle Rock, a restaurant. She takes a seat. She gives her order.

"Me, too," says Gavin Flood! He smiles at her, slips into a seat opposite her. Then: "I've been thinking about you and you've been thinking about me, haven't you? This is fate. This is our fate."

"This is fate," Becky concedes, with a little laugh. Joe, she knows, will come for her in an hour. *But this hour is hers.*

II

WHEN Joe Feratta came back at a quarter past seven, they were talking earnestly, Gavin leaning forward, arms laid upon the table, Becky sitting back, her linked fingers resting on the edge of the cloth, her head bent a little, her brimmed hat shadowing her eyes.

Immediately the three left the restaurant together and separated, Gavin saying only: "I'll see you both again; I'm going to be here until Friday!" and Becky merely raising her eyes to his with an odd look that had something of bewilderment and something of expectation in it.

She and Joe went to the movie. Gavin did too, for that matter, for she saw him when they were coming out at ten o'clock. But he did not join them, and she told herself that despite his farewell remark she probably would not see him again. She knew it was wiser, safer so, and he had said so.

At the table in the Saddle Rock he had said: "It's very funny, this. I never saw you until yesterday. But after all, you don't see an earthquake until it comes along. But it changes everything; it changes your whole life. I think I've been dreaming all my boyhood, manhood, of a tall honey-colored girl with a face like yours! I don't say anything's going to come of it because I don't see what *can* come of it. You belong here; you're going to marry one of the Ferattas. And I'm simply—nobody. I've tried more things and failed at more things than any other white man in America."

She had listened, saying very little. Of course nothing could "come of it"! It had never crossed her mind that anything could come of these whirlwind emotions that were shaking and possessing her. They were a definite and breathtaking thing; how could anything more devastating result from them, when they themselves were so utterly, so strangely complete? Becky was like a person in a high fever. All life had retreated from her, was heard and felt and seen but vaguely; there existed in her consciousness only the one thought—the thought of this tall man with his rather white face and dark eyes and thick dark brown hair, with his strange sophisticated air of knowing the world and yet caring so little for the world, despising the easy surface successes of many of the famous persons in that world, and yet so honestly admitting that he himself had tried many avenues of work without success.

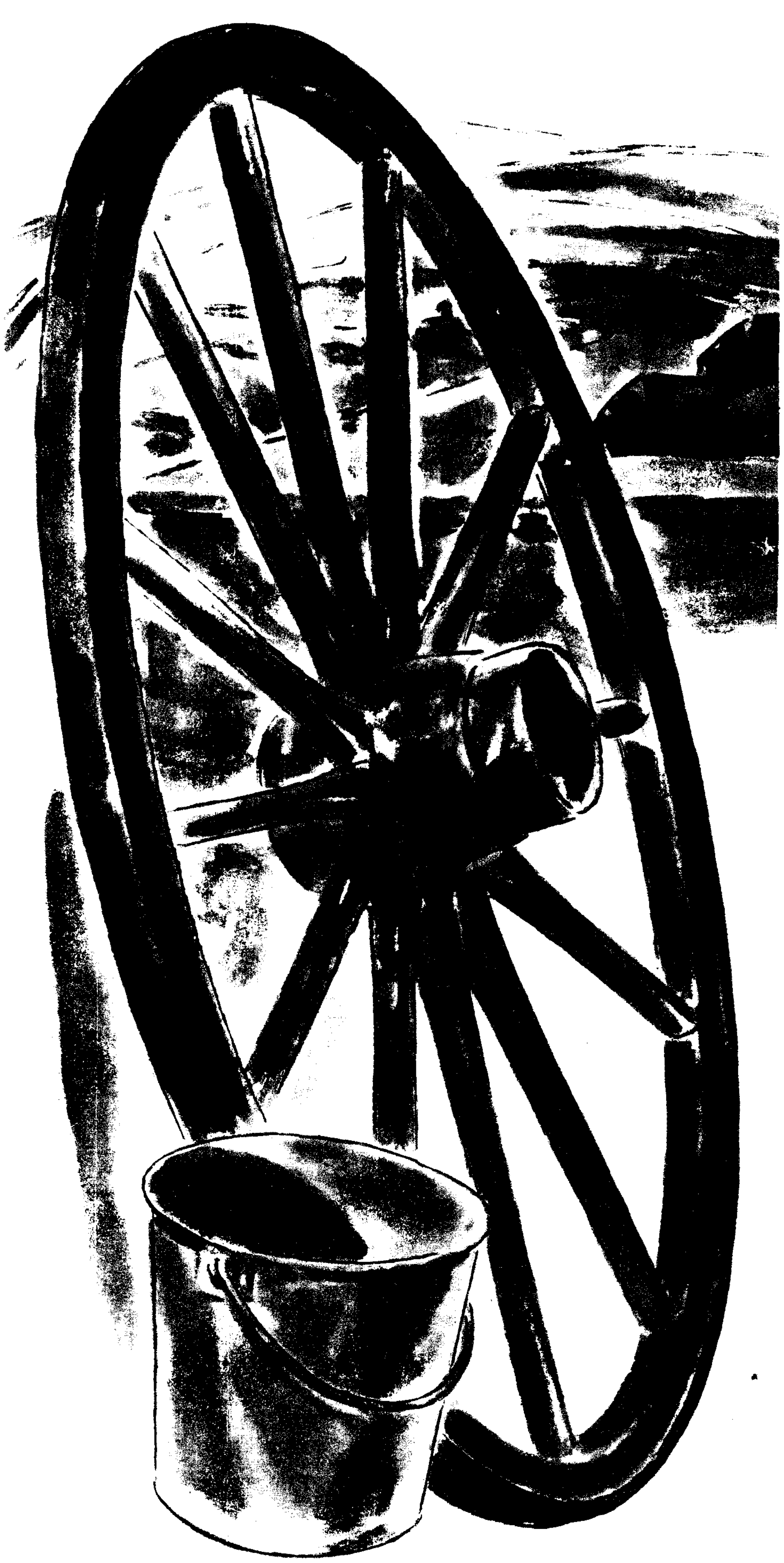
ON THE Wednesday of this week Joe went with Judge Miller to Sacramento, and would be gone overnight. Becky's mother always went to the club on second Wednesdays; Becky herself usually joined her there. But on this particular day, a windless day of soft rain, Becky said she had work to do at home, and came back to the house to find the place deserted and quiet at three o'clock. She fussed a few minutes with her hair, changed her gown, picked up a book and walked up to the hay barn.

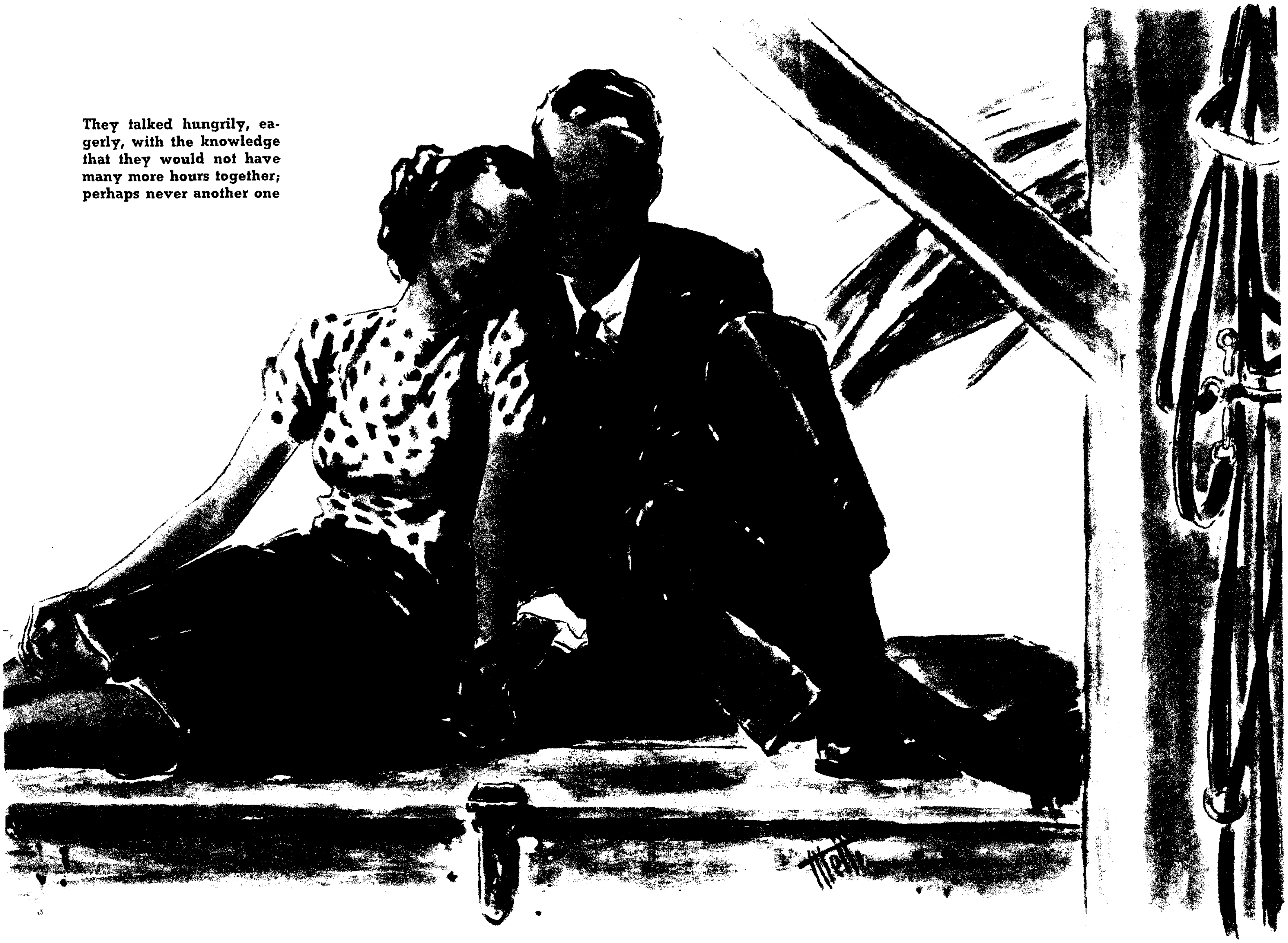
The great doors at each end were wide open; the soft air poured through, wet and fragrant from alfalfa and plowed fields. Hay was packed to the rafters, which were softly draped with powdered cobwebs; all along one wall were the grain bins and the stacked sacks of grain. Chickens had taken shelter here; a dozen hens and a cock were nestled in the loose hay of the floor; a laying hen fluttered heavily down from a manger, and Becky went to get the egg, still warm, with a Plymouth Rock's gray feather curled softly about it.

There were no horses in the stalls; Knut Pedersen was plowing the prune orchard today; the ground had been packed hard and dry this year and needed loosening. But the place was still scented from cattle. Becky turned in the doorway and looked down the slope of the hill past the farmhouse to the village. Rain was sweeping across it in a silver veil. Gavin would not keep his appointment perhaps. It was awful to start out into a rain.

But even while she watched, the clouds broke and the sun burst out in blazing afternoon brightness. Everything glistened and twinkled now, and steam rose from the fence posts and smoked softly above the town. The black hood of the little car that turned in at the gate shone brightly.

Gavin and Becky sat on the grain boxes and talked. They would have barely two hours together, they grudgingly estimated in the very beginning, for Gavin had to pick up Ned McSwayne and Willy White in town at half past five. To both Becky and Gavin it seemed but a stingy allowance of time. They sat with hands linked, in the sweet dimness of the barn, and watched the silver bayonets of a fresh onslaught of rain march across the orchards and vanish





They talked hungrily, eagerly, with the knowledge that they would not have many more hours together; perhaps never another one

and give way to the flashing spears of the sun again.

They talked hungrily, eagerly, with the knowledge that they would not have many more hours together; perhaps never another one. But what they said was important only because their eyes and voices made it so.

"And you've lived here all your life?"

"Since I was about three."

"And before that?"

"BROOKLYN. But I don't remember it, of course, as Brooklyn. I remember having crayons, and my rubbers coming off in snow. And I remember cooking in a little saucepan; helping Mother, she called it. And the train, of course, and seeing fruit blossoms as we came down from Truckee. There was a man on the train who asked me where I came from, and I said, 'Drawing Room A,' and I remember how they laughed."

"Drawing Room A? Traveling very ritzy, eh?"

"Well, we did. It seems funny now that they'd spend money for that, Mother and Dad, for they hadn't very much. But I suppose—with a small child . . ." Becky left the sentence in the air, and turned the conversation to him. "You know New York, don't you? And Hollywood? I'd love so to see Hollywood."

"Good Lord, why don't you go down there, then? Six hundred miles. You can make it in a day."

"Ah, but what would I do when I got there?" Becky asked. For answer Gavin squinted at her thoughtfully.

"You might get a break," he said. "You've got the right sort of nose. But what I did down there wasn't so much fun. There's a feller down there named Pete Orchard; I've known him off and on for years. He's a cameraman and makes pretty hot money. I was three years in Mexico on a cattle ranch, and when I came out I had a little dough and I went to see what was going on at Agua Caliente. Pete was there with a girl, and he told me to report to his company and they'd use me. I was with them six months and then they merged—which is Hollywood for going bust—and I was out. I could get back in, I guess."

"Was the cattle ranch fun, Gavin?"

"Tough," Gavin said.

"But then in New York, what'd you do there?"

"I was born there. Born in Far Rockaway as a matter of fact, just about half an hour away from where you were born! But they sent me to my grandfather in Michigan when I was about eight. My mother divorced my father and married again. I went to High in Detroit. Then I went back to New York and sailed on a cattle boat with a feller named Underwood. The first hour out he took one look at the quarters and gave me his watch and money and jumped overboard, and they put me in irons."

"Put you in irons!"

"Yep; thought I'd murdered him for his money. They held me in Liverpool, pending action on the part of the United States, but the consul there was swell; I didn't have any trouble."

"And then what?"

"Oh, Underwood turned up in Buffalo. He hadn't heard anything about it."

"He swam home?"

"Yep; it seems he was a good swimmer—it was only about three miles. But he hadn't reported to the company because he'd jumped his contract."

"And suppose he hadn't turned up, Gavin?"

"Well, men have been tried for murder for less than that."

"And how did you come to know Ned McSwayne?"

"I was working for an oil company out here in Kern, and he used to come down. He was in the oil business then. Funny thing happened there once—"

THERE was no end to his stories, to the adventures that he had either shared or experienced himself. Adventures in theatricals and movies and radio, adventures on cattle ranches or Canadian hunting trips, adventures with ships and cars and planes. He told them all marvelously well, not exaggerating, not sensationally, but with a real sense of their humor and their values.

"And now, what? What will you do next?"

"Now," he answered this question seriously, "for the first time in my life I want to settle down; I want to get married. You've changed everything. I know how silly that sounds. I know I've nothing to offer you. But—well, there you are! I'll be gone Friday, and I hope you'll not forget me too soon, and I know I'll never forget you. And that's all there is to it."

"I'll never forget you." Rebecca spoke slowly, her amber eyes full upon him. Gavin answered her lightly, with a little laugh that showed he was touched and shaken.

"I hope you won't, my dear. I hope these days will seem to you what they do to me: a little interval in our lives that's been—" His eyes watered, although he was smiling. "—that's been darned sweet!" he finished it youthfully.

And quite suddenly they were in each other's arms, their lips together, Becky's ribs all but cracking under the force of his hold. For a long time the embrace held, and when they drew apart the girl was breathless, with a stinging mouth and fast-moving breast. Neither spoke. They looked at each other for a full minute in complete silence.

Around them were the sweet-scented shadows of the barn; outside the open door, warm rain rapped down upon the yard, shook the crisp leaves of the oaks. Cows slumped across the side paddock; Knut Pedersen shouted at them, clanked the bar of a gate somewhere unseen. From the village far away the shrill high pipe of the five-o'clock mill whistle faintly sounded. With great staccato puffs of white smoke that rose into the whitening rain, the afternoon train came along the embankment and vanished behind the trees and roofs of Salletts.

"I'm sorry," Gavin said in the silence.

Becky turned upon him a radiant face flushed with unwonted color. The damp weather had curled her honey-colored hair into tight rings above her dark brows, her dark lashes. Her eyes shone.

"But why?" she demanded, frightened, ecstatic, laughing. "We—we can't help it. It's no *harm*."

Gavin got down from the feed box.

"I have to go," he said, in a cooled voice. "I told Willy a little after five."

Chilled in her turn, Becky walked

(Continued on page 39)

Spot News

By Edith M. Stern

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

There are some simple things you can do to salvage the dress on which a too-convivial dinner partner caused you to spill your highball

When you send your clothes to the cleaners, here's the complicated workout they receive. But if you're prompt you can do the cleaning yourself

WHEN *the telephone was a new-fangled instrument, when women wore leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and when dry cleaning was called French cleaning, an agitated lady called her cleaner.*

"I want you to send for my cat," she said. "He fell into some oil and he refuses to be washed. He'll have to be cleaned."

"Madam," said the dry cleaner wearily, "you're the sixth customer who's made some such request recently. I shall have to inform you as I informed the others. I could return your cat clean—but I should also return him dead."

Today the process has become as commonplace in the fight against dirt, grime and spots as washday or the vacuum cleaner. Though few people realize that dry cleaning can be an art, a technique and a science, there are nevertheless some simple things you can do at home to salvage the dress on which a too-convivial dinner partner caused you to spill your highball, or the trousers decorated with grass stains.

Unlike the skilled professional cleaner, you won't be using a microscope to ascertain the exact nature of the stain and the extent of damage to the fabric. But you must observe a few precautions or you will come to grief. Prompt treatment is one of the most important—the longer stains stay in the more firmly they become set. Be sure the garment you're treating is generally clean, or you will find a spotless island set in a sea of general grime. Above all, know both the nature of the stain and of your fabric. Always test the action of your cleaning material on a small sample before you attempt applying it to the garment.

Almost all the materials used for stain removal may be classified as absorbents, solvents or bleaches. Such substances as chalk, fuller's earth, and corn meal are absorbents. Soot is one of the stains that must be removed by absorption. Such liquids as ether, alcohol, gasoline, acetone and carbon tetrachloride are solvents. These are particularly good for stains of a fatty or greasy nature. Bleaches, employed for ink, rust and other stains, must be used with care on colored materials. Often, if damage results, color taken out by an alkaline bleach can be restored by an acid, and vice versa.

In choosing the stain remover you are going to use don't put your trust in little home remedies unless you know what they will do. They have ruined more garments than all the bottles of spilled ink and argyrol laid end to end. Often they serve only to make a bad blemish worse and twice as difficult to remove as the original stain. Play safe by having as reference some simple standard manual like the U. S. Department of Agriculture's bulletin Stain Removal from Fabrics—Home Methods, which lists the spots that clothes are heir to, and tells you specifically what to use to take them out.

Lo! The Poor Frenchman

Lay your stained material wrong side up, with a blotter or folded clean cloth underneath it. Don't have your sponging cloth excessively wet; use light brushing motions, spreading the moisture irregularly into the surrounding fabric to prevent rings.

Finally, don't expect miracles, as often a stain has so attacked a fabric that it cannot be removed without destroying the fibers.

When a garment is soiled all over, rather than spotted, however, the safest procedure is to run to the nearest cleaner. Carbon tetrachloride, the base of most of the noninflammable cleaners sold under trade names, is safe to both life and materials when used in a well-ventilated room, or out-of-doors, in the small quantities needed for taking out spots. When there has to be enough to immerse a whole garment, its fumes are dangerous. Solvents like benzine, naphtha and gasoline are so inflammable that they don't even need a lighted match in the vicinity to set them off. *Friction of one material rubbed* against another can, in a dry atmosphere, set a garment aflame.

There is a legend that dry cleaning was discovered when a Frenchman whose clothes were soiled and greasy fell into a vat of turpentine. After he emerged, he hung his clothes out on a line and when they were dry, lo, they were spotless. Whereupon, for the rest of his life, he contradicted that other legend that Frenchmen never bathe, by taking daily baths in turpentine. Actually, a Frenchman named Jolly Belin, who knew quite well what he was doing, opened the first dry-cleaning plant in 1845.

A modern dry-cleaning plant is a far cry from that first simple establishment. Into the odyssey of any garment properly treated enter elements mechanical,

(Continued on page 56)

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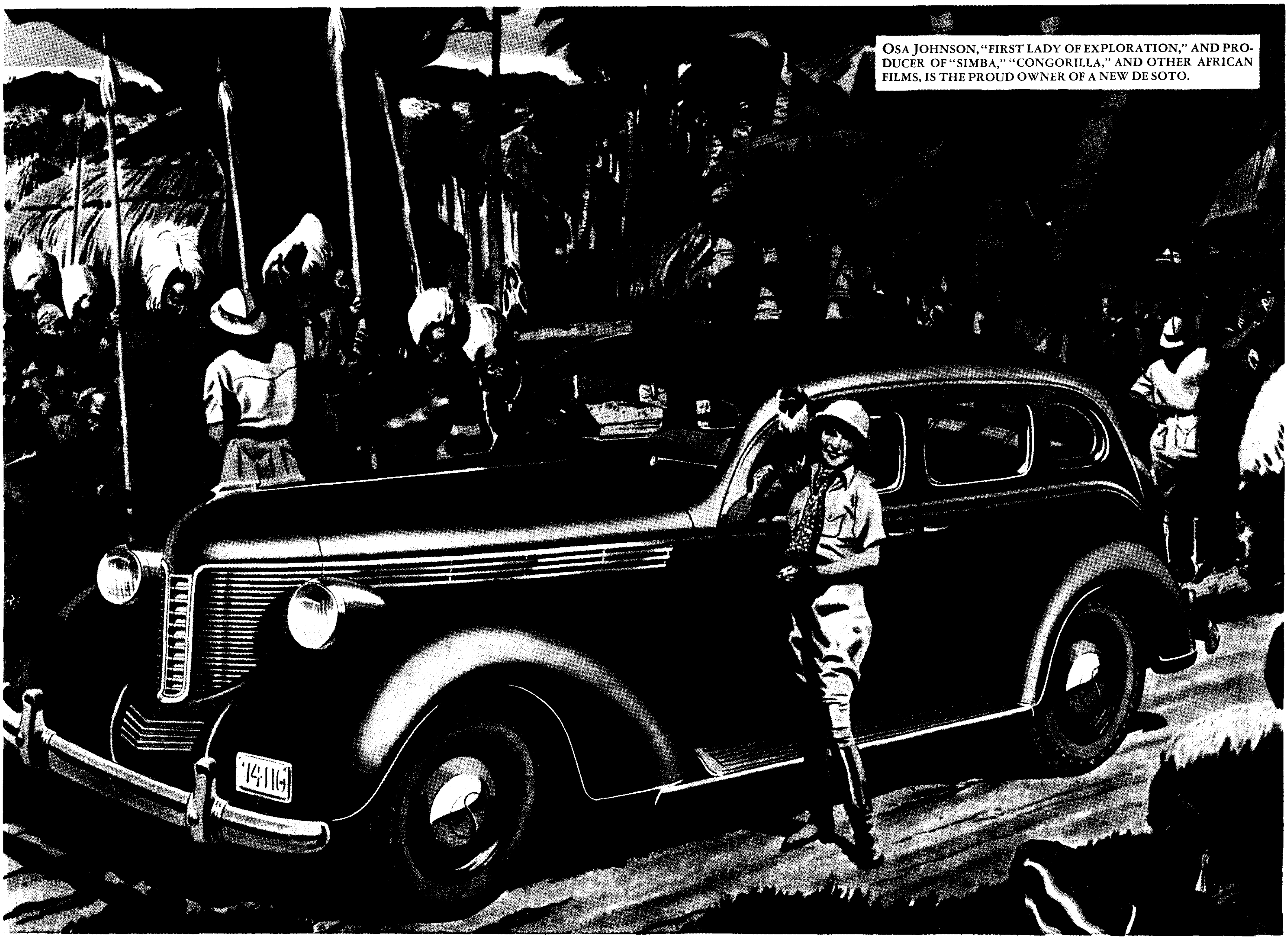

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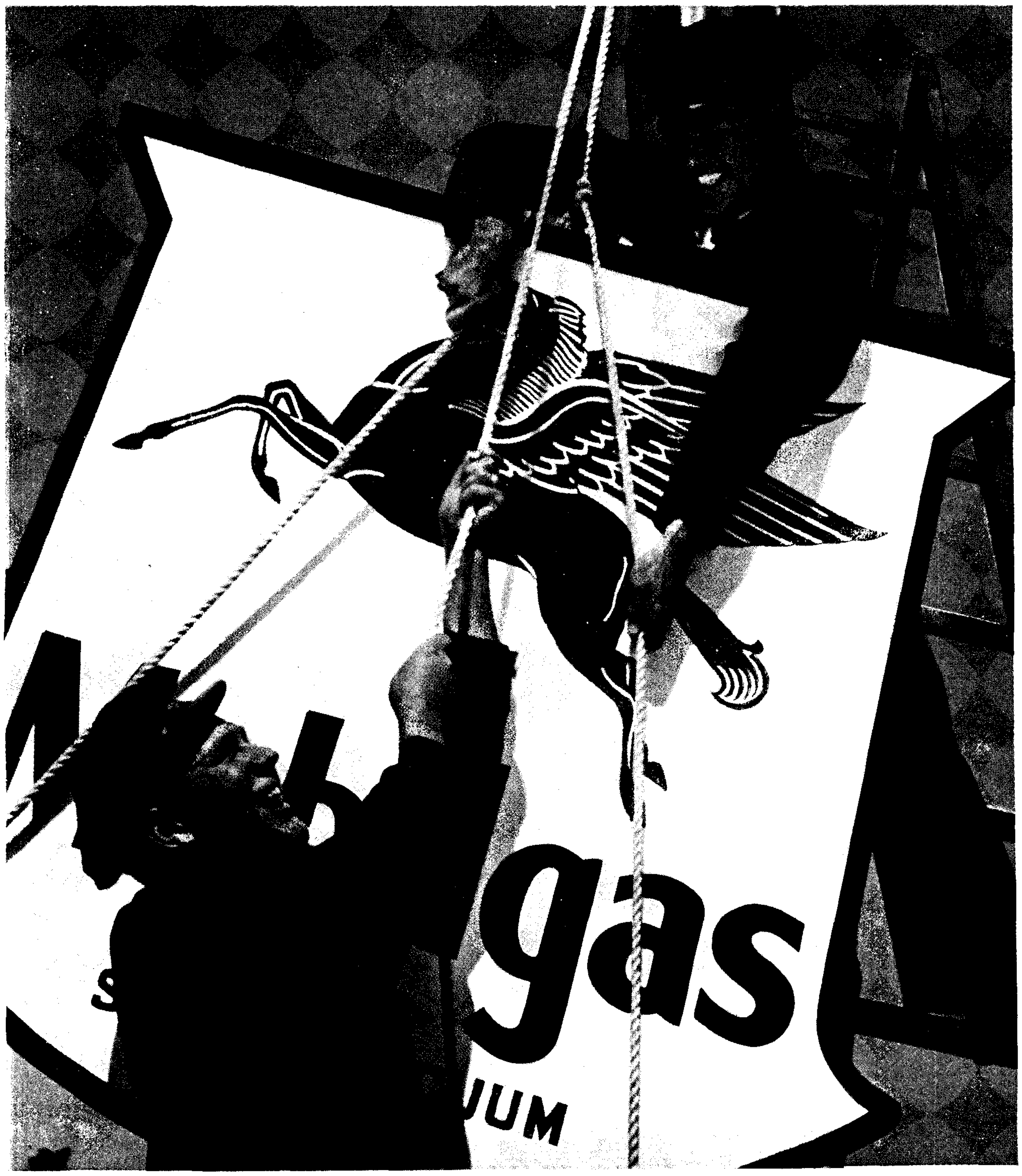

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"They looked into the dead man's eyes and saw recorded the image of the murderer"

When you want to get a really good look at something you turn your head right toward it

Sorry to make your eyes water, but they really do look quite a lot like an onion

Looking You in the Eye

By Hannah Lees

This is the way it works. These are the things that may go wrong with it. This is the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the eye

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

IF YOU'VE ever seen a glass eye, probably you were completely fascinated by it. But you'd be twice as fascinated by the ordinary eyes you meet with that honest gaze of yours a hundred times a day. For no glass eye, however perfect, even with the factory and chemical works that manufacture it thrown in, is a patch on the plain, everyday, two-to-a-person article when it comes to strangeness. Because in the first place your eye and mine and your Aunt Susan's each is a chemical works all by itself, and in the second place it's a chemical works operating under such protection that it makes the French border fortifications look like a simple picket fence, and by such remote control that it seems like something out of Buck Rogers. And if you don't believe it, just look yourself in the eye and see.

You've often heard the eye compared to a camera, and in some ways it is like a camera. But it looks a lot more like an onion, one of those nice smooth medium-sized white ones. Sorry if that makes your eyes water for it's the only comparison I can think of. And for a little way at least it is built like an onion, layer on layer, with the optic nerve coming out the back, like the onion stalk, and a little raised place in front where the onion roots come off. Only that little raised place, which is called the cornea, isn't brown and rough, but as smooth and transparent as if you'd set in a little piece of watch crystal. It acts like a watch crystal, too, protecting your iris, which is the part of your eye around the pupil that has all the fine color in it. And here is where part of the camera idea comes in, because the iris isn't just sheer decoration the way it looks but acts exactly like the shutter of a camera, growing bigger and smaller automatically to let in as much or as little light as you need for seeing. That, as you probably know, is why your pupil is big at night and small in the middle of the day. But what you probably didn't know is that your pupil isn't anything in the world but a hole in the iris. And some more you probably didn't know—I didn't till I began asking questions—is the amazing things that go on in the little hollow back of that hole.

The first thing you'd find if you shrank up like Alice in Wonderland and stepped inside, and here's your camera analogy again, is a very fancy lens that's attached by a lot of delicate fibers to two husky little muscles right back of the iris. It's about the size and shape of those tiny flat sugary peppermint drops they have at kids' parties, this lens, only of course it's not white or pink but crystal clear, which is why doctors call it the crystalline lens. What's more, if it was your small son's eye you'd hopped inside for a good look that lens would be as soft and pliable as gelatine and the two little muscles would be able to push it up thick or pull it out flat, depending on whether it was a piece of cake he wanted to see or a passing airplane. But if the eye was your grandmother's, you'd find the lens almost as solid as one in a camera, for each year we get older the lenses in our eyes give less and less, which incidentally is the main reason older people have to wear glasses. But we'll be back to that later.

Behind the lens is a roundish space filled with a sort of clear jelly called the vitreous humor, and on the other side of that jelly is the back half of your eye. And that back half, except for the onion stalk where the optic nerve sprouts into your brain, is lined with nine layers of cells, one on top of the other, and they are the retina.

If you like to read detective stories or listen to old wives' tales you've already heard a lot about the retina. "They looked into the dead man's (gal's) eyes, and saw recorded on his (her) retina the image of the murderer." That isn't true, of course, or even possible, but it is true that your retina prints a fleeting picture of every single thing you see. And it's also true, which you've possibly heard, that it prints it upside down and the brain, having learned from experience what's what, manages somehow to invert it. Scientists know this because they have taken the eyes of a white rat, which are pretty nearly transparent, and put one in a long dark tube, and looked through the back of it, and seen a tiny upside-down picture of whatever the eye was pointed at.

Just a Bunch of Light Waves

Maybe we'd better start all over again with you looking at a snappy little dinner dress, and let's say it's so snappy as to be made of pale violet satin with a bright red sash. Don't gasp, there's a reason for that particular color scheme. Now what you see, unless you can't see anything but the price tag, is the dress. But as far as your seeing is concerned, that dress is nothing in the world but a bunch of waves, so small they have to be measured by a special measurement called the angstrom unit, and each angstrom unit, if you can think that small, is one two hundred and fifty-four millionth of an inch. The red waves of the sash are long, but only comparatively long, some seventy-six hundred angstrom units, and the violet waves are short, about thirty-nine hundred, for that, if you know your rainbows, is the way light waves vary. If it had been a green dress, for instance, or a yellow one, the waves would have been somewhere between the two. And everything you can possibly see is made up of mixtures of some of those color waves. Everything, that is, but black, which is what you see when there aren't any light waves coming at you at all. White, in case you are wondering, is what you see when all the different light waves are coming at you at once.

But to get back to the dress, the long waves of the sash and the short waves of the violet dress are tearing at you, hitting you in the eye. The first thing they hit, of course, is that watch-crystal thing called the cornea. They go through that, and through a sort of bay window of protective fluid called the aqueous humor—aqueous for watery— (Continued on page 64)

Flatfoot

Continued from page 12

Before she could recover, he continued his one-man parade.

By nightfall the word had penetrated Hell's Corners that old Peter Finnegan was to be replaced by radio cars. Some of the habitants embarrassed Finnegan with sentimentality, but when he strode into the Terminal Saloon, some local hoodlums started wisecracking. But when Bruno Calipini, a natty little punk with aspirations to be a racketeer, made a crack about replacing "horses" with "trucks," Finnegan jumped the whole group and cuffed a little respect into them.

"Just to prove that anyhow horses don't go off duty till midnight!"

He reported to the jail the following night and they gave him the graveyard shift—midnight to eight A. M. They took away the miles of cracked pavement he had pounded for twenty years and substituted a stuffy little office behind the booking desk. And he had practically nothing to do because after midnight the water front quiets down.

He was consumed with curiosity about life in Hell's Corners. He quickly learned that radio patrol car number 33 covered his old beat, and so during the lonely hours of the graveyard he sat with his feet cocked on the desk and listened to the stream of his old life interpreted through the loud-speaker of his radio.

Although he was too proud to visit the Corners during his off hours, his old "customers" did not forget him. On Tuesday night when Finnegan came on duty he found Sol Wurzbach waiting. Sol was having trouble with a new cleaners and dyers association that smelled to Finnegan pretty much like a racket. So he first told Mr. Wurzbach that he'd see himself in purgatory before he'd be bullied into payin' protection, then he modified it somewhat by suggesting that Mr. Wurzbach take the matter up with the detective bureau. But Mr. Wurzbach shook his head and left in a daze because for all practical purposes he believed that the detective bureau, like the rest of the police department, was incorporated in the sturdy hulk of Peter Finnegan.

THE following Saturday night, Mrs. Malarkey presented herself at the jail armed with a pail of beer, a box of salami on rye, and the tearful information that her Flossy had defied her and departed. Finnegan accepted the beer and the sandwiches because he was hungry and because MacGillivray was eying them greedily, but:

"As for Flossy," he grumbled, "I dunno. She's a lively colleen, Ethel, somethin' like you used to be when I first went onto the Corners."

"Why—why, Peter Finnegan!"

"Yes, you was. I recollect the night the Sons of Erin—"

Mrs. Malarkey recollected, too, and departed forthwith. Peter Finnegan had a misty look in his old gray eyes as he assaulted the beer.

"Funny how people forget, now ain't it?" he soliloquized, and then stopped abruptly as the radio blared.

"Calling car 33, calling car 33. Proceed to Dreamland Dance Palace. A fight. Repeat—calling car 33 . . ."

Finnegan dialed down the broadcast until it was an incoherent squawk. "You see," he sputtered, "if these toy cops would clean the tough guys out of those joints earlier they wouldn't have these fights. But no, they . . ."

"Lissen, Pete," cut in MacGillivray, "why don't you quit worryin' about that damn' neighborhood. You act like it was your family."

"It's the nearest to a family I ever had time to get!"

Half an hour later, the growl of a siren suggested a little "business" for Finnegan. He rose ponderously, as Yarrow and O'Brien of 33 roughhoused a prisoner up to the booking desk.

"D and D," announced Yarrow. "The name is . . ."

FINNEGAN was glaring across the counter into the thin, hawkish features of the prisoner.

"I know the name," he snapped, and wrote in "Bruno Calipini." "What's the charge, y'say?"

"Drunk and disorderly. Can't you smell it? He was havin' a knock-down-drag-out with another bum down at the Dreamland."

Frowning, Finnegan flattened both paws on the counter and leaned over. He sniffed a couple of times like a suspicious terrier. True enough, young Bruno reeked of gin.

"So!" boomed the jailer. "You finally sunk to booze and brawlin', eh, you skunk?"

"Old sweethearts, I see," Yarrow chuckled. "Well, Pop, lock him up. Looks like a busy night for us." He gave Calipini a quick and thorough frisk, signed the booking slip and went out.

Finnegan tangled a hairy paw in the prisoner's collar and dragged him down to an empty tank.

He returned to his office in a black mood, but the beer had rekindled the convivial spirit of the doughty MacGillivray, so he telephoned to his wife that he was working on an important case, then settled down to the impossible task of cheering the disconsolate jailer.

At two o'clock the only progress made was on the beer.

At two-ten the radio jerked Finnegan out of his dark brown study.

"Calling cars 33 and 41. Cars 33 and 41. Proceed immediately to 3759 Front Street. Emergency. Stand by for Captain Steeger's squad and an ambulance follow-up."

"Whew! The homicide crew!" whistled MacGillivray. "What's at that address?"

"The Cleaner's. That's Sol Wurzbach's place." Finnegan groped for the phone and called the dispatcher.

"A *pineapple!*" he relayed the news to MacGillivray. "Wrecked the place."

"Why! Didn't Wurzbach sleep in the rear? Is that why the homicide . . . ?"

"That's what the dicks think," sneered Finnegan. "They're gonna search for the pieces. But Sol ain't there tonight."

"How do you know that?"

FINNEGAN spat in disgust. "I oughta know a few things. Sol's girl Minnie was married a few hours ago. They're on a party now. I was invited."

"You ought to tell the dicks," the sergeant argued.

"Let 'em find out." Finnegan relented a little. "Guess I'll phone Sol." He fished a small memorandum book out of his pocket, consulted it and eventually got Mr. Wurzbach on the wire.

"Sol, this is Finnegan. Somebody heaved a bomb into your place an' blasted your business all over the street. . . . How the hell do I know anythin' about your insurance . . . No, I ain't there. I'm in jail." He hung up.

MacGillivray sighed and was about to leave when he discovered still another sandwich. Finnegan paced the room.

Eventually a siren intruded into the silence and then a squad car squealed into the alley. Yarrow and O'Brien piloted another prisoner into the jail.

Finnegan scowled. The prisoner was a husky youngster of about twenty-two; a dark, curly-headed boy.

"What's the beef?" Finnegan asked.

O'Brien kissed an anxious knuckle. "This punk is Hymen Minovich. He drives a truck for a guy named Wurzbach who has a cleaning place on Front Street. This rat has swiped the truck several times to go joy-riding and Wurzbach threatened to fire him or have him picked up for auto theft. Last night he snitched the truck again. Wurzbach found out and called headquarters, asking that we pick up Minovich. Wurzbach's place was dynamited tonight, and this is the baby for sure. He was lamming with the truck when we picked him up."

"How'd you know he was lammin'?"

YARROW hefted the suitcase onto the counter and slapped down the wallet. "Had this with him. Two hundred bucks in the wallet. An' now he's goin' to tell us where he lives so we can search his rooms. Probably find some dynamite and fuses."

"I told you before," the boy said sulkily, "I wasn't runnin' away with the truck."

"What'd you take the truck for?"

"Wanted to go to the Dreamland Dance Hall."

"Who'd you take with you?" Finnegan butted in.

O'Brien frowned over his shoulder. "Keep out of this, Pop. I know what questions I want to ask." He turned back to the boy. "You're lying! We checked the Dreamland, and you didn't go there tonight. Now I'm tired of your stalling. For the last time—where do you live?"

Minovich braced himself. "If Mr. Wurzbach really wants to send me to jail for using his truck, I guess he can. But I didn't bomb his place. And where I live is my own business."

"Okay, Pop, salt him away in a cell," O'Brien instructed the jailer. "We'll save time by talking to the neighbors; we can find out where he lives that way. It's pretty obvious he's got some stuff in the room he doesn't want us to find. Probably some fuses or powder. Call the dispatcher and tell him 33's going back in service, will you?"

As soon as the two radio patrolmen had gone, and Minovich was "salted" in a cell, MacGillivray said:

"What's the idea, Pete? You must know where the kid lives. Why didn't you tell O'Brien?"

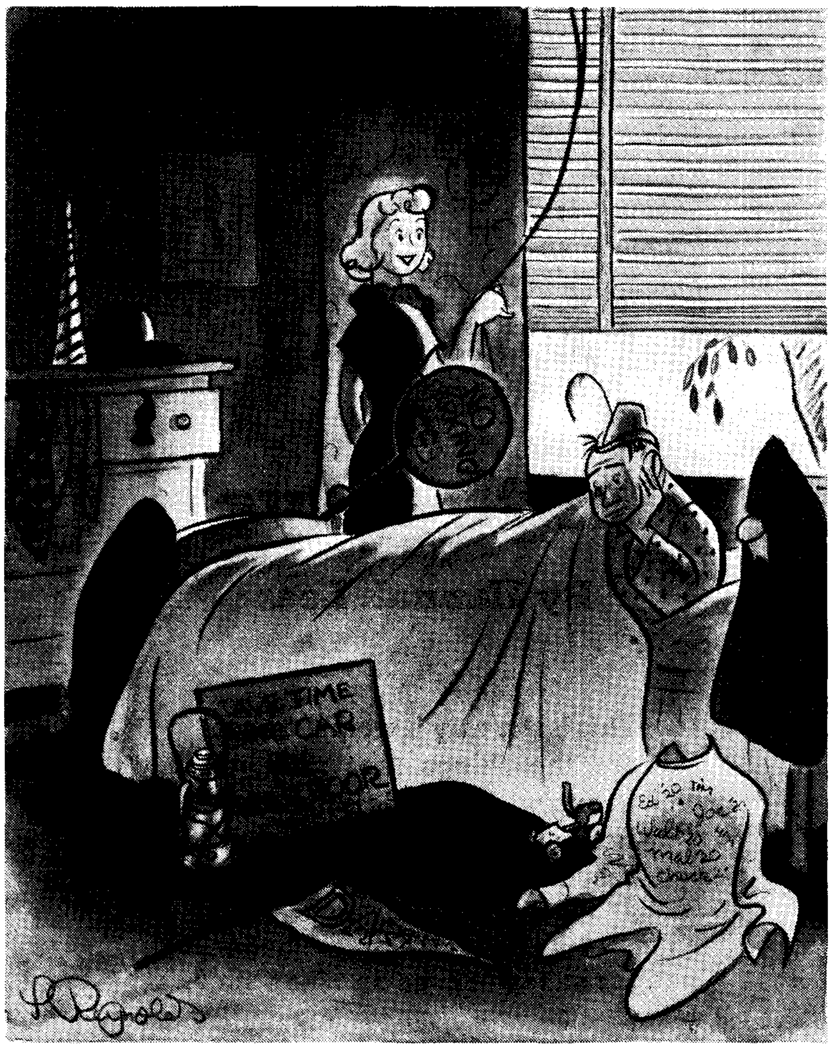
"If O'Brien had any brains he'd've asked. Let them worry about it. Meanwhile, I got a worry on my mind." He picked up his keys and let himself into the cell block.

MacGillivray tagged along and they proceeded down the tier to Calipini's cell where Bruno was stretched out on his bunk, sans shoes and coat, hands locked behind his head and a cigarette in his mouth. Finnegan went inside.

"Get out of here! Your crooked lawyer, Sam Wissner, just sprung you on a writ."

Bruno jerked to a sitting position. "He did not!"

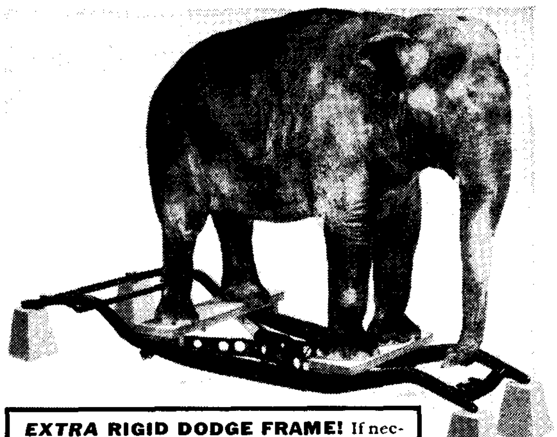
Finnegan squinted. "No? Pretty sure



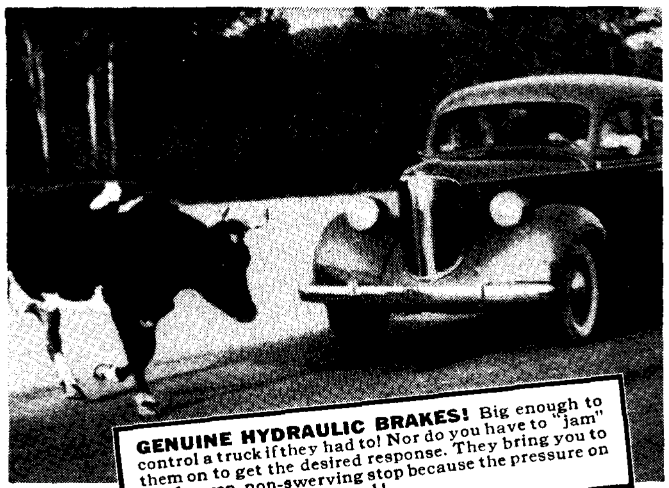
"It's eight o'clock the morning after your class reunion, dear. You're forty-one years old again"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

BUILT DOWN TO THE GROUND! You'll never want to drive at a 35-degree angle like this, but Jimmie Lynch, daredevil safety driver, proves you *could* do it in a Dodge because Dodge is built with an exceptionally *low* center of gravity!



***EXTRA* RIGID DODGE FRAME!** If necessary, this Dodge frame could support the weight of a 3-ton elephant! That's what engineers mean by the extra safety factor built into the vital parts of every Dodge!



GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES! Big enough to control a truck if they had to! Nor do you have to "jam" them on to get the desired response. They bring you to a safe, even, non-swerving stop because the pressure on each wheel is always equal!

AMERICA ASKED FOR A *SAFER* CAR

HERE IT IS... BIG NEW DODGE MAKES MOTORING SAFER IN 15 VITAL WAYS.....

BRIMFUL OF YOUTH! Vibrant, alive... This new eyeful of streamlined beauty is loaded with zip and action... literally personifies youth! No engine back-talk here... when you say "go" to this car—she's GONE!

MILLIONS of motorists will welcome this announcement. For it gives the quick, interesting facts about the wonderful safety car that motor experts and safety officials everywhere are talking about.

It is the big new Safety-Built Dodge—and it was designed from the beginning to make motoring safer! Here's a car that's built like a battleship from chassis to top! Steel walls, steel floor, steel roof like a vault in the mint! *Genuine* equal pressure hydraulic brakes big enough to control a truck, if need be! New road-edge beam headlights to make night driving far safer! And a big Red Ram Engine with its amazing pickup to whisk you out of tight spots!

These are only a few of the 15 great features which are so vital to motoring safety today. Only Dodge gives you *all* of them! That's why Safety Officials everywhere say *"America needed this safer car!"*

VELVET-SMOOTH POWER!

But Dodge is more than a great safety car. It gives you a brand new idea of riding and driving ease...velvet-smooth power that you've never known before! And owners tell of amazing economy too—18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas—savings up to 20% on oil.

The price? Dodge costs far less than many cars that do not give you as much—yet is priced so close to the small cars that you'll hardly notice the difference! No wonder owners say it's the *best-priced* car in America! Why not face facts? Why buy just any car when you know you can get *all* the 15 vital safety features in this new Dodge for not a penny extra! See your Dodge dealer *today!*

This advertisement endorsed by the Engineering Department, DODGE Division of Chrysler Corporation.

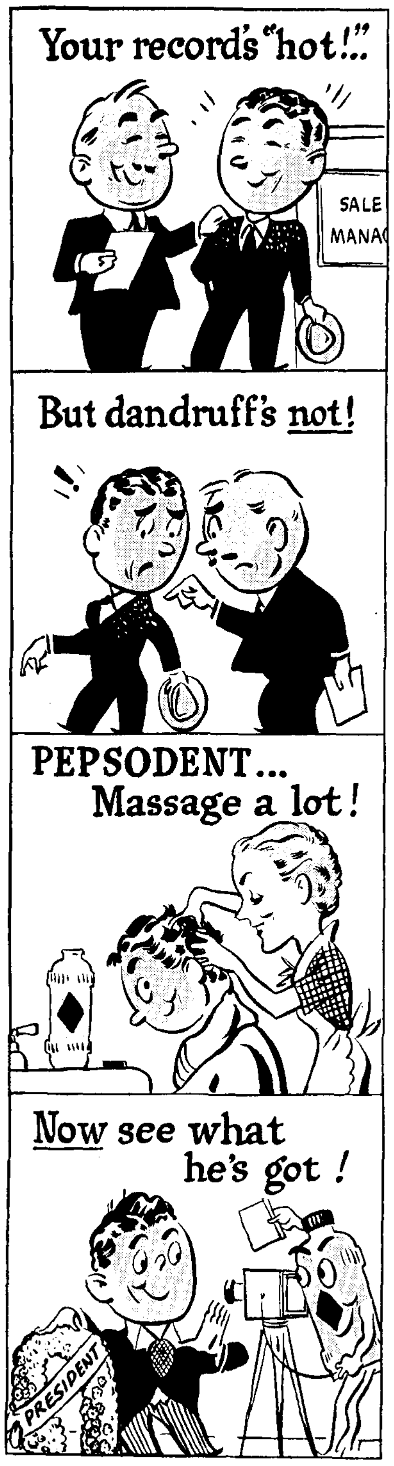
Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

LOOK FARTHER...SEE MORE! New "full vision" windshield is deeper and wider for greater visibility and safety. Steering wheel is low enough to permit anyone to see over it! Adjustable front seat is raised *upward* as it comes forward so short or tall people get perfect vision!

NO "CREAM PUFF STRUCTURE" HERE! Every week thousands pay to see Jimmie Lynch, daredevil safety driver, put cars through the most tortuous tests man ever conceived! Here Jimmie piles a Dodge headfirst into a wet sand bank! "Only Dodge could take the beating I give a car every week!" says Jimmie. "Dodge has saved my life literally hundreds of times!"

BE SAFE IN THE BIG NEW DODGE *–SAVE MONEY TOO!*

JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS!...Budget Terms To Suit Your Needs!


Your record's "hot!"
SALE MANAG
But dandruff's not!
PEPSODENT... Massage a lot!
Now see what he's got!
PRESIDENT

In Germ-killing power...

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC EQUALS 3 BOTTLES OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

Pepsodent Antiseptic

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC *for* LOOSE DANDRUFF

P. S. *Don't forget Pepsodent Antiseptic for* BAD BREATH, *too!*

of that, eh? He always got you out fast enough before this, so what's wrong this time?"

Bruno relaxed. "A little fishin' expedition?"

"Maybe you'd like me to call Sam?"

"Wouldn't do no good," Bruno yawned. "Anyhow, I like it here."

Finnegan stooped suddenly, jerked Calipini clear of the bunk and flung him into a corner of the cell.

"Don't get to like it too well," he grated, and stalked out.

MacGillivray held his peace until they returned to the office, then he boiled over.

"Pete, I've known you for twenty years, but now you've got me stumped. First you're willin' to fight with a brother officer over some kid who on the face of it is guilty, and on the other hand, you bully some lousy drunk. What's wrong with you?"

"Suppose you listen to me," Finnegan snapped back. "About twenty-two years ago I loaded a Mrs. Minovich into an ambulance, an' I rode inside while she gave birth to that kid O'Brien brought in, an' I saw her die. I've watched that kid grow up, so maybe I know *somethin'* about him."

"Provin' what?"

"Wait'll I'm finished. I've also had my troubles with Bruno Calipini. I paddled his backside for torturin' cats when he was seven. Then he took to droppin' stuff out of windows onto people, stretchin' wires across sidewalks, blackmailin' the neighborhood kids. But there's two things he never did in his life—he never took a drink, an' he never had a stand-up fist fight."

"So . . . ?"

"So it looks like Bruno wanted to get into jail, an' now he wants to stay here. Don't ask me the reason yet, but I've jugged him at least twenty times in the last five years an' Sam Wissner's always sprung him before you could get the tank locked."

"Well, that's nothin' to do with young Minovich."

"I'm not sure that it ain't," Finnegan argued. "Angus, it's goin' to take those smart radio cops half the night to find out where Hymen lives. The people in the Corners don't talk to strange cops. Suppose I give you the address—will you go out an' see what you find?"

"*Me?* Say, you're crazy! Me cut in on another officer's case! Not a chance."

"Wait a minute before you blow your top. I know these folks down there. I got an idea I know what's wrong, but I can't prove it yet. However, if my guess is right, O'Brien an' Yarrow'll be only too damn' glad to have you bust this mess."

MacGILLIVRAY eyed his old friend suspiciously.

"Peter Finnegan, I don't think you'd ask me to cover up anythin'. There ain't no place for sentiment in this, as you well know. If I was to go out there, I'd bring in what I found."

"It's over Manny's Bakery, on the corner of Front and Belcher. On the third floor."

MacGillivray started for the door. "Now I'll do my duty," he warned grimly. "If dynamite I find, dynamite I'm bringin' in."

"Be on your way, an' don't let her get away from you."

"What?"

"The dynamite," said Finnegan.

MacGillivray made a barking noise and slammed out into the night. Old Finnegan sighed, opened the third drawer of his desk and extracted a well-worn length of rubber hose. He spat lightly on his palms, rubbed them together, then he picked up the hose and went down to Calipini's cell.

"Bruno," he whispered softly. "I just figgered out why you're here."

Calipini hopped out of his bunk. "Hey, you're crazy!"

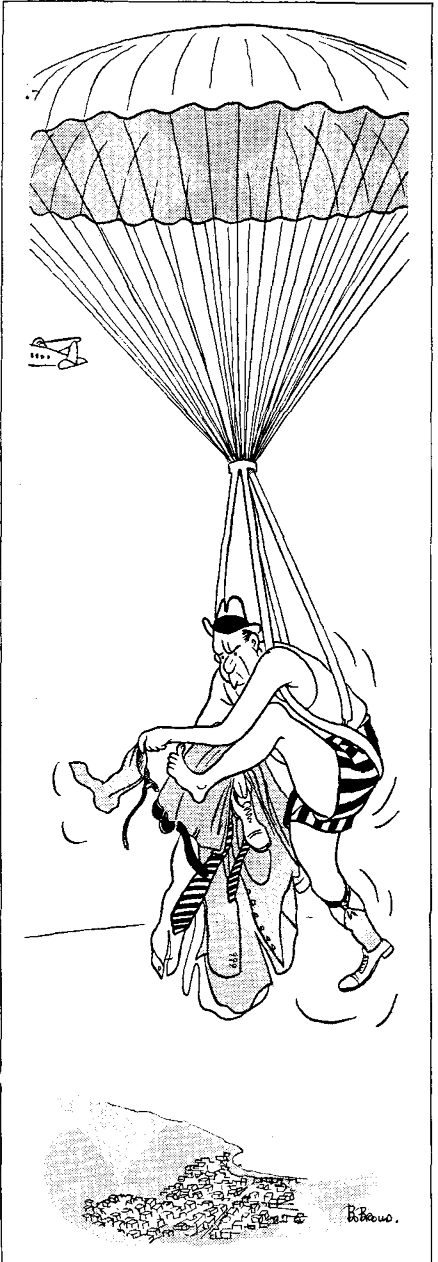
"Like a fox!" Finnegan chuckled, and grabbed him.

SERGEANT MacGILLIVRAY was back in fifty minutes, and Finnegan awaited him in his office, his flinty old face wreathed in a smile of contentment. When Finnegan saw the sergeant, he asked: "Did you find the dynamite?"

"'Tweren't no dynamite," MacGillivray growled, leading a buxom eighteen-year-old blonde into the office. "'Twas this young lady."

"That's what *you* think. Now tell me, Flossy Malarkey, what was you doin' in Hymie Minovich's room?"

Sobbing softly, Flossy shredded a wispy handkerchief with trembling fingers. "It was on the level, Mr. Finnegan," she whimpered. "We tried to get married. You find Hymie an' ask him. He's down at the store."



"I knew that hostess would forget to wake me at Cleveland!"

BO BROWN

"Married? Is that why Hymen swiped Sol's truck?"

"Ooo-h!" wailed the girl. "Then Sol found out! Now he'll fire Hymie an' we can't get married, an' Mamma'll send me to the reform school."

Finnegan flinched. "Gosh! I forgot about mamma. Well, tell us what happened?"

"Me 'n' Hymie decided to get married, but we knew Mamma would stop us if she found out first, so Hymie says: 'Flo, doll, we can't get married in this state because there is a law that says we got to wait three days from the time we apply for a license until we can get married and your mother would then have time to butt in an' spoil it, so this Saturday—' That was Friday he says this, Mr. Finnegan, '—so this Saturday night Sol will be at the wedding of his own daughter, so let's take the truck an' drive over into the next state, where we can get legally hitched all at once.'

"'But, honey, maybe Sol will find out an' fire you,' I tell him, but Hymie says: 'Sol is really a swell guy, Flo doll, an' when he knows I wanted the truck to get married an' settle down, he will be glad. Anyhow, it is not stealin' because I have worked hard an' Sol promised once he would give me a small partnership in the business, which he has not done so far.'"

"So you're married?" Finnegan asked.

"No-o-o!" Flossy blubbered, "we ain't. When we was almost to the state line, the truck broke an axle. Hymie had to walk five miles to wake up a mechanic an' by the time the truck was fixed, it was too late to go on because Hymie had to get the truck back before daylight. But I was too scared to go home, so Hymie sent me up to his room until he could figger out what to do about Mamma. I said: 'Honey, why don't you stay too because it will be all right on account of we're goin' to get married first time we can snitch the truck again.' But Hymie said no, he would take the truck back an' keep me respectable until we could borrow it another time."

"An' what time did you get back?" Finnegan demanded.

"It was a quarter to three when Hymie got me to his room. You can ask him yourself. He's down at Sol's store now."

TWO cars rolled into the alley then; so Finnegan got up and walked out to the booking counter. O'Brien and Yarrow barged in with Captain Steeger of the homicide squad, and Sol Wurzbach.

O'Brien growled, "Hey, Pop, fish out that punk kid who blasted the tailor shop. The captain wants him."

Finnegan said: "Sure," picked up his keys and disappeared into the jail. He came back in a couple of minutes lugging Bruno Calipini by the collar.

"Here he is," he grumbled, pushing the prisoner towards the skipper. "Take him to headquarters. He smells up my *jail.*"

O'Brien yelped. "Say, this ain't the guy I want!"

"'Tis the one you asked for," retorted Finnegan. "Bruno, ain't you the skunk what blew up Sol's place with a time bomb, an' then got yourself put in jail for a alibi? Remember now—tell the truth!"

Calipini squirmed. "I guess I did. But I want to see my attorney before I sign anything!"

Captain Steeger looked hard at Finnegan before he swung on O'Brien. "This isn't the kid you told me about. Where'd he come from?"

Finnegan answered that one. "Sure, an' O'Brien an' Yarrow brought him in," he insisted. "Bruno is a bad egg. The other lad was picked up because Sol Wurzbach reported his truck stolen."

Steeger shrugged: he'd been in harness himself too long to pry deeper. "Okay," he grunted. "Come on, Bruno, we'll take a ride." He fastened his hand on Calipini's shoulder and led him out.

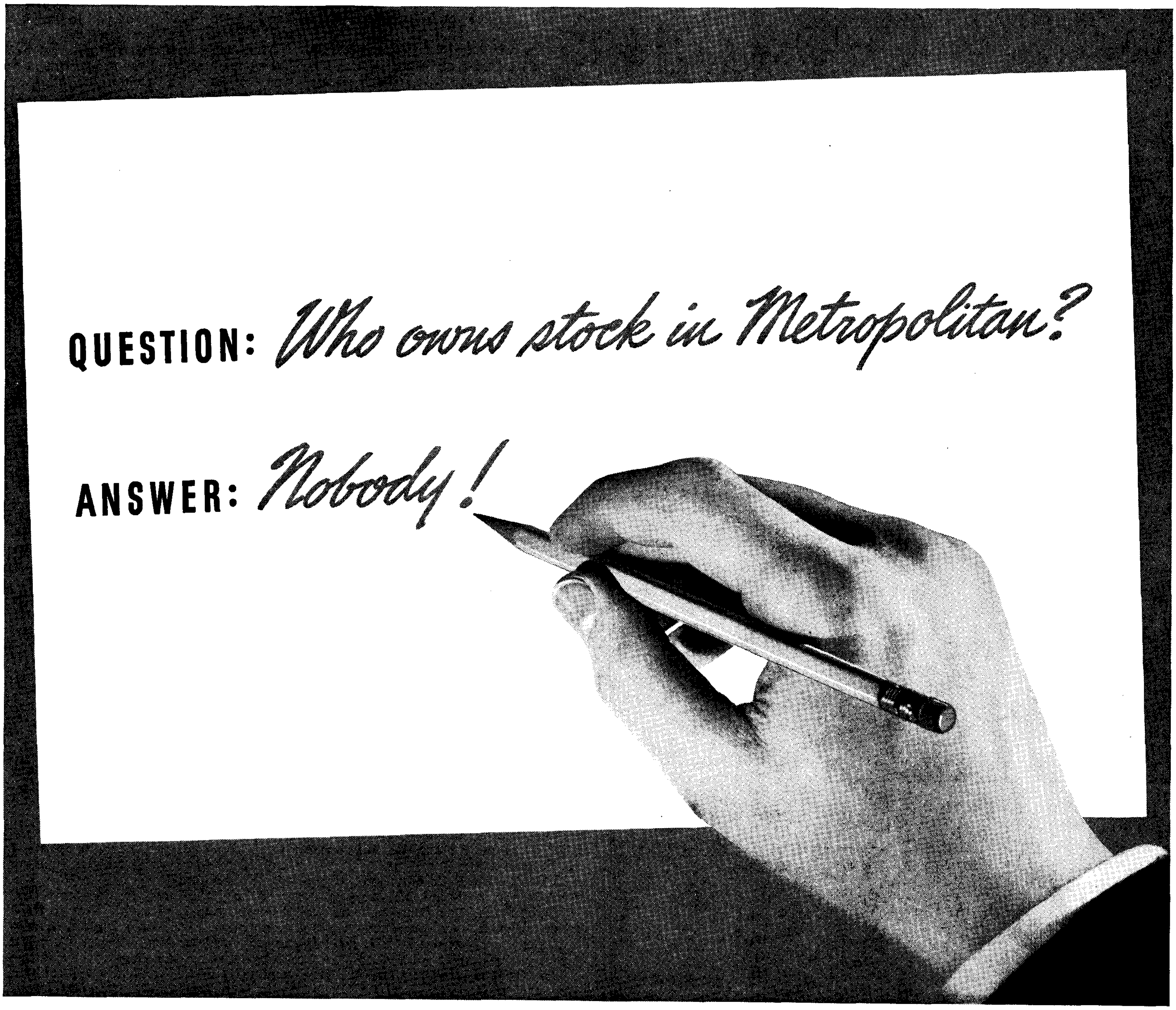
Wurzbach was about to follow, when Finnegan stopped him.

"A moment, Sol. I got somethin' to say to you."

Wurzbach hesitated, then came back to the counter. O'Brien said, "Say Finnegan, I . . ."

"If you got anythin' to say to me," Finnegan interrupted, "you'll have to wait outside. I got a little business to attend to now."

They took the hint and went out. Finnegan picked up his keys and handed them to Flossy. "Go down to the last



WHY DOES no one own stock in Metropolitan Life Insurance Company?

Because there isn't any stock.

In January, 1915, Metropolitan ceased to be a stock company and became a mutual company.

That change was initiated by the Directors and Officers of the company, in the conviction that it would be for the best interests of all present and future policyholders.

The Company's Board of Directors—which controls the management and maintains general supervision over the affairs of the company—is responsible solely to the policyholders.

In a mutual company such as Metropolitan, the entire assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders.

What happens to money remaining after benefits and expenses have been paid, and after funds needed to meet future obligations have been set aside—including such additions as may be made to the extra safety fund (the maximum size of which is limited by law)? This amount remaining at the end of the year is equitably distributed to policyholders in the form of dividends.

The company is operated with the objective of providing insurance for its 29 million policyholders at the lowest possible cost consistent with efficiency and safety.

This is Number 2 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. A copy of the preceding advertisement will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

cell on the left," he suggested. "Friend of yours. I'll let you know when I want you."

As the puzzled girl disappeared, Finnegan managed a sly wink at MacGillivray, then he faced Wurzbach with a stern eye.

"Sol, what are you goin' to do about Hymie?"

"Well, maybe I won't prosecute—I'll only fire him," Sol mumbled.

"*Prosecute? Fire him?* Say, man, do you realize what you've done?"

"*Me? Done?*" Sol looked scared.

"Yes, *you!* You've had a good American citizen arrested—*falsely arrested.*" Finnegan wagged his head in mock sorrow. " 'Tis sad, Sol, you had a nice little business."

"It's covered by insurance; I still got it."

"Won't do you no good," Finnegan said sadly. "Hymie can sue you for false arrest, for sayin' he blew up your place."

Sol wrung his hands in anguish. "Oi, my business! I was goin' to build a nice new place. Oh, tell me, ain't there somethin' I kin do maybe?"

There were a few moments of tortured silence before Finnegan finally beamed. "I got it! Sol, maybe if you offer Hymie a partnership, it'll fix it. He can't sue his own business. An' I happen to know he wants to get married. He's a good boy, is Hymie."

Sol winced, thought that over. "Well, maybe. You think he'd drop the suit?"

"Listen," Finnegan offered confidentially. "You write out a partnership agreement right now, while I go down to *Hymie's cell an' talk to him. Then when* I bring him back, you offer him the partnership like I didn't know nothin' about it. Then also you'd better give him a week's salary an' the truck to take a honeymoon while the store's bein' rebuilt."

Sol reached for a pen. "Okay. Bring him here."

FINNEGAN hopped down the corridor to the cell where Flossy and Hymen Minovich were sitting glumly on the edge of the metal bunk. When he came up, Hymen said:

"Flo tells me Sol's out there. Is he goin' to send me to jail, Mr. Finnegan?"

"Listen," the jailer grinned. "You two come with me. An' no matter what's said, don't act surprised. You act like you're pretty mad at Sol."

They trooped into the office, and Hymen wore a timorous scowl. Finnegan brought up the rear, and when he met Sol's anxious eye he shrugged.

Sol rushed over and grabbed the boy's hand. "Am I glad to see you lookin' so well, Hymie boy!" he exclaimed.

Minovich gulped, but said nothing. So Sol went on: "Hymie, I am sorry there was a mistake. You are a fine lad, like to me my right hand. So I tell Mr. Finnegan, 'I will make Hymie a partner, one-third partner, for he is a good boy.' Also, while the store is bein' rebuilt by the insurance company, I want you should take the truck an' have a swell honeymoon with this nice girl. Ha, Hymie, maybe I don't wish *I* was goin' on a honeymoon with such a nice girl. An' at my expense is the honeymoon!"

"Honest?" stuttered the boy, while Flossy could only cling mutely to his arm.

MacGillivray thrust the paper into his hand. "Here's the agreement," he growled. "The truck's outside, so you better beat it, if you want to get started on a honeymoon."

HYMEN shook hands all around, but couldn't speak. Flossy sat down and bawled until Finnegan grabbed her and pushed her outside. As the boy started, Finnegan stopped him.

"Don't forget your suitcase an' wallet."

When the youngsters were gone, MacGillivray patted Sol on the back. "Mister, you don't know how lucky you are. Finnegan got you off easy, an' now you got a swell partner. Now get out of here."

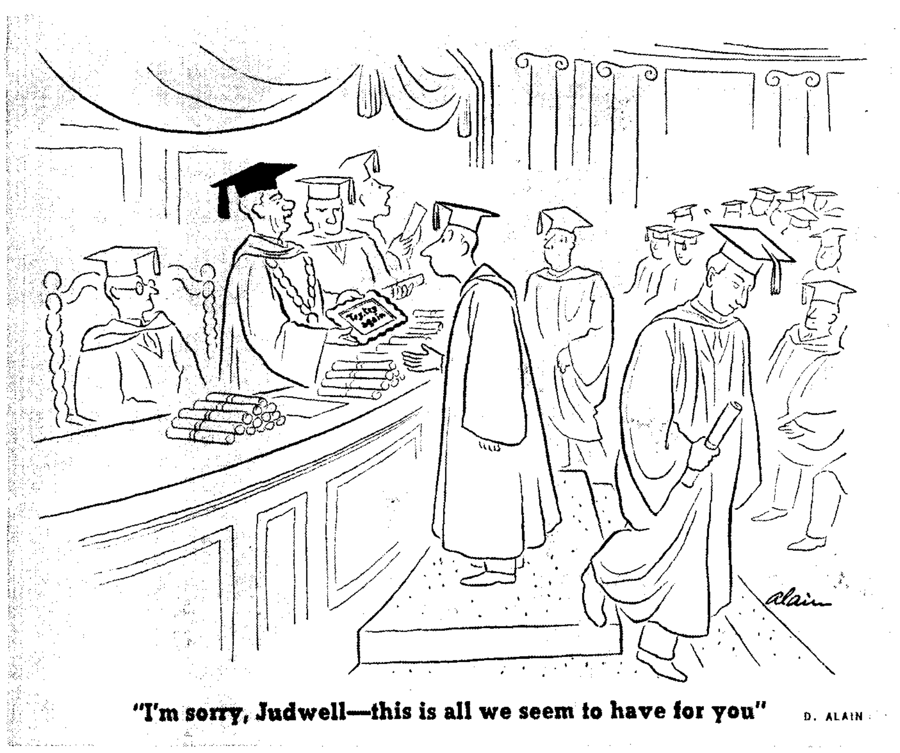
When Sol went out, O'Brien and Yarrow came back in. O'Brien thrust out his hand.

"Pop, I *don't know just what* happened, but you saved our faces. How'd you do it?"

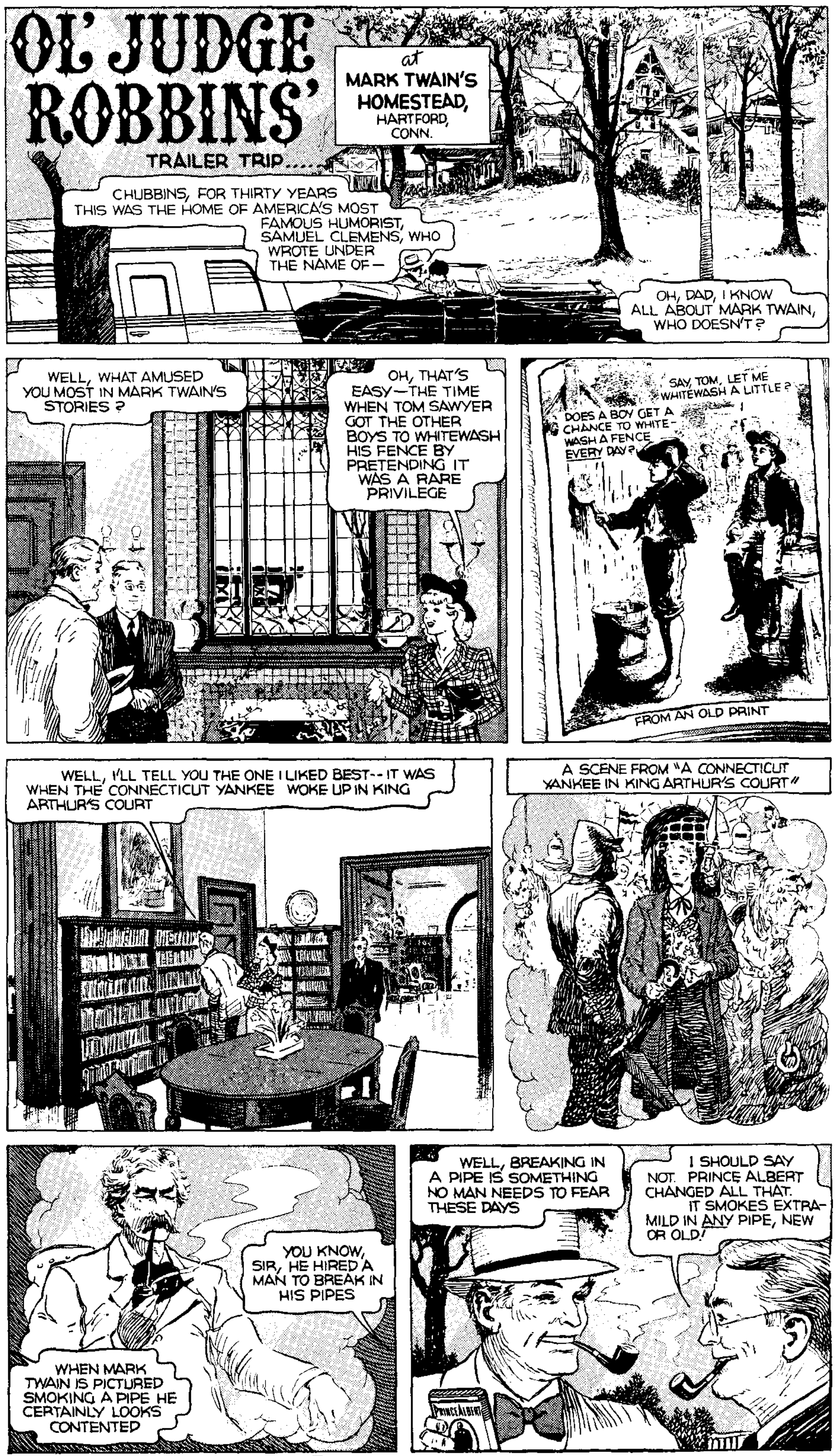
"By knowin' the folks on my beat," Finnegan snapped. "I know what they'll do an' what they won't do. That, an' a little sense, is all."

Yarrow chuckled. "Well, I learned a lesson tonight, Pop. And any time I can repay that favor, let me know. I can understand how Calipini set a time bomb and got himself picked up to establish an alibi when the thing exploded, but I still can't see why the other lad didn't tell us about the girl when we questioned him."

"All right," Finnegan said grimly, "I'll give you another lesson. You go right now to see Mrs. Ethel Malarkey, who lives over Dragoon's Bakery, an' explain to her that her daughter's run away to marry Hymen Minovich. That'll teach you somethin' about people, about diplomacy an' also somethin' about—*dynamite!*"

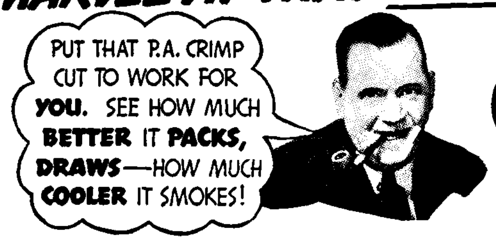


"I'm sorry, Judwell—this is all we seem to have for you" D. ALAIN


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
TRAILER TRIP....
at MARK TWAIN'S HOMESTEAD, HARTFORD, CONN.
CHUBBINS, FOR THIRTY YEARS THIS WAS THE HOME OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS HUMORIST, SAMUEL CLEMENS, WHO WROTE UNDER THE NAME OF—
OH, DAD, I KNOW ALL ABOUT MARK TWAIN, WHO DOESN'T?
WELL, WHAT AMUSED YOU MOST IN MARK TWAIN'S STORIES?
OH, THAT'S EASY—THE TIME WHEN TOM SAWYER GOT THE OTHER BOYS TO WHITEWASH HIS FENCE BY PRETENDING IT WAS A RARE PRIVILEGE
SAY, TOM, LET ME WHITEWASH A LITTLE?
DOES A BOY GET A CHANCE TO WHITEWASH A FENCE EVERY DAY?
FROM AN OLD PRINT
WELL, I'LL TELL YOU THE ONE I LIKED BEST--IT WAS WHEN THE CONNECTICUT YANKEE WOKE UP IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT
A SCENE FROM "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT"
WHEN MARK TWAIN IS PICTURED SMOKING A PIPE HE CERTAINLY LOOKS CONTENTED
YOU KNOW, SIR, HE HIRED A MAN TO BREAK IN HIS PIPES
WELL, BREAKING IN A PIPE IS SOMETHING NO MAN NEEDS TO FEAR THESE DAYS
I SHOULD SAY NOT. PRINCE ALBERT CHANGED ALL THAT. IT SMOKES EXTRA-MILD IN ANY PIPE, NEW OR OLD!
PRINCE ALBERT

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

TASTE THAT RICH TASTE!
MARVEL AT THAT EXTRA MILDNESS!


PUT THAT P.A. CRIMP CUT TO WORK FOR YOU. SEE HOW MUCH BETTER IT PACKS, DRAWS—HOW MUCH COOLER IT SMOKES!

SO MILD!
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 19th

Is dad a pipe-smoker? Here's the ideal gift for *him*—a pound or half-pound of extra-mild, extra-tasty Prince Albert, in a neat *red tin*. Will dad be mighty pleased with *that?* Just try it and see!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.

PERFECT SMOKES—OR NO PAY!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO FOR FASTER-ROLLED, NEATER "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Front Man

Continued from page 11

"I don't think I'd brag about it if I knew him," said the girl. "He's a murderer."

"Anybody'll fight if he's cornered," said Bud defensively. "And he's a swell fellow when you know him."

The girl shrugged. A car turned in from the highway. She started to go out.

"I'll take it," said Bud again.

He pumped five gallons and wiped off a windshield. He was checking oil when there came a distant putt-putt-putting. He knew that sound. A state cop on a motorcycle came along and turned in. He stopped. The girl—in the doorway—waved her hand.

THE cop put his feet down, leaving the motor chugging.

"New man?" he asked, indicating Bud.

"No," said the girl. "A customer, helping a minute. Look at my hands!"

She showed her blistered palm. The state cop said:

"Tough! But you can always close up."

"Like fun I will!" said the girl. "What's the matter? Has Deadpan got you worried?"

The cop shook his head and made ready to move off again.

"He was sighted near Belltown last night. That's plenty far away—so far. But if I phone you to close up and go home, you do it! Hear me?"

He rolled out and went on down the road. The girl made change and handed it to Bud to pass on to the customer.

"That's my brother," she said. "I asked about Deadpan for you."

Bud nodded, watching the car he'd serviced move off in the wake of the cop.

"Where's Belltown?"

"Forty or fifty miles that way." She waved her hand. "I guess Deadpan's heading west. How'd you like to meet up with him?"

"I wouldn't mind," said Bud.

"For the reward?" asked the girl ironically.

Bud looked at her angrily.

"Blood money? Not much!"

He went back into the filling station and finished his coffee. He fumbled in his pocket.

"It's on the house," said the girl. "If you knew how much my hand hurt, cranking that old pump."

"Listen," said Bud, "can I say something without you thinking I'm fresh?"

"Maybe," said the girl. "It depends on what it is."

Bud had an idea now. He'd thought he'd gotten Deadpan through last night without being spotted anywhere. But he'd been seen. Now, since this girl had a brother who was a state cop and who'd phone her to close up if anything started to happen, why, this was a perfect place to hang around in for news. And, anyhow, Deadpan didn't expect him back until dark.

"I don't have to graft my grub," said Bud, "but I'm not in any hurry and I don't mind saving money. How about me working the pump for you today and taking gas for pay?"

The girl drew a deep breath.

"If you turn around, I'll bet I see wings on you! If you knew how I ache from cranking that pump, and how these blisters hurt. . . . It's a bet. You're hired! And there's a customer now."

Bud went out and sold eight gallons of gas. Before he'd finished, somebody came along with a flat on the spare-tire rack. Bud parked the automatic in his own car and set to work. By lunchtime he felt as though he were back on his old job, instead of being front man for Deadpan. By lunchtime, too, the girl felt that she knew him and was calling him Bud, and he called her Rose as a matter of course.

They got along fine. Rose was easy to look at and she didn't pull any coy stuff. She liked Bud, and told him how she ran the station for her father, and Bud told her where he'd worked and pretty nearly everything about himself except that he was front man for Deadpan. They didn't talk steadily, of course. There were too many customers. But they got along fine.

Once there was a squad car loaded down with dicks that came humming out of nowhere and went humming on to the same place. Bud knew who they were by the license plate. And once there were four state cops riding together. They were looking for somebody or something, and nobody needed two guesses to work out that they were getting set to lay for Deadpan. Then, toward dark, there were half a dozen cars traveling together that were full of men who just plainly weren't tourists. Bud saw guns. He sweated a little, wondering where they were going to post themselves. It was up to him to find out.

Business was good. Half a dozen flats to fix, and plenty of gas to sell, and a good lot of oil. Rose, in the filling station, sold sandwiches and lunches till about two o'clock, and after that there was a spasmodic demand for hot dogs and pop. Around five o'clock the sandwich and grub business picked up again. Three or four times Bud found himself thinking that the two of them made a good team for a business like this. But he was conscientious about Deadpan. He kept his eyes open.

WHEN it began to get dark he began to fidget again. He hadn't found out a thing. He should have gone scouting while it was still light. And he'd fooled away time hanging around here!

Rose saw him getting nervous.

"Getting set to move along, Bud?"

"I was thinking about it," said Bud, almost apologetically. He liked Rose a lot, and he was twenty-two.

"I've been thinking too," said Rose. "Listen, Bud. Will you take me up to my house? I'm going to close up. My father wouldn't want me to keep open after dark, by myself."

"Sure I'll take you home," said Bud. He couldn't very well say anything else. "Is it far?"

"Not far. I'll get things locked up."

Bud helped. He locked the pump and the hoses, after draining back the gas in the tanks overhead. He put tools away. Rose locked up the back and gathered up the cash.

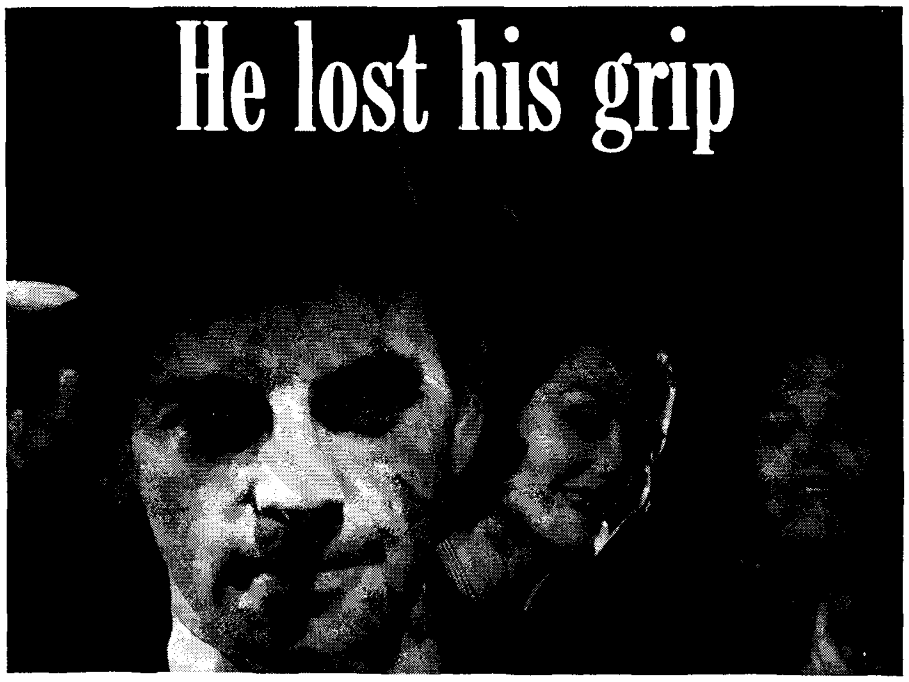
"Why don't you put that in the safe?" asked Bud awkwardly.

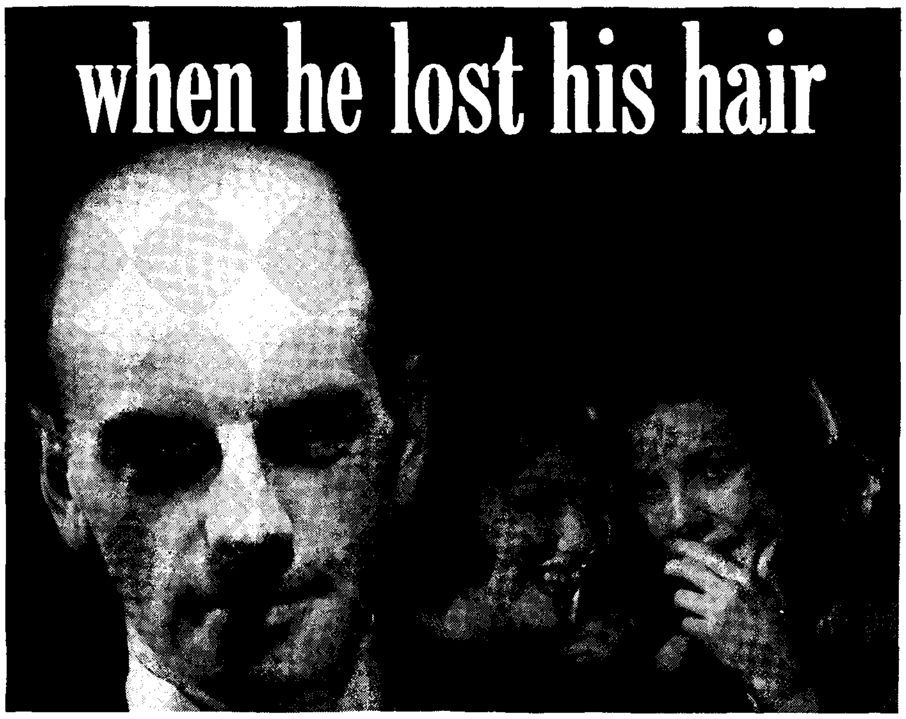
She just smiled at him. Funny. She'd only known him today, and she trusted him, just like Deadpan did. Bud knew that he liked Rose a lot.

Rose turned out the lights and put the key in the front door. There came a putt-putt-putting down the road. Fast. Full speed. A motorcycle siren blared.

It was Rose's brother. The motorcycle came tearing down the road, full speed. It turned into the turn-off and bumped and skidded to a stop with the brakes on full. The motorcycle toppled over as Rose's brother raced for the reopened door. He plunged inside and cranked the country-style telephone furiously.

"Got to use the phone!" he panted. He gabbled into the transmitter: "*Gimme the Abington state-police post! And make it fast!*" He flung words over




when he lost his hair

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TO girls and bosses alike, a bald man is an old man. And what they want is young, alert-looking men around them. Don't take it for granted that you're immune from baldness.

Look at your head tonight. See if your hair is beginning to thin at the temples or on top. Notice if there's dandruff on your coat collar. For that may be a warning of oncoming baldness.

If there's any doubt in your mind, start using Kreml every day. For here's a fine, dependable hair tonic that will check falling hair—and do a good job of it unless, of course, the trouble is caused by alopecia areata, in which case you'd better see your doctor. Thousands of letters have been written to us telling us just how effective Kreml is. It removes dandruff, too. And it keeps your hair neatly groomed without any stickiness or greasiness.

Get a big bottle at your druggist's at once. Ask your barber for it, too. And he'll be glad to tell you about the Kreml Treatment.

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Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It's made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

★Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

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his shoulder to Rose. "Just saw a fellow who's been looking for me. He said he saw a car parked in the woods. Nobody near. Looked at it. Coupla bullet holes through a back window. Guns inside it. He came to tell me—"

Bud's heart stopped. Deadpan's car!

"Even the license—" Somebody evidently answered the phone. Rose's brother snapped in his report. Full. Complete. Deadly. He knew where Deadpan's car was. He knew it was Deadpan's car. He proved it. He told them on the other end where to find it. And—

"Will I go in there? . . . All right. . . . I get it. . . . Yeah. . . ."

He hung on the phone while Bud swallowed convulsively. He had to get to Deadpan and warn him. But Rose's brother grunted: *"Yeah. . . . Sure. . . . Yeah. . . ."*

He hung up and turned triumphantly. "Got him! We got him! This'll finish Deadpan!"

Rose said, frightened:

"Are you going to—"

"Not by myself," said her brother. "That's orders. We're going to close up the roads first—and fast! If he don't trap himself we'll go in and get him!"

Bud swallowed again. Rose said:

"I just closed up. It's as well, I guess."

"Yeah," said her brother. "You go on home right away. How—"

"Bud's going to take me," said Rose. "Listen—"

She drew her brother aside. Bud went out to his car and got in, almost dizzy with trying to figure out how he was going to work this thing. He slid the automatic back in his pocket. Suddenly the side door was open. Rose was climbing in beside him. She smiled at him frankly.

"I just had to tell my brother something and lock up again. We start down that way. I'll tell you how to turn."

Bud nodded. She thought he was taking her home. Well, he would. Sure! But he had to warn Deadpan first. That was the urgent thing, the first thing. The car raced off onto the highway.

Bud dismissed the girl beside him from all his thoughts. He concentrated desperately on Deadpan's problem. Before he stopped at the filling station this morning, he'd been checking on getaway roads. There was a secondary road, a dirt road, that cut off and wound across country to another main highway twenty miles off. Bud had checked on the turn-off into it. Get Deadpan on that cutoff. Twenty miles across country, then a left turn and double back through Belltown, where he'd been sighted once and wouldn't be expected again. That was it. But it had to be quick!

THE sound of the motorcycle dwindled swiftly and died away as Bud stepped on the gas heading in the opposite direction. Wind streaked past the car, whistling by the broken place in one of the windows. Rose said:

"For goodness sake! This car is fast!"

The speedometer went around to fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five—

"Bud!" said Rose. "This is—too fast! And it's only a little way to my house now."

Bud's voice was still strained.

"I've got to go another place first," he said. "There's something I've got to do. I—I've got to see a fellow."

He felt, rather than saw, that her face jerked toward him. As if instinctively, her hand reached out to the handle of the door. Bud realized what she was thinking. He jammed on the brakes and pulled out the automatic Deadpan had given him. He offered it, butt first.

"Look here," he said more steadily. "You've got *nothing* to be scared of. If I get fresh, use this on me. It's just—just that I've got to see this fellow right away!" He paused. The car ground to a stop. He went on desperately: "You can get out and take this gun for protection if you like. I'll come back for you. I'll see you get home safe. But I've got to see this fellow—and I've got to see him quick!"

She pushed back the weapon. Bud didn't know what she thought. But she did know that Bud didn't intend to harm her.

"I'll—take a chance," she said hesitantly, "if you've got to rush."

Bud slammed the car into gear so suddenly that she was thrown back against the seat. Up to forty—fifty—sixty miles. Frantic braking again. The car went careening off into a little side road so narrow that bushes whipped the sides of the car. The road curved and recurved, flinging them about in the seat. Bud kept at forty or better. Sometimes a tree root made a monstrous bump.

"You'll wreck!" protested Rose, clinging to her place. "What's the matter? Who is it, Bud—and why must you—"

Bud swallowed.

"You'll find out, I guess," he said harshly. "You'll find out—here!"

He jammed on the brakes again. There was nothing to differentiate this from any other spot along the road. Twin streaks of bare earth, made by the infrequent traffic. Weeds growing between them. A patch of second-growth pine over to the left. Cut-over ground growing up in saplings on the right. Ahead, the road curved again so the headlight beams lost themselves among innumerable leaves.

Bud cut off the motor. He opened the door and switched off the headlights. He stepped outside. There was an instant's dead silence, broken only by the normal noises of the night and by tiny crackling, cooling sounds beneath the motor's hood.

Into the pitch blackness Bud spoke softly:

"It's me. Bud."

Silence. A cricket chirped. The motor continued to make little crackling sounds. Insects off in the darkness made a musical whirring sound. Leaves rustled and whispered. Then a toneless voice said:

"Well?"

Bud said swiftly:

"Listen! Somebody was hunting or something and came across the car. He went and told a state cop. It got phoned in to headquarters only a few minutes ago. I heard him phoning it. They know where you are, and they're phoning and getting men posted to cut you off everywhere. You've got to move fast!"

Silence. Leaves rustled. A twig cracked. Bud turned with a swift indrawing of breath to face the movement.

"Listen, Deadpan! I've got it fig—"

There was a startled noise in the car. Then a sudden movement outside. The toneless voice grew deadly.

"There's somebody in that car!"

"Sure," said Bud. "A girl. I couldn't stop to get her home when I heard the news. I had to come and tip you off."

"Turn on the car lights," said the deadly voice.

FUMBLING, Rose turned them on. She saw nothing but Bud and the stark, pitiless glare of the headlights ahead. But somebody outside could see her by the dashboard glow.

"Turn 'em off."

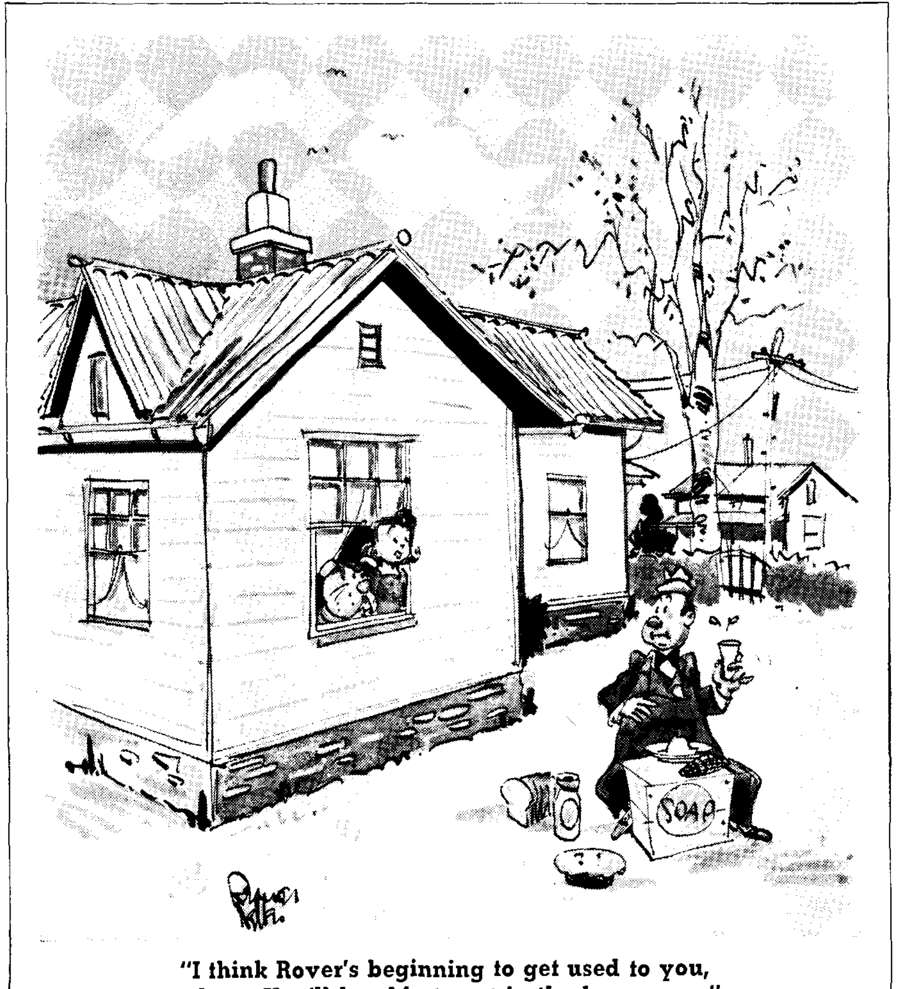
Trembling, Rose obeyed.

Muttered commands. Bud moved farther from the car, rustling the leaves as he moved. He protested desperately:

"Deadpan, listen to me! Somebody's tipped off the state cops! You've got to let me lead you to a dirt road they'll never think of! It cuts across country. Then you duck back to Belltown. They sighted you there last night, and they know you're moving west. They'll never figure on you doubling back to it. Then—"

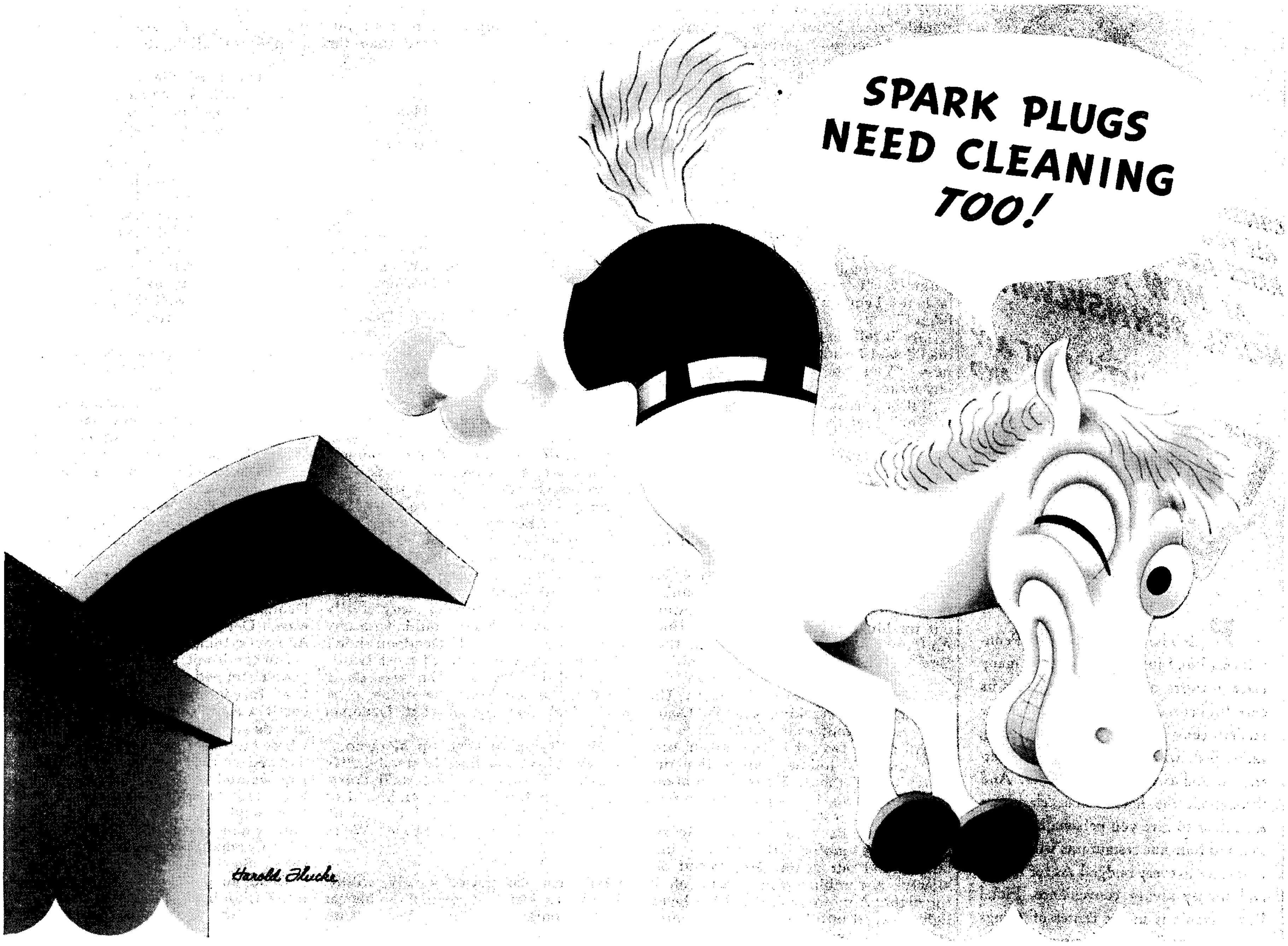
The toneless voice asked a specific, scornful question.

"No!" said Bud. "She's just a swell kid. Runs a filling station for her dad," he explained, sweating in his haste. He went into detail to make Deadpan re-



"I think Rover's beginning to get used to you, dear. You'll be able to eat in the house soon"

REAMER KELLER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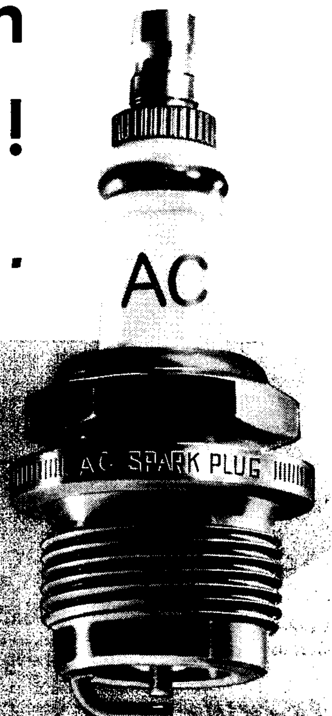
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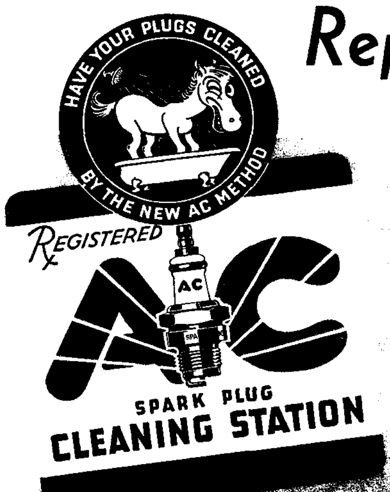
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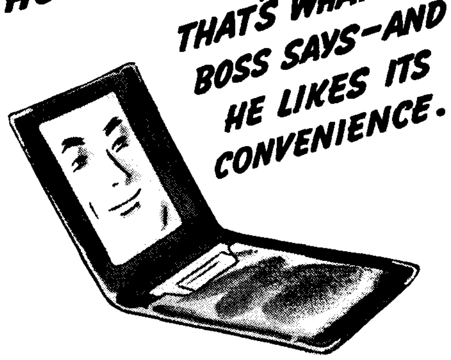

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alize that this was not a matter of being double-crossed, but of the girl being in the car because of a—because of—

"But she knows too much," said Deadpan's voice. "Maybe you're tellin' me the truth, but she knows too much."

"It won't do a damn' bit of harm!" said Bud fiercely. "You're wasting time! Get in the car and let me get you started! They'll never figure you've been tipped and are doubling back! You've got time if you hurry. But you've got to speed!"

"She can't travel with us," warned Deadpan.

"I'm not figuring on it," said Bud desperately. "I told you how she came to be here! I couldn't take time to take her home!"

"She'll tell the world you're my front man," said Deadpan, there in the darkness. "You'll be no damn' good to me any more."

"I'll be another gun, anyway—or two of 'em," said Bud.

Silence.

"Then y'won't bump her?" said Deadpan, without intonation.

Bud struck his hands together.

"No, I won't!" he cried fiercely. "Go ahead and plug me, if you think I'm crossing you! But she's a swell kid and —and—"

He choked, raging and rebellious. He knew that ordinarily Deadpan couldn't trust anybody, because of the reward out for him. But he had trusted Bud! And if he stopped trusting Bud, then Bud couldn't trust him any more either, and if Bud couldn't trust him . . .

Insects made noises in the night. The car made little crackling sounds. Deadpan said without expression:

"All right. Go get in the car an' turn it around. I'll follow y'out to that dirt road y'talkin' about. Figure it out about the girl afterward. If I gotta move fast, I gotta move fast."

Bud went back to the car. He restarted the motor. He backed into bushes and out again. He started off, slowly. A rumbling whir set up off in the night. A motor caught. Other headlights leaped into being. A big, a monstrous car crawled out onto the narrow cart track behind Bud.

"That—that was Deadpan," said Rose unsteadily. "You—said you knew him. I—didn't know you were a—murderer too."

"I'm not," said Bud. He swallowed a lump in his throat. "I'm his front man." Then he said fiercely, "He thought I was crossing him because you were in the car. Damn him, he wanted—"

"What?"

"He—wanted me to bump you," cried Bud furiously. "He said you knew too much!"

He drove recklessly, raging. The headlights of Deadpan's big car came on behind. Deadpan cut them down to dim. The highway was suddenly ahead. There were trees on both sides here. Bud turned smartly into it. He was two hundred yards down the highway when Deadpan followed.

BUD stepped savagely on the gas. Forty. Forty-five. Fifty. Fifty-five. Rose shrank into her seat. Presently she quavered:

"Wh-what are you going to do now, Bud?"

"Start him off safe," said Bud harshly, "and then take you home, and then—"

He stopped, and looked up at the top of his own windshield. The headlights of Deadpan's car shone in the back window. Now they were getting brighter.

"He's speeding up," said Bud. "Look back, Rose, and see if there's anybody chasing him."

He let out a notch or two of speed. Sixty. Then sixty-five.

"I—don't see anybody," said Rose in a quavering voice. "Why?"

"I'm wondering something," said Bud harshly. "He's supposed to trail me. Either he wants more speed than I'm making or there's something wrong."

Bud's little car was hitting sixty-eight. But Deadpan was driving seventy. He was fifty yards behind. Then he was twenty-five. Fifteen. By that time Bud was hitting seventy-five, but the big car swung out to pass.

"He w-wants to pass," said Rose shakily. "Why, Bud?"

"He figures I aimed to cross him!" said Bud savagely. "That's it! He let me lead the way out so the road wouldn't be blocked up with my car. Now he aims to— But he's not going to do it!"

He bent over the wheel. Deadpan didn't trust him any longer, and Bud knew a lot more than Rose. If Deadpan wanted Rose bumped because she knew too much, and if he'd stopped trusting Bud, then he'd figure he had to do something about both of them. So the accelerator went clear down to the floor.

The little car wavered and wobbled, and wobbled and wavered. It took driving to keep her on the road at this speed. Seventy-seven. Seventy-eight. . . . Eighty. . . . Eighty-two. . . .

Deadpan's horn blared. He edged persistently to the left, trying to pass even if he ran off the hard surface. His horn blared again and again. Bud deliberately let his little car sway crazily back and forth. There couldn't be any more pretense now. If Deadpan didn't trust him, then he couldn't trust Deadpan, and by the way he was going Deadpan would know he didn't trust him. And that meant that Deadpan had to—

"He's trying to edge up alongside," said Bud, his voice fiercely steady. "He figures he'll plug me and we'll crash. Then we can't tell anything on him. But there's a fork in the road up ahead. When we get there— Hold tight! We're hitting it!"

THE little car yawed widely, wildly, insanely, just as it seemed the big car would spurt alongside. Then, with brakes screaming, it swung to the right and off the main road. It went in a ditch and half turned over, and crashed among saplings, and clawed out, and somehow Bud had it in second and out again on the branching road. The big car had plunged past the fork.

"This isn't the turn-off he wants," said Bud, his voice inhumanly calm. "This is another main highway. But—"

A little private right-of-way road, coming from some farmhouse back from the highway and behind its woodlot. Bud swept into it. He went a hundred yards along it. He stopped dead, snapped off all lights, and opened the door.

"Get out of the car," he ordered fiercely. "If he's mad enough, he'll chase us in here. But maybe he'll run on past. If he does see our tracks turning in—I've got this gun. I'll—" He swallowed. She heard him. Bud had been Deadpan's front man, and loyalty dies hard. "I'll shoot it out with him," he said bitterly. "So if he turns down this way, you run! Run! And I'll handle him."

A roaring motor. Headlights flickering through the trees between the parked car and the main road.

"You're a—swell kid, Rose," said Bud. "Get set to run!"

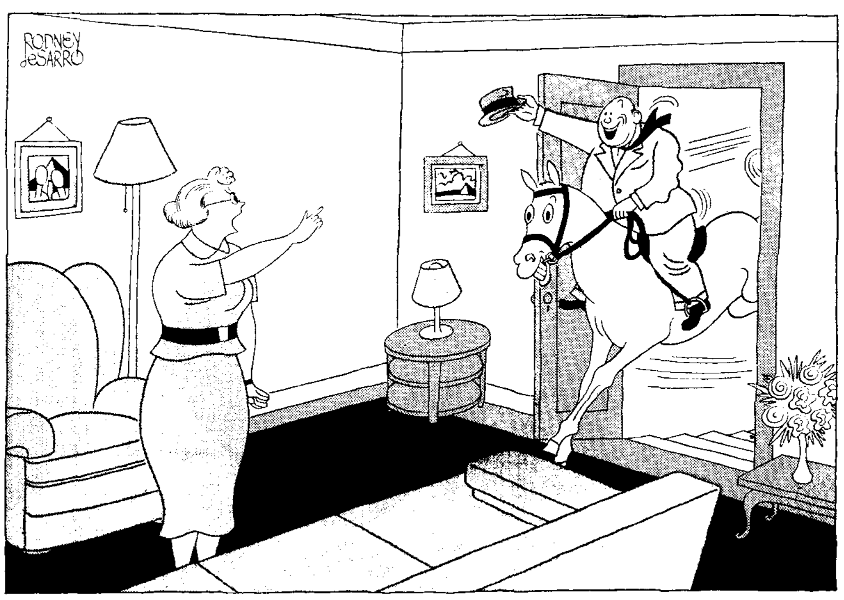
BUT the speeding car roared past the place where this small track branched off. It roared on into the distance. It was Deadpan's car. Its sound dwindled from a roar to a loud hum, and then to a drone, and then a faint murmuring. Presently there were very faint, very distant noises like a motor backfiring. Then nothing.

Bud took Rose on home, and she held fast to his arm all the way, shivering, but trusting him implicitly. So she asked her father to hire him to work in the filling station with her, and he did, and Bud took the job because since Deadpan had stopped trusting him he wasn't Deadpan's front man any longer. And everything worked out very nicely.

But the ironic part was that Deadpan hadn't stopped trusting Bud. When he tried to edge up alongside the smaller car it wasn't to shoot Bud, but to flag him down. They'd forgotten to arrange where they were to meet, after Deadpan had dodged the traps around him. Deadpan wanted to arrange that. But Bud knew that Deadpan ordinarily couldn't trust anybody, because of the reward out for him, and therefore nobody could trust Deadpan because he couldn't trust them. So—

Deadpan got killed. He ran blindly into one ambush and fought his way out, and ran into another and fought out of that one too. And then he ran into a third and died. His ending was what you might expect. . . . But he could have been worse.

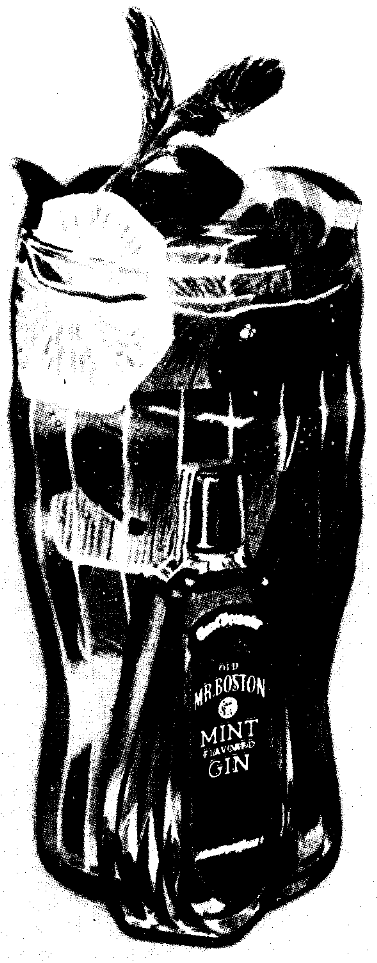
Bud said as much to Rose, there in the filling station, when the news came. Rose was in charge of the lunches and hot dogs and the back of the place generally, and Bud was the front man. And Bud was on top of the world. He was twenty-two, and Rose trusted him, and therefore he could trust her, so she could trust him, and therefore . . .



"Wilbur, you've been drinking again! I can smell it!"

RODNEY DE SARRO

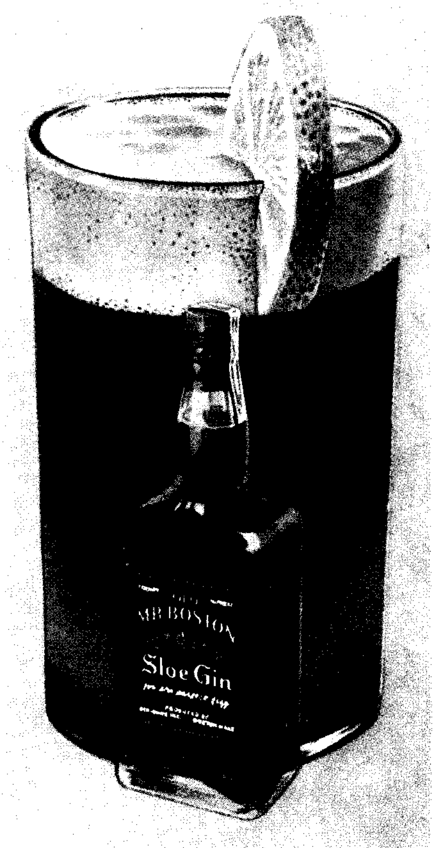
UNDER THE SUN...
OR THE STARS



MINT TOM COLLINS — Up in Rangeley Lakes, where I spend many of my summers — I find my Mint Tom Collins one of the most popular drinks of them all. Fresh as a dew-drenched mint patch — make it as you would a Tom Collins, but make it with Mint Flavored Gin!

TOM COLLINS — Here's the grandest thirst-drencher of them all—made my own particular way.
2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin
Juice of one-half lemon
Teaspoon powdered sugar
Fill 12-oz. glass with seltzer
Decorate with a slice of lemon, orange and cherry

And for a superb Martini, use a gin that doesn't bruise the vermouth!



SLOE GIN FIZZ — Smooth as rare Burgundy, cooling as a mill stream.
3 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin
Juice of one-half lemon
1 heaping teaspoon powdered sugar
Fill 12-oz. glass with seltzer
Decorate with slice of lemon

Take Mr. Boston to the Party!

"GENTLEMEN, if you are in the mood for a Tom Collins as cool as the morning dew and as fresh as the first whispering breeze at dawn, then mix this King of Drinks in *my own particular way*. Use this splendid gin of mine — old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin — and you'll get a Collins with perfect taste!

"Would you believe it, it actually takes seventeen different ingredients to impart the wonderful delicacy of taste and aroma to my Dry Gin. Coriander... angelica... cardamom... mace... orange flowers... curacao, and eleven other rare flavors. And, gentlemen, each one of these contributes *something* to my now famous formula.

"Then we skillfully *merge* them into one delightful whole. You'll find no *one* aroma—no *one* flavor to deaden and pall on the taste. Instead, you are aware only of a delicate bouquet that breathes of many subtle and hidden flavors. Is it any wonder then, my gin has character all of its own?

★ ★ ★

"With a drink for every taste, gentlemen — you'll never regret having me at your party! Try a Sloe Gin Fizz with a zest and tang like rare Burgundy, made with my Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin... or serve a refreshing Mint Tom Collins made with my Mint Flavored Gin. They're *all* agreeable to the taste—all full of thirst-quenching goodness! *Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin, 90 Proof — Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits; Mint Flavored Gin, 80 Proof; Sloe Gin, 70 Proof.*

Old Mr. Boston
FINE
GINS

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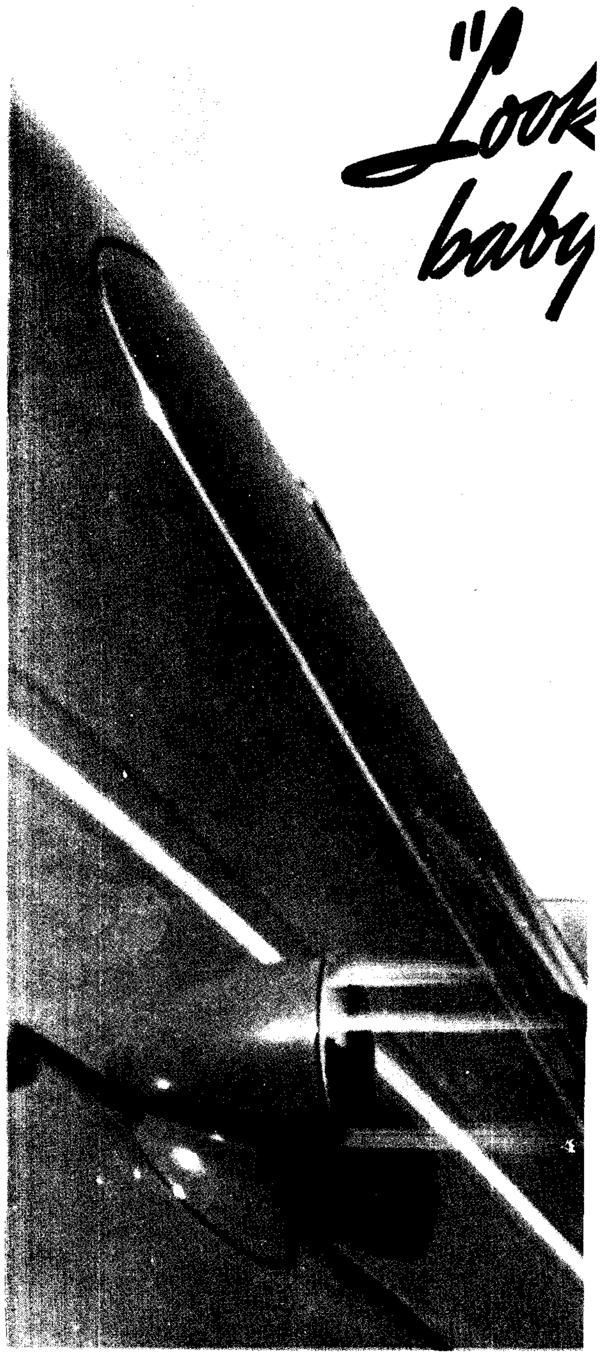

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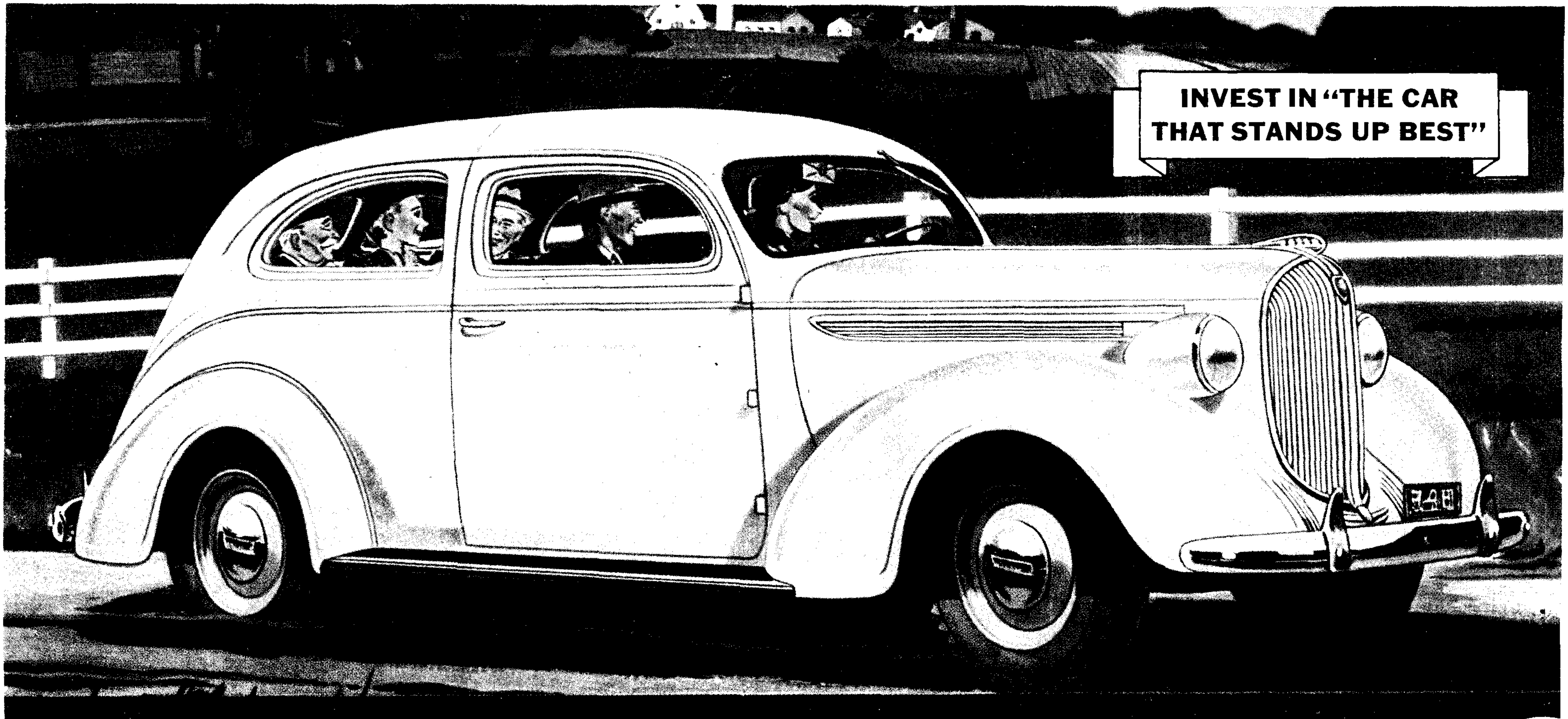

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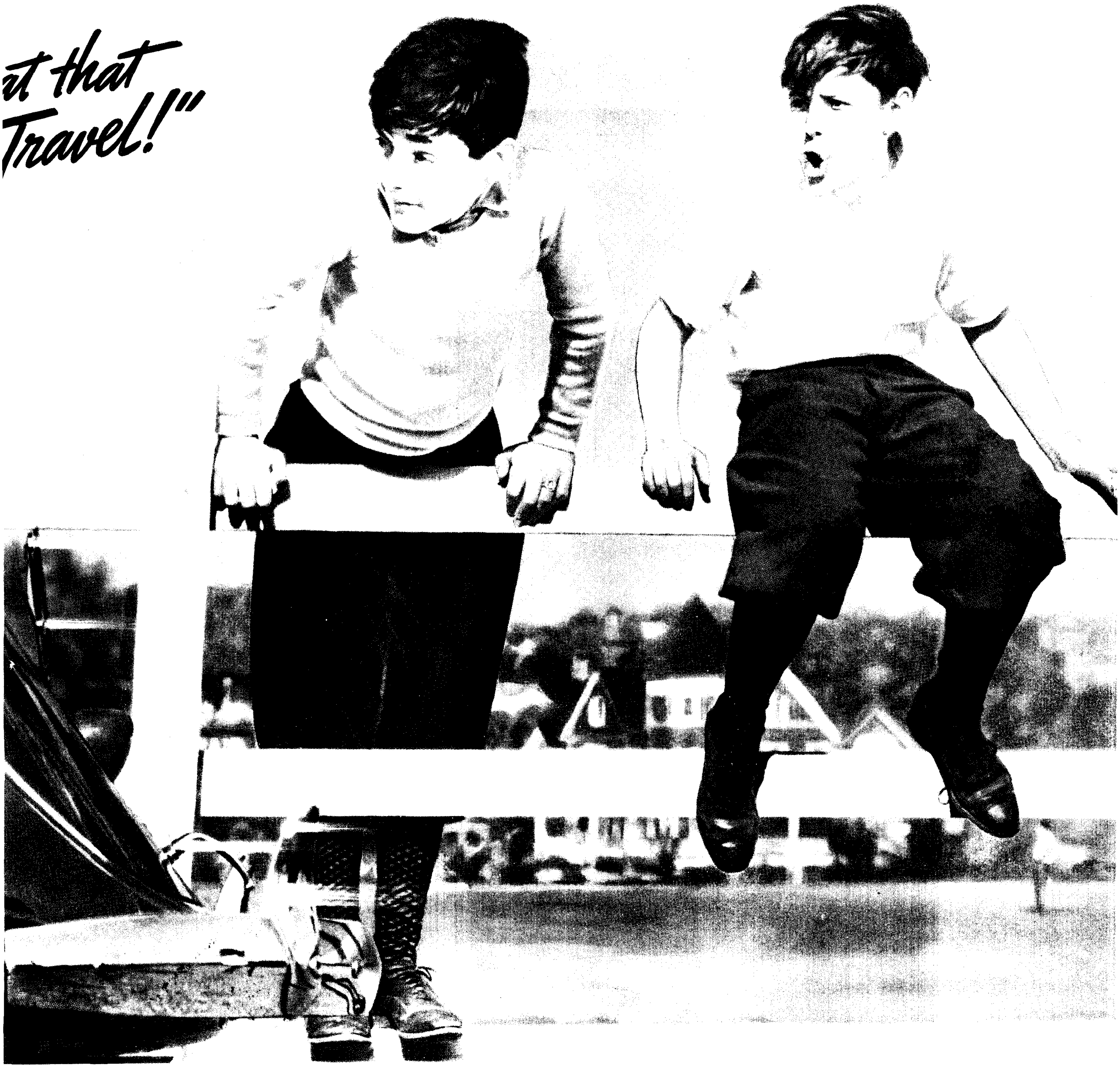

PLYMOUTH

"Roadking"

5-PASSENGER SEDAN

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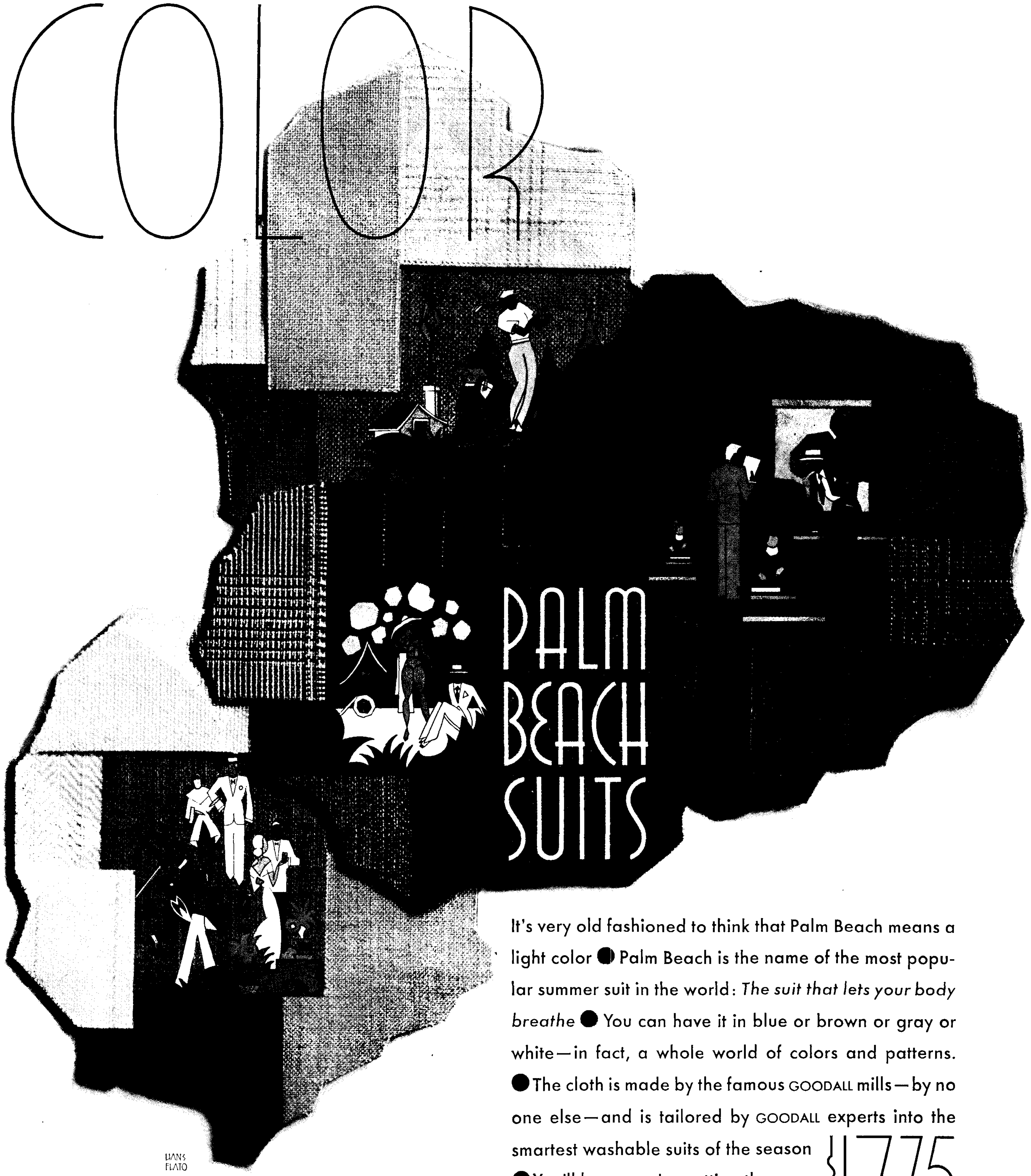

It's very old fashioned to think that Palm Beach means a light color ● Palm Beach is the name of the most popular summer suit in the world: *The suit that lets your body breathe* ● You can have it in blue or brown or gray or white—in fact, a whole world of colors and patterns. ● The cloth is made by the famous GOODALL mills—by no one else—and is tailored by GOODALL experts into the smartest washable suits of the season ● You'll know you're getting the genuine when you see the trade marked label in the garment. Suits $17.75—Slacks $5.50—Dinner Formal $20.00. Goodall Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH

The Runaway

Continued from page 21

beside him. In a streak of sudden sunset light they crossed the yard to his car, and he got in.

"Why couldn't I be Joe Feratta," he said, his fine big hand playing on the wheel, "why couldn't I have a good job, a rich father? Wouldn't it be easy? Well, we're going up to Jack's place tomorrow to buy pears. And we leave Friday at six in the morning. So I'll not see you again."

He drove away, and Becky went in to the kitchen with her head spinning, joy and despair and doubt and utter confusion in her soul. But the joy predominated; the world sang about her; it was with difficulty that she could keep her feet on the ground.

Oh, oh, oh, what a thing it was to feel this way! This was being in love, of course; having a man's arms hard and big about you, feeling his hard cheek crushing your own, his lips pressing yours! Oh, Gavin, Gavin! Every word he said must be treasured; put away in the sweet spices and fine linens in her memory, to be taken out and touched reverently and held precious forever.

She went dizzily through dinner. Where was Joe tonight? Joe was in Sacramento, Dad. What had she done after school? Oh, worked a little, and gone up to the barn. Everything had looked so lovely in the rain.

AT EIGHT o'clock the telephone bell rang, and she knew Spin, who was always hopeful of having interminable telephone conversation with Hube Harrison, would take it and say disappointedly, "Aw, gosh, it's for Beck!"

And she knew it would be Gavin's voice.

"Rebecca," Gavin said, "just say yes or no; don't say my name! Say it's the school superintendent or something. Is there any chance in the world of my seeing you tonight?"

"No," she said, trembling.

"Could you come to the movie with the Whites and me? They're going."

"Joe and I saw it last night, you know."

"That's right too."

"Beck, it's pouring. Don't you go out tonight!" Sarah called.

"I won't, Mother. Thank Mrs. White for me, will you?" Rebecca came back to the kitchen. "The Whites were going to the show," she explained.

"But you'd seen it, dear?"

"Oh, yes." Becky's voice was flat. Home was flat with an awful new flatness. She moved restlessly about, not knowing what to do with herself.

"You miss Joe," Sarah said, in motherly satisfaction. Becky could no more bring her mind, her thoughts, to Joe than to the pyramids.

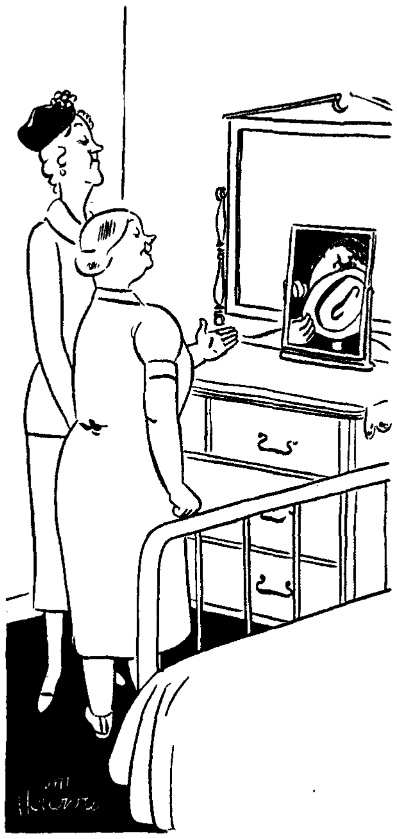
Twenty minutes later Gavin Flood came into the Gibson kitchen. He was spattered and breathless and laughing. He said that Willy White had had to go on up to the Ferattas', and, since Joe was away, he, Gavin, had thought he might as well stop in and say hello to Miss Gibson.

He stayed only about twenty minutes, and he and Rebecca were not alone for any moment of that time. He was introduced to her mother and father and brothers, chatted with them agreeably and easily, and interrupted Sarah's hospitable murmurs as to the parlor with the assurance that he loved the kitchen and could stay only a moment anyway. They all were completely won by him, Becky saw, but then everyone capitulated to Gavin.

The thought that his need to see her was as keen as hers to see him, that he had not been able to resist the impulse to rush out to the ranch and talk to her, even for a moment only, even before them all, was as wine to her spirit. She forgot Joe; she could not think of Joe. And again she lay wakeful all through the night, dreaming and remembering.

Every instant of the hours in the barn—they had indeed been hours although they had flown so fast!—was relived again. Again his hand was warm over hers, his dark eyes drinking in her face, his voice in her ears. The barn was a sacred place now; just to glance at it shook her heart. The barn doors open, the mingled scents of hay and of wet earth and early summer, the silver rain warmly, swiftly falling—ah, it had been an enchanted time, such as she never before had known in her life!

The next day Gavin came to the kindergarten, and she telephoned her mother that she could not be home for luncheon, and Gavin and she went to the cafeteria and had something to eat. Rebecca knew that they laughed as they filed along the counters, but what she chose, and whether she ate it or not, she could not say. Jean Bailey was there, of course, ladling soup. She gave a sharp look at Gavin.



"—and this photo of my husband's brother Louie ran in 'The Daily Graphic' "

TOM HOLLOWAY

"I hear Joe's gone to Sacramento," Jean hazarded.

"Yes. He and Judge Miller—driving. They'll be back this afternoon some time."

BECKY and Gavin chose a remote corner, half hidden behind a post, and for an hour and twenty-two minutes had the world to themselves. The cafeteria gradually emptied; the tin trays were crashed together; Jean Bailey had long gone home. And the jealous minutes flew.

Becky was late in returning to the kindergarten for the second time in three years. Miss Patton, who was often late, was the last to make comment. And after thirty-eight minutes with the children Rebecca was free to walk home. Her mother asked her about the man who had stood at the gate with her chatting.

"Gavin. Gavin Flood. He walked home with me."

"Humph!" said Sarah.

"He goes tomorrow at five in the morning," Rebecca volunteered, with a casual air. She could almost hear her mother's "Thank the Lord!" Nothing more was said on the subject. After dinner Rebecca said she was going over to the Eldridges' for a minute. The Eldridges were a pale little man and a pale little wife with two pallid babies, who some years earlier had taken possession of a languishing little ranch across the road. Becky often went over to the Eldridges' on a summer evening to help wash dishes and get the babies into bed.

Gavin was at the gate in the strengthening moonlight. There had been no appointment, but she had known he would be there. She saw him move from the shadows into the stream of silver as she went down under the elms and maples. They linked hands. They went a little way down the road to where there was a fence rail, and Becky balanced on it, and Gavin stood with his arm about her, and they talked for a long, long time.

The girl rested her soft temple against his; one arm was about his neck. The summer night was throbbing with small insect sounds; the white moon rode slowly over their heads. Now and then a great sigh went over the earth, and the high leaves rustled in the dark. Now and then a motorcar swept by, finding the fences with its burning bright eyes, flashing theatrically green on the grass, gone before it was fairly seen.

"Becky, dearest, isn't this strange?"

"Oh, *strange!*"

"What's happened to us?"

"I don't know, Gavin."

THEY loved each other's names, said them again and again.

"And you're to marry Joe?"

She laughed ruefully in the dark.

"Oh, not now. It was to have been October—but not now!"

"You mean you won't?"

"I mean I can't. I *couldn't*. I've been thinking all day—trying to think all day—" She laughed wearily again; he felt her body move with a great sigh. "But I can't think!" she complained.

"I know. And I can't think. Or if I can," Gavin said, "it's that you ought to go ahead and marry him. After awhile it'd come right. If you—if you tie up to me, Becky, it'll never come right."

"You tell me to marry Joe?" Becky asked in a laughing murmur, her lips against his temple.

"I say that that's the only happiness there is for you."

"Why, Gavin," Becky said with reproachful animation, "I could as soon marry Willy White! That's—*over*. It was my life; it was all arranged as short a time ago as Sunday morning. Now it's over. I've been trying to think of the easiest way to let Joe down. I think it might be best just to let things drift, and not name any wedding day, and eventually let it die."

"And meanwhile, darling, what will you be doing?"

"Waiting for you," she said.

"Becky, I swear to you it won't be long!"

"I know it won't," Becky said serenely.

"I'll get a job; I'll find a place and you'll come to me. But suppose it's

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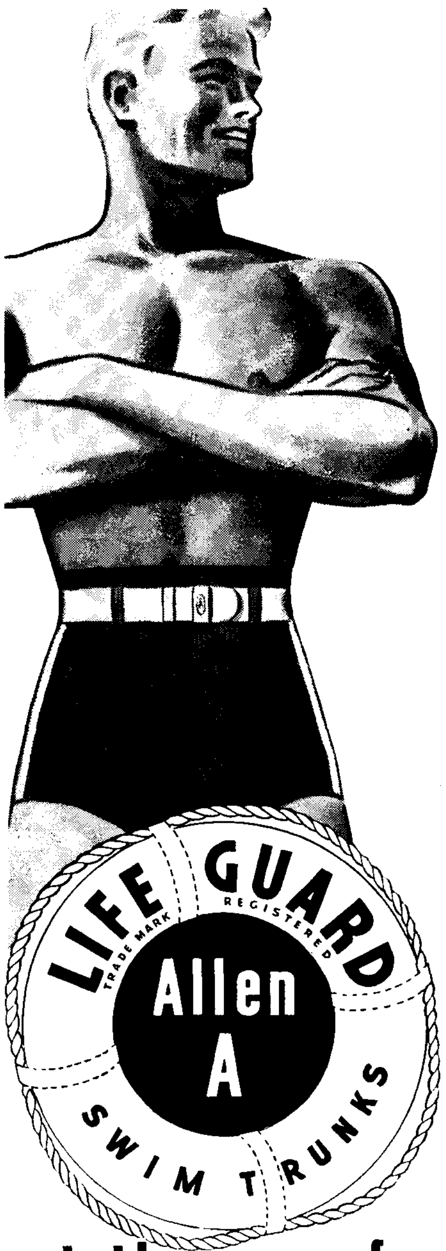

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See THIS WEEK magazine with your Sunday newspaper of June 5, for name of your Allen-A dealer—or write now for dealer's name.

The Allen-A Company
Kenosha, Wis. Bennington, Vt.

months, sweetheart? Suppose it's September, October?"

"I'll live," Becky said simply; "they can't kill me."

"But they can make it so hard for you, darling. They're all set on your marrying Joe."

"I won't marry Joe," she said.

"And you'll wait?"

"Until I hear from you. I've six hundred dollars," Becky said, suddenly. "I never thought of it. I'll bring it. We can buy tables and chairs."

"I'll send for you."

"We could," she said after thought when for a long dizzy moment they had clung to each other in silence, "we could get married right away and live on that until things were better."

Gavin turned suddenly and kissed her between the eyes.

"You are an adorable kid!" he said simply. "No, dear; we can't do that. It wouldn't last us very long. But when I get something to do—and I've never had any trouble getting a job—"

"You might be the kind," Rebecca said as he fell silent in a dream of the future, "who never comes back. We've only known each other since Sunday; you may not remember me by this time next week."

"No, I'm not like that," he said.

"I'll tell Joe I've changed my mind about wanting to get married. And he'll tell me," Rebecca mused, speaking as much to herself as to her companion, "that he's willing to wait until I feel sure. And by that time it'll be August or September, and you'll write for me to come."

"And suppose I don't, honey?" the man asked, with a sudden honest doubt.

"Then I'll just live all my days in the memory of this week."

"Do you know, my darling," he said, "that you're the sort of woman who makes a man want to get on?"

"I hope I am, Gavin."

"POOR Joe!" the man said, rubbing his cheek gently against her chin.

"Poor Joe! He telephoned tonight to say that they were just in from Sacramento. They had a blowout, and he was tired and dirty, and thought he wouldn't come down if I didn't mind. I told him by all means to get a good rest, and that I'd see him tomorrow."

"And then you came down to the gate, not knowing I was there?"

"Not knowing you were there. But just the same, it would have been desolation if you hadn't been."

"You'd have gone on to the Eldridges'."

"I wouldn't have dared for fear you might telephone!"

They laughed, their faces together.

"I was going to walk about and watch the windows, and imagine which was yours."

A silence, from which she roused herself to sudden realization.

"Gavin, I have to go in. I never stay more than an hour at the Eldridges', and Mother might telephone over there to ask them what was keeping me."

"Then I'll walk with you back to the gate."

A sudden sorrowful mood possessed them both. Gavin's arm was about her shoulders. The moonlight was very bright now, but that only made the tree shadows more sheltering.

"It's too bad, isn't it!" she said.

"Yes; it's too bad that it had to come this way."

"You mean it, don't you?" the girl asked with sudden passion when they had stopped at the gate and could see the house lights a hundred yards away. "You *will* send for me? You will remember? I know that sometimes men—and especially if it's a country girl—a girl who believes everything that's said to her—!

"Gavin, it's my life!" she whispered, clinging to him. And he saw tears wet on the face upon which the moon shone. "From now on it's my life! My fate to follow you and take care of you and have you take care of me. Don't fail me."

"I'll not fail you," he answered, with an emotion almost matching her own. "We'll have a home, Becky, and a garden, and kids in it. We'll be happy!"

"For richer or poorer," she said unsteadily, tears running down her cheeks; "in sickness and in health, until death do us part!"

Gavin caught her to him savagely, and again she felt her very ribs crushed by his arms, and her lips stung with his kiss. Then they were parted, and she ran up the path and into the house. She did not turn to wave or to watch, for she was crying.

"That you, Becky?" her mother called from the kitchen.

"Yes, ma'am." Her voice was thick; she made it steady.

"I 'phoned the Eldridges and she said you hadn't been over."

"No. I—I felt sort of tired. So I just walked around for a little—for fresh air."

"Try running

"You feel all right?"

"Yes, *ma'am.* But I'm going to bed."

"Well, I'll be up, and if you'd like a glass of hot milk—you didn't eat any dinner—"

"Oh, no, thanks, Mother!"

"Girls in love never eat," her father's voice said good-naturedly. Then there was silence and she was free to escape upstairs, and bury her wet eyes in her pillow and sob herself to sleep.

IN THE days that followed, unreal days filled with dreams and fears and wild unreasoning hopes, Rebecca tried to bring order out of the chaos of her spirit, but the tide was too strong. Memories of emotion, themselves arousing fresh emotion, swept over her in a brimming flood; languor possessed her, and she moved through the ordinary events and duties of the day abstractedly, hardly conscious of what she was saying or doing.

Joe, fortunately for her, was not an exacting lover. For one thing, he was absorbed and excited over participation in his first big case. For another, he had inherited something of his mother's Celtic reserve, her shy distaste and fear for any feeling that was merely of the body. He would be a possessive, a passionate husband. But his passion was held in check now, waiting its legitimate hour, and Rebecca was the freer for it. Joe was not the sort of man who liked to park the car in a dark spot, expected cuddling and kissing in the shelter of the back seat. When he came to see Rebecca in the evenings he did not embarrass her before her own people. He kissed her when he went away as a brother might have kissed her—on her temple or, holding her lightly by the shoulders, with a dozen light little kisses that fell on cheeks and nose and hair generally.

She had known kisses other than those now. The memory of them never died.

As the hot summer went its way she planned. She would tell her own family of her plan just before she went away, tell Joe at the very end. She would pack her trunk carefully on some Wednesday afternoon when Mother was away, and leave that very evening. There would be no long intervals for argument and reproach. She would see Joe for five hard minutes; her heart beat a little unsteadily, thinking of them.

"Joe, I'm so sorry, dear. It's been Gavin Flood ever since that day Ned McSwayne's car broke down. I promised then to marry him when he was ready, and he's ready now. Please forgive me."

JOE never said anything in this imaginary scene; Becky filled it with her own nervous volubility, and turned away from him when she had said what she must say. Indeed, there was not very much that Joe could offer under the circumstances.

The trunk would be left, to be sent after her when she and Gavin had a permanent address. Her suitcase she would fill with necessities: her brown silk and her evening dress, all her stockings, her other purse, her fountain pen and silver powder box. She would go to the bank sometime between twelve and two that last day, an hour when Frank Pierce, who played poker with Dad and was insatiably curious, would be away, and she would take all but a little of her money and put it in an envelope, and later, in the teachers' rest room at school, pin that envelope firmly inside her girdle.

She would wear her one good suit to school, and perhaps take her suitcase down to the station in the morning when she drove Dad to the store, and check it there with Perce Brannon. There must be no hitch in the final steps; her dinner-time talk to the family, her farewell to Joe—when would that be? Well, she *could ask him to meet her at the station,* and no matter how bewildered he was he would do it. The trains, both the northbound and the southbound, met in Salletts at eight. The station was about three miles from the Gibson farm, but there was a seven-thirty bus that would take her that distance if Dad refused to help her. A swift goodby kiss for Mother—her eyes tickled at the thought of it and she had to gulp—and promises to the boys, and the thing would be done.

And oh, the breathless relief of finding oneself on the train, alone at last, alone with dreams and prayers and hopes and joys, going to Gavin!

"What do you really know about him?" she would ask herself half amusedly in gayer moods. Nothing. The answer was nothing. Except that he looked and talked and dressed like a gentleman, and that she loved him. But it was through him that life out in the big world was waiting for her, and that at last she was going to find it!

Gavin wrote her immediately, a letter

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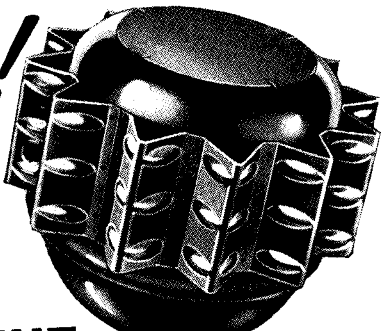

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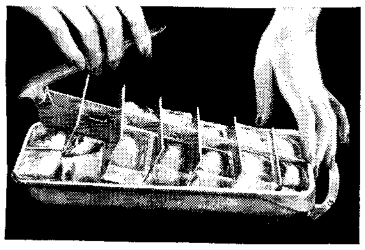

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90 Proof

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she kissed and wet with her happy tears. It was brief, but no longer letter could have said more to her hungry heart.

"My darling, here goes for the big adventure," Gavin wrote. "The adventure that ends and begins with you. On the train from San José I met Lou Kreymeyer, as pleased to see yours truly as I was to see him. He's trying to put something over in San Francisco, and here we are! No more now, I'm late, but this is just to let you know that everything seems to be shaping well. 'Yours truly!' Sweetheart, I'm a lot more than that. I'm yours completely, eternally, adoringly. Gavin."

The address was of a San Francisco hotel. He was not so very far away after all! In three hours she might be with him. It comforted Rebecca to think of it. She slept with the note in her hand, pressed against her cheek.

For the rest she tried to act as if her life held no secret. She was more affectionate, more helpful than ever at home, moving through the days like an actress in a welcome part, her hidden plan running like a dangerous undercurrent to everything she did and said, her hidden love lighting her eyes with new fires and making everything she did thrilling and dramatic.

"BECKY," her mother said to her quietly on a hot Saturday morning, "sit down a minute, dear. I want to talk to you."

The tone was just Sarah's ordinary tone; perhaps even a little calmer than usual. But Becky, mashing egg yolks in a bowl, knew instantly that she was lost.

"Mother?" she said, turning a pale and stricken face toward the older woman, feeling her knees give under her as she sank into a chair.

It was almost noon; the day blazed above the little town in merciless white splendor. The boys had gone off with their lunches and fishing rods; Spencer had just telephoned from the Exchange that he would not be home for lunch. Becky and Sarah had put in a full morning peeling and cooking tomatoes; great pots of them, scented with sugar and vinegar and spices, bubbled slowly on the stove. Besides this and the usual household routine, Becky was stuffing eggs for a picnic at the Basin tonight, and had washed her hair, which was bound about her head under a tight strip of cheesecloth.

"Beck," Sarah said, "I want to know what's been going on between you and that Foote or Sloane or whatever his name is?"

As she spoke she put upon the table with a damp hand a crumpled small sheet of hotel writing paper. Becky glanced at it; her color returned. After all, she said to her fast-beating heart, they couldn't put her in jail for falling in love. She managed a rather scared laugh.

"I'm glad you know, Mother," she said, with a deep sigh of relief.

"Know what?" her mother countered sharply.

"That Gavin and I like each other. That we're engaged," Becky said simply. She took the note and, after smiling at its few lines as if they had a personality of their own, put the note in her apron pocket. "I was afraid I'd lost this in Joe's car!" she added.

"You haven't been writing to that fellow?" Sarah asked, unwilling to believe it, her eyes dark with pain and apprehension.

"Ever since he went away, when I've an address," Becky answered cheerfully. "I'm sorry, Mother," she went on, with real feeling, "and I'm sorry to have kept it from you. I've hated it, really I have, on your account, and on Joe's, of course. Joe and I are engaged, in a way—"

"In a way!" her mother took her up instantly. "How do you mean 'in a way'? You and Joe Feratta have been engaged for six weeks. You don't mean to tell me—you can't mean—what on earth does Joe think of this fine state of affairs?"

"Joe doesn't know; nobody knows. It's an absolute secret between Gavin and me. But we saw each other, just those few days, every day. He was up here and we talked in the barn, that day it rained so, when you were at the club, and he came up that night when I said I was at the Eldridges'. And the night Joe went to Judge Miller's to talk shop about the Chet Dark case, he and I had supper together at the Saddle Rock. And Mother," Becky continued, gaining courage as she went along, "it just—happened. The big hawk lit, as Gavin said. He cared for me and I cared for him at first sight, that Sunday when I was up at Ferattas'. He's getting started now in San Francisco, and as soon as he's ready I'm to go down and marry him. We'll all go down, the boys and you and I—"

Sarah had remained immobile, looking steadily at Becky. Color had drained from the older woman's full, handsome face; she looked suddenly old and beaten. She spoke harshly with the air of seizing upon the uppermost of a hundred seething thoughts in her mind.

"He's getting started, is he? How old is he? Forty?"

"Thirty-one!" Becky answered, laughing over deep secret hurt.

"And he's just getting started?"

"He's done all kinds of things. He's lived everywhere — London, Mexico, New York. Now he's going to settle down."

"You believe that, do you?" asked Sarah.

"I believe him," the girl said simply.

"You don't know anything about him."

"I know enough." Becky spoke freely, conscious only of relief after strain. The answers were coming so easily, and such a weight was off her heart! Mother knew, and the skies had not fallen!

"Becky—my darling—" Sarah sat down, with an air of despairing surrender. She had a skimmer in her hand, a skimmer that dripped a few red drops on her apron. "No, dear, you can't do this," she said gently, beginning all over again.

"Ah, Mother, but don't you see—" Rebecca left the sentence unfinished. She hung her head on one side, looking appealingly and yet without any real alarm at her mother. "After all, I'm nineteen," she offered mildly.

"THAT has nothing to do with it!" Sarah said in an absent undertone, her eyes far away. "It would be madness—there's Joe and all the Ferattas to think of—old friends of ours—and so kind to you! Your father—no, he'll never—

"And you wouldn't do it against us all, Beck!" she presently recommenced, as Becky regarded her seriously, without speaking. "You couldn't throw away everything—home, and the boys, and your friends here. You wouldn't!"

"It wouldn't mean throwing away everything, Mother. Girls don't necessarily fall into pits just because they marry."

"Let him settle down here, make good here, and after a year or two everything might be different," Sarah said stubbornly, following her own train of thought.

"Mother, what would Salletts be able to give *him!*"

"When he works what does he get?" Sarah demanded irrelevantly.

"Well—I don't know—" Becky answered, taken by surprise.

"You didn't ask him, of course?"

There was a hostility, a lack of sympathy in her mother's manner that was entirely new to Becky. She reared herself somewhat haughtily in return.

"No; I didn't ask him," she said coldly.

"I know I'm talking as if I didn't know how you felt, Beck," Sarah presently said in a softer tone, laying a hand on hers. "I'm sorry, dear. But if you do this you'll regret it as long as you live. It isn't the man, Becky. We don't know him, of course. But it's not that. It's that—well, that things that don't count with you now will be so much more important in a little while. Home and your old friends and the feeling that you didn't run away from them. You can't look ahead now, you can't see what life really is. There might be a child; you've not thought of that—"

"Of course I've thought of that!" Becky said resentfully, as her mother paused. "I want a child some day; I adore children. But a child can stand it if I can!"

HER mother hesitated for a long time, started to speak, thought better of it and sat staring at her again. Then she got up and without a word recommenced her preserving operations, skimming the seething dark tomato mass in the kettles, setting clean empty jars to heat in the dishpan of shallow hot water that stood on the stove. Noon whistles sounded in the town. A yellow jacket buzzed angrily up and down the wire-mesh panels of the door. It was hot in the kitchen.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Becky said sullenly, stubbornly, in the silence.

"Becky," the older woman said suddenly, "when were you going to tell Dad and me?"

"Oh, I suppose when Gavin wrote that he had something definite," Becky said after a moment.

Sarah suddenly changed her manner and her tactics; her voice was loving, pleading:

"Beck, dear, you'll not do anything suddenly? You'll not just run off?"

Becky was hard pressed. Her face grew red, and her mother divined instantly that she had planned something of the sort. There was a silence while the two looked at each other.

"Promise me, darling. You know we couldn't stop you. But after all these years—when you've been my only girl—?"

"It'll just—" Becky altered the phrase. "—it would just make it harder to go to tell you," she offered.

"Truly it won't! Truly, dear. Promise me!"

So there was her deep-laid plan gone flat! With her unwilling nod Becky committed herself to an opener policy. She and her mother talked of other matters while they ate their luncheon and at four o'clock, after a bath and a change, Becky went off under Joe's escort, looking her prettiest in picnic gear and laughing as she warned Joe to carry the cake and the eggs carefully.

Two days later Sarah opened fire again. This time it was night. The boys and their father had gone to bed. Becky and her mother had lingered on, on the porch steps, under a bright white moon, breathing in the cool air that relieved the burning tension of the day, listening to the steady shrill rasping of grasshoppers in the dry fields, marveling at the miracle of moonlight that was tangled in the silver meshes of a land fog, and struggled in the oak branches with filaments and streamers of mist.

Joe had come in earlier in the evening, half asleep from a day spent in research for the Chet Dark case. Now he was gone. Becky had made one or two half-hearted starts for bed, had been dragged back by the coolness and sweetness of the night. Now she was anchored suddenly to her seat, and turned an amazed face toward her mother as Sarah said quietly:

"Would you be very much surprised to hear that Daddy isn't your father, Beck?"

A silence of utter stupefaction on Becky's part held the porch for a full minute. The girl, twisted about on the top step, could dimly see her mother's face; her own face was in shadow, silhouetted against the fog and the misty moonlight. The earth seemed to take a great jar under her.

"That surprises you, doesn't it?" Sarah faltered on.

"*Surprises* me!" Becky echoed in a sharp whisper.

"Yes. I—I had to tell you, my dear. We've talked over your plans, Daddy and I, and we think it best that you should—should know. Gavin Flood has brought a new element into it. If you'd gone on and married Joe I think we mightn't have told you. Dad might have told him only that you weren't our baby—"

"You were married twice, Mother?" Becky's voice was frightened.

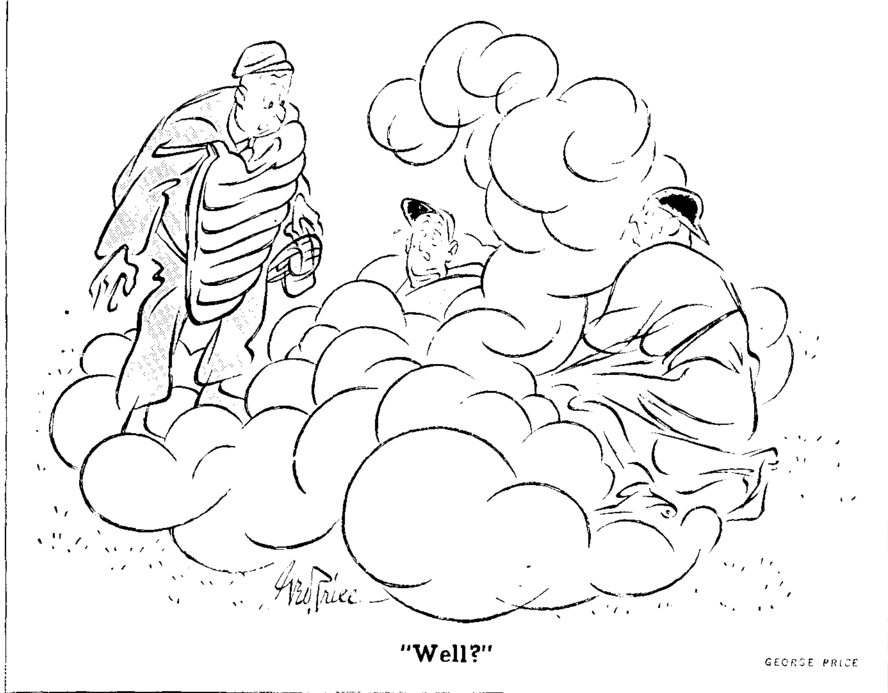
"No, only once, Beck. I knew your mother, although I didn't know much about her, or even her name. That is," Sarah said, with a peacefully reflective air carefully assumed to have a soothing effect on the girl's sensitive nerves, "I'm not *sure* I knew her name. She—"

"Mother," Becky interrupted almost angrily, "you're fooling!"

"I wish I were fooling," Sarah said.

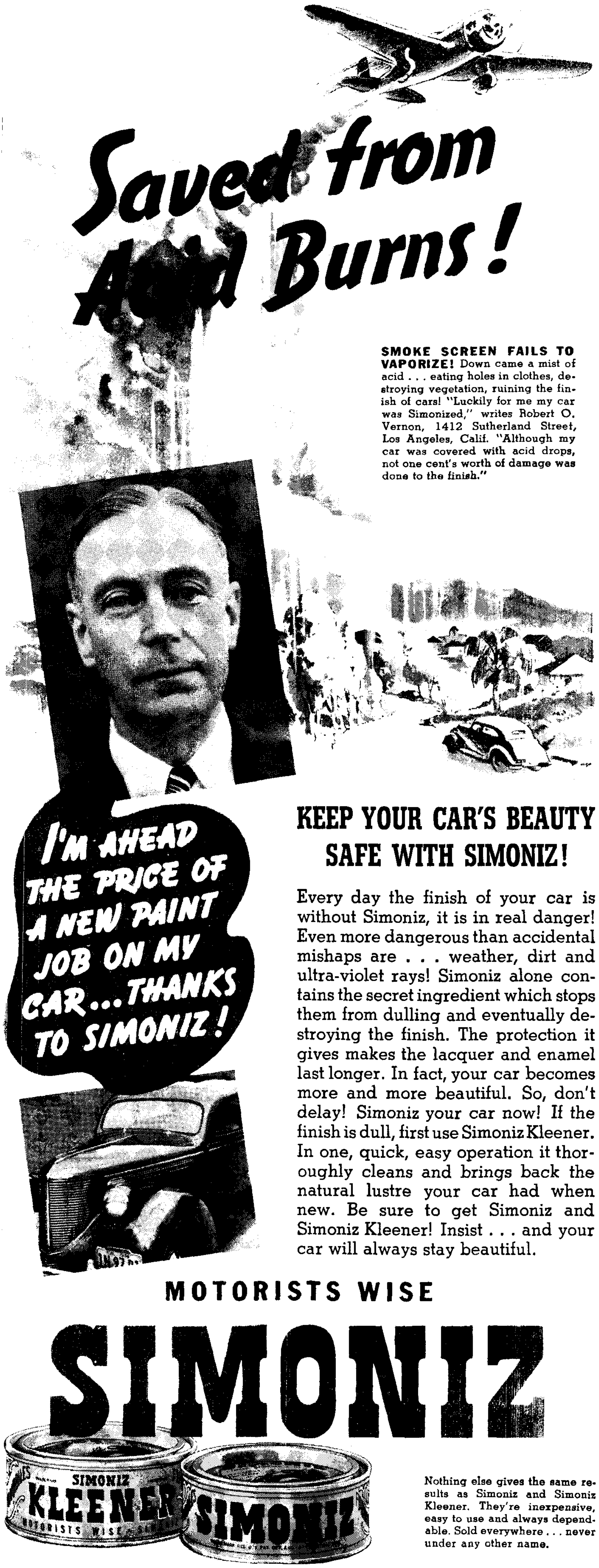
"Go on," Becky said.

(To be continued next week)



"Well?"

GEORGE PRICE



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Our Muscle-Bound Navy

Continued from page 10

to London as assistant to the Navy attaché. There he became an ornamental nonentity in blue and gold. The Navy might suffer the loss of his services, but the sea lords would have nothing to worry about.

This practice will never be changed by the admirals; not of their own volition. It could be changed by a direct order from the Secretary of the Navy.

It must be changed if efficiency is to be anything but a mockery.

Nowhere is this attitude more harmful than in the Navy yards and industrial plants, where the ships and guns these sea lords fight are planned and designed and manufactured. The immensity of the plants staggers one's imagination. Two battleships under construction in a yard will cost a hundred million dollars. Add to these, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and repair work, and you begin to realize what a vast business this is. In the Washington gun factory alone 8,500 men are employed.

This is business, big business, yet the key positions are filled by line officers, some of whom know nothing of industrial management. Even those who are adaptive and thorough and learn the strong and weak points of the personnel are shifted just when they are becoming valuable. There is no permanence. Can you imagine General Electric or Bethlehem Steel operating in such a haphazard fashion?

Behind Polished Desks

The commandant of each yard or factory is, according to regulations, "the general manager of the industrial department." No one knows how they are selected. It may be for ability in handling a fleet in war games, or to allow a flag officer to round out his career in a comfortable house ashore.

The average commandant, being a sensible man who understands realities, keeps hands off. He is satisfied to make speeches, appear at luncheons and entertain distinguished visitors. But the cast-iron Navy regulations back up one who feels he must run the show. If he chooses to interfere and throw the whole organization out of kilter, that is his right and privilege. Should a subordinate protest to the Navy Department, the line coterie rushes to the defense of the commandant. His sacred rights must not be infringed, no matter what it costs the people of the United States.

The British don't do things that way. They have learned their lesson. Their naval industrial activities are controlled by civilians. An admiral superintendent is in charge, but *if he does not obtain* results a civil servant from the Admiralty advises him. If he still fails to see the light, out he goes on half pay!

That is exactly what the heads of the Navy insist must never happen here. No civilian can tell them what to do.

When Mr. Truman Newberry was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he told the House Naval Committee the government could save money by building homes in the Adirondacks and Florida and ordering officers on shore duty there for vacations instead of assigning them to responsible positions in industrial plants. He knew what jumbles the haughty and inefficient can make. But Mr. Newberry, an efficient, intelligent official but a very poor politician, was sunk. His suggestion was taken as quite a laughable quip and nothing was ever done about it.

No, the Navy insists that her officers run the show, and since a large part of that show is held in factories and behind polished desks, that's where you will find too many of our blue-and-gold fighting men.

In the New York Navy Yard are forty-two line officers; at Philadelphia sixty-four; in the Washington gun factory twenty-eight. England has less than a third that number at Chatham and Plymouth; John Bull is too near the volcano to risk having amateurs in charge of manufacturing the tools with which they fight.

I am not an Anglophile. But I do see very clearly that Great Britain is doing a sounder job than we are. She understands that a shifting organization is not a good organization. Is there any reason why we cannot learn from her, or Japan, or Italy, or any country in the wide world?

The most dangerous factor in our present setup is that if war comes the industrial plants, instead of functioning smoothly, will be ripped apart. The Bureau of Navigation will flood the service with orders, sending officers to sea.

"No, this isn't it, but you're getting warm"

MARGOT COOK

Take the New York Navy Yard as a practical example (and the same general conditions are in effect at all plants).

The planning division plans and routes the work. It is the fountainhead from which flow all industrial activities. In command is a captain, with eighteen officers as assistants, thirteen of them from the line. These men may all be thoroughly capable. They may have everything running in perfect order. Even if they lack certain qualifications they are, at least, no green hands.

At the outbreak of war more than half their number would go to sea. New men, unacquainted with the procedure and routine, would take their places.

The production division would execute the work. Of the thirty officers in this division seventeen are from the line, and would immediately be ordered into active service. It is not difficult to understand how the injection of new and untried men in these key positions would disrupt the work of the yard.

The Navy has many vessels out of commission, in reserve. These would necessarily have to be overhauled and repaired. In strengthening the admitted weakness in auxiliaries, merchant ships, tugs and yachts would have to be equipped with magazines and guns. There would be frantic bustle. The forces would be tripled and worked twenty-four hours a day. And at the very moment the Navy yards were called on for this supreme effort the organization would be torn apart like an old rag doll.

Admiral William R. Furlong, now Chief of Ordnance, gave, perhaps unconsciously, testimony concerning the inefficiency of rotating personnel. He wanted to replace enlisted men with twelve civilian machinists and four helpers for torpedo and overhaul work, and said to the Appropriations Committee:

"We are getting along, but we do not have a permanency, naturally, with enlisted men, because they are shifting from time to time. They have to go to sea. They belong on ships. Of course, they get some training coming into the job, but it is not the most effective way of carrying on a manufacturing establishment. It is better to have a machinist, who is on the job and familiar with the material all the time."

The admiral admits the need of permanency among his mechanics, but what has he to say regarding the constant shifting of the supervisory force: general manager, planners, superintendent? The record is blank. He said nothing. Yet, how much more important it is that these men stay on the job!

England builds a great many ships and naval guns, particularly in these times when everything is under forced draft twenty-four hours a day. That country, understanding the ways of war and the background of war, is wiser than we are; wiser, of necessity, because she is closer to danger.

The British ordnance factories are under the complete control of competent civilians, with a permanent organization. No British naval officers have any part in it.

An Ever-Changing Personnel

The Admiralty has a permanent organization for the inspection of naval ordnance under the "Chief Inspector of Naval Ordnance." Even this is not an ever-changing organization. The chief inspector is a retired naval captain, with seven retired officers and an active one as assistants. At all factories where guns, torpedoes, shells, mines, powder and other ordnance material are manufactured, the head, the chief inspector, is permanent, a retired officer; not a "must come and go" as in our Navy.

The organization of our Navy yards, on paper, is a good one. I must necessarily say it is good, for it is the organization that I proposed on June 11, 1908, in a report to the Secretary of the Navy. The organization was put into effect by Mr. Truman Newberry, only to be torn out root and branch by the sea lords when Mr. Newberry relinquished office. Now, after many years of floundering, the original organization proposed by me is once more in operation, but with an ever-changing personnel.

And the difficulty goes even deeper than that. It is complicated by division of authority. I have carefully read the regulations, with all corrections to date,

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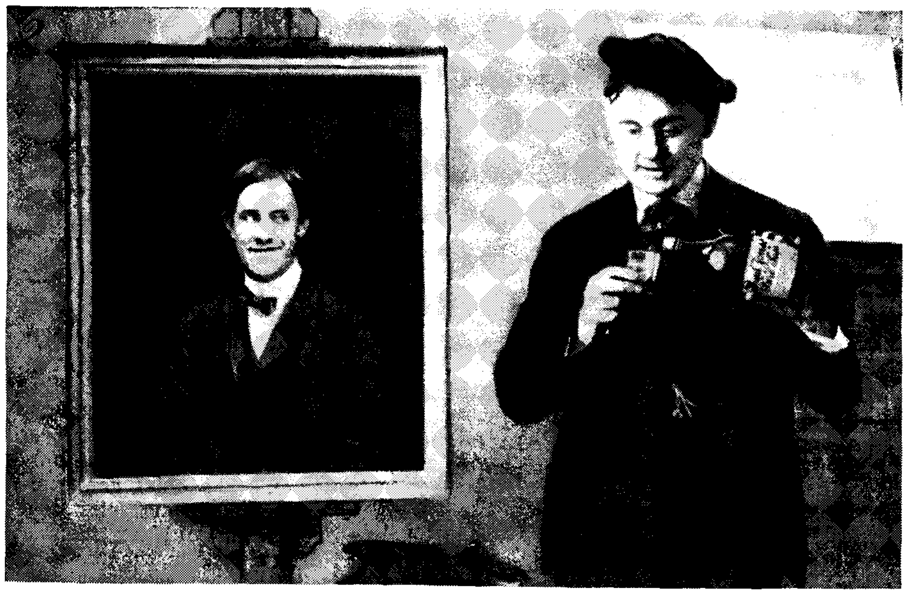

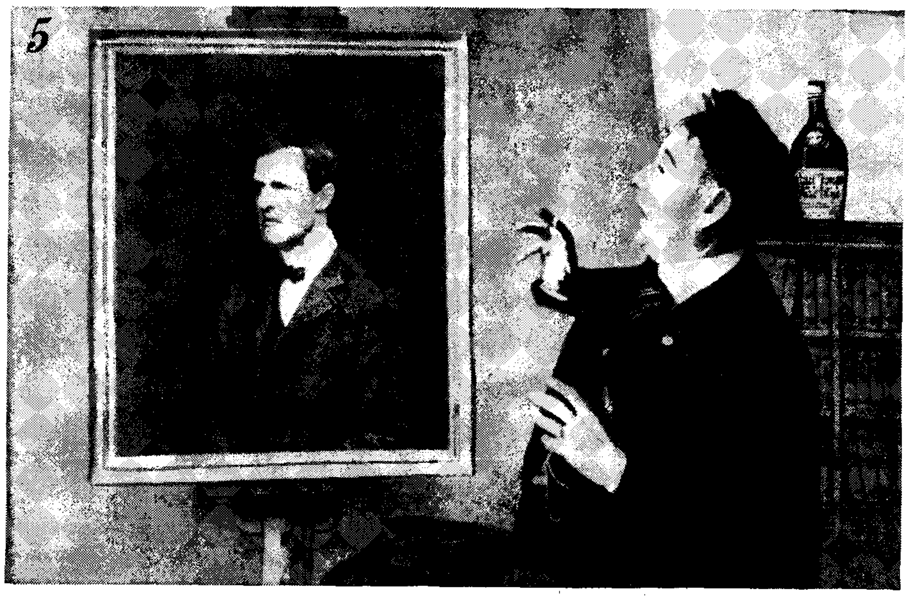

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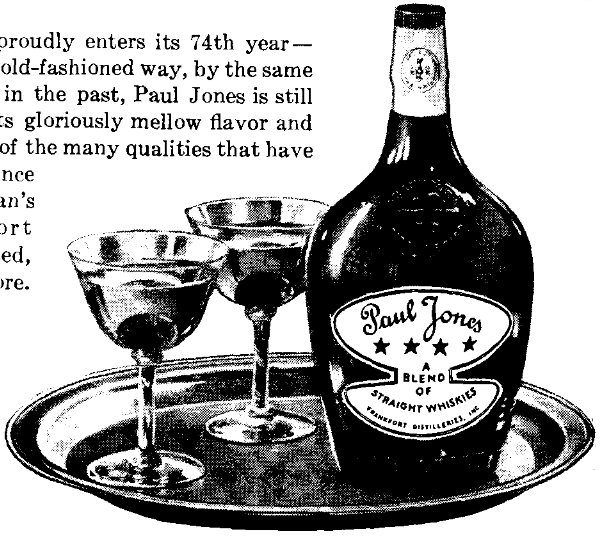

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and find that the organization in the yards and the organization in Washington for controlling the yards are not those that actually exist. That, however, is explained by a "joker." Any change in Navy regulations must be approved by the President, but "General Orders" require no such approval. Perhaps even the President could not understand General Order No. 13, dated May 13, 1935. It reads:

"1. The departmental administration of Navy yards and naval stations will be conducted under the immediate supervision of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

"2. Specifically, the following activities are included within the purview of this order, and all conflicting regulations shall be changed accordingly:

"(a) Administration, organization, and management.

"(b) Civilian personnel and labor, and all matters pertaining thereto, including the maintenance of high morale.

"(c) Recommendations for complements of officers.

"(d) Buildings, grounds, shops, power plants, service lines, and rolling stock.

"(e) Plants, machine tools, equipment and appliances.

"(f) Manufactures and manufacturing processes.

"(g) Cost analysis in connection with the determination of economy and efficiency.

"8. This order will go into effect September 12, 1921, except that the preliminary work of organization will be begun at once.

"9. This order does not lessen the responsibility and authority given to commandants by General Order No. 53 for the administration of their commands."

A Division of Authority

This General Order is dated May 13, 1935, but in paragraph 8 above it definitely states that the order goes into effect "September 12, 1921"! Also, paragraph 8 refers to General Order No. 53, which has been cancelled and superseded by General Order No. 11!

Now, that General Order for all its confusion is pretty clear about the duties of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but I know from personal observation that he does not exercise those functions. The sea lords have interpreted paragraph 1 as applying only to the civilian personnel. There is not in Navy regulations, or General Orders, precise definitions concerning functions. This violates one of the basic principles of good management.

Perhaps it will be clearer to start from the botton and work up. Take the New York and Philadelphia Navy yards, where two monster battleships are building.

The New York yard has a line-officer manager who, under the commandant, has charge of the industrial activities. The Philadelphia yard has a naval-constructor manager. This arrangement comes under a "gentleman's agreement" that some yards will have line-officer managers and others naval-constructor managers.

By explicit provisions of the Navy Regulation Bureau, chiefs have nothing to do with the management of Navy yards. This is placed with the commandants under the general direction of the Secretary of the Navy.

It is obvious that the commandants and the Secretary of the Navy can't build battleships. Regulations or no regulations, the chief constructor and the engineer in chief must give a hand. So it is arranged that the two bureaus, Construction and Repair, and Engineering, will jointly direct the building.

The Assistant Secretary's office, however, retains absolute control of the civilian personnel and of machine tools and appliances. The two bureaus, Construction and Repair, and Engineering, and a third, the all-powerful Bureau of Navigation, determine the officer personnel of the industrial department.

The Bureau of Construction and Repair makes recommendations to the Bureau of Navigation regarding the detail and detachment of naval constructors, and the Engineering Bureau makes similar recommendations regarding line officers.

How does this division of authority work out in practice? The Engineering Bureau recommends to Navigation that the line-officer manager at New York, who has done well, be detached and sent to New London, and that the inspector of machinery at New London, who has had very little experience in management, be made manager at the New York yard. The necessary official orders are issued and published in the newspapers. The chief constructor realizes that the building of a battleship is no child's play and a green manager is not wanted at New York. Protest is made and the Assistant Secretary directs that the orders be revoked and the experienced manager at New York be retained.

The two chiefs of bureaus send joint letters to the yards giving directions regarding the work. It is recognized that two heads giving instructions is not the best arrangement, but it is assumed that sensible officers will reach common ground.

That is not as easy as it appears, particularly when one officer has had great experience in industrial management and the other officer has had little. The general plans of the battleships were made in Washington, but the working plans, thousands of them, must be prepared elsewhere. The chief constructor knows management and planning. He knows the plans should be made in a Navy-yard drawing office, where there can be consultations between the drawing office and the superintendents.

The Philadelphia Navy Yard is considered the most efficient on the Atlantic coast, and the chief constructor wants the plans made there, while New York furnishes duplicates from which to work.

The engineer in chief decided that the plans must come from a drawing office in New York; hull plans to be made by Construction and Repair, and machinery plans by Engineering. Neither argument nor persuasion could change him. The chief constructor, feeling that the consolidated office in Philadelphia would do a better job, was equally adamant. Both refuse to accept any decision except by the Assistant Secretary himself.

To Take Promotion Out of War

Fortunately for the Navy, Mr. Charles Edison is an able executive with a keen knowledge of organization, management and industrial methods; the best Assistant Secretary, beyond any doubt, since Mr. Truman Newberry.

Mr. Edison immediately saw the desirability of having the plans made in the Navy yard, but being a diplomat, compromised by designating the one in New York. Thus, both were partially satisfied. But the incident made it painfully clear how division of authority can hamper achievement.

Many civilians have left the Navy yards because of lack of opportunity to advance. One striking illustration will suffice. When I went to Mare Island, California, in 1904 I was attracted by the possibilities of a rivet heater named J. M. Willis. He had vitality and energy and ambition, and developed rapidly. I urged the Navy Department to give him a more responsible position. Under the lash of my insistence, they finally advanced him to seven dollars a day. When I resigned I took Willis to Baltimore with me. At thirty-four he was vice-president in charge of ten thousand men. Today he is an executive of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company and general manager of two of their most important plants. If he had stayed in Navy employ, Willis would still have been in a subordinate position. There must be others like him in the yards now, but they will never be permitted to prove their worth as long as the powers that be are in the saddle.

These gentlemen not only intend doing as they have in the past, but to add to their control and numbers. The Navy is giving enthusiastic support to the bigger fleet idea. Why not? It will enhance promotion. I understand that twenty-five hundred additional line officers, and a large number of new commissions in the grades of Rear Admiral, Captain and Commander, will be asked.

It is doubtful if more line officers are needed, and it is certain none are required in the higher ranks. As a matter of fact, we have too many of those fellows now. I wonder why the peace advocates haven't found that a talking point. In their zeal to curb manufacturing profits during war, they have neglected to study the Navy Register and its implications. I recommend it to their attention. It would be a fine thing to take *promotion*—as well as profits—out of war.

"Now, Oliver, stop eavesdropping!"

IRV BREGER

I make no pretense that I know anything of fleet operation, but I do claim knowledge of industrial organization and management, both in the Navy and civil life. Out of that knowledge I can suggest needed improvements.

There are four technical matériel bureaus in the Navy Department, with no co-ordinating head save the Secretary of the Navy or his assistant: Contruction and Repairs—hulls of ships; Engineering—machinery of ships; Ordnance—armor, armament and ammunition; Yards and Docks—dry docks and buildings. The Bureau of Aeronautics is not included in this survey and should remain independent.

The four bureaus are all interested in the plants that supply their needs, and give, without any co-ordination between them, instructions regarding the work. This makes for vast confusion.

At each plant is a commandant, a commandant usually unskilled in industrial management, as representative of the Secretary of the Navy, but in Washington there is no single agency to direct the management and operation of the industrial establishments.

The four matériel bureaus and the industrial plants should be organized as General Electric or Bethlehem Steel is organized, for this, after all, is not a Navy problem but a commercial one.

The Department of Matériel should have control of all the duties now assigned to the four bureaus, and, in addition, should control all industrial plants and Navy yards.

The head of this department, as Director of Matériel, will exercise functions similar to those of a president of a large corporation acting under the direction of the chairman of the board—the Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The capabilities of the Director of Matériel are of the greatest importance. He must be no figurehead, but a high-caliber executive. Preferably, he should be an officer of the Navy.

If the director be a naval officer, the choice should be limited by law to naval constructors and line officers for shore duty only (engineers). Otherwise, in time, a sea lord, with his inevitable and ruinous "rotation of duty" theory, will head the department.

For a Real National Defense

Line officers restricted to shore duty, naval constructors and civil engineers, should be under the direction of the Department of Matériel. Line officers for duty in that department or any of its subsidiaries will be detailed by the Bureau of Navigation after consultation with the Director of Matériel.

The Department of Matériel and its subsidiaries should have a permanent personnel, shifts being made only as necessity requires, just as in a well-organized commercial establishment. This does not mean that competent seagoing officers will not be employed. Such officers are required, particularly in the Ordnance Division, but the nucleus of the organization must not be subjected to frequent changes.

A line officer may not be qualified for promotion, or lack qualifications for command, yet may be an expert in ordnance or torpedoes. Such men should be utilized in the Department of Matériel. So should competent retired officers.

The Board of Inspection and Survey should be retained, independent of the Department of Matériel, and charged with authority to inspect work in progress at any industrial plant. This agency, dominated by active seagoing officers, provides final inspection of the products of the Department of Matériel.

I have no illusions concerning the reception this plan will receive from those I have chosen to call sea lords. Congress will have to sanction such a reorganization, and congressmen will be pounded and importuned to refuse sanction for it. They will be told that shore jobs are necessary, so that officers can make repairs to the fleet at sea. But they will not be told that the officers could be assigned to the yards for instruction, and to observe an efficient, permanent organization at work. Oh, no. They won't be told that. Navy officialdom will go to any lengths to hold on to shore jobs, no matter who or what suffers in the battle. But, if the people of America know and, knowing, insist that real national defense is worth all the shore jobs put together—well, then, maybe something can be done about it.

We don't want only a big fleet. We want the best one.

GO 'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU *DO* TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! 'CAUSE IT'S *TRUE!* AND I BETCHA MR. NED THINKS SO, TOO!
NED *HAS* BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT *COULD* BE THE REASON?
WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTY, CAROL —BUT I THINK YOU *SHOULD* SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.** ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M GONNA TELL MAMA ON *YOU*, AUNT CAROL!
ATTA GIRL, DOTTY! AND TELL HER THAT AUNT CAROL'S JUST PROMISED TO BE MRS. NED, WILL YOU?
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

"He only married you because he knew Crystal had been murdered," Alicia told Rue

The Glass Slipper

By Mignon G. Eberhart

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

ATTENDED by Dr. Andrew ("Andy") Crittenden, close friend of her husband, Dr. Brule Hatterick, and watched over carefully by two nurses, Crystal Hatterick dies. Ten months later, Hatterick marries one of the nurses.

The second Mrs. Hatterick, Rue, is happy in her new home—a handsome residence wherein a butler, one Gross, presides over a corps of well-trained servants. Living with the Hattericks are: Madge Hatterick, Brule's daughter by Crystal, and a young composer, Steven Hendrie, a semi-invalid who is under Brule's care. Hendrie is engaged to Alicia Pelham, once Crystal's dearest friend. Both Alicia and Madge hate Rue.

No cloud mars Rue Hatterick's vista until Andy Crittenden informs her (with what calmness he can summon) that, following the receipt of a number of anonymous letters suggesting that Crystal Hatterick may have been murdered, *poisoned,* the police have decided to look into the matter. Rue, Andy points out, was alone with Crystal when she died. Rue is certain to be suspected. She must, Andy insists, run away with him, find a refuge in Canada!

Rue does not run away. And the police *do* question her. But she is not arrested—there is no real evidence against her. A few hours later she receives a caller: Juliet Garder, the nurse who had helped her with Crystal. Juliet is seemingly intoxicated; she babbles incoherently of "murder;" she seems to be trying to tell Rue something about Crystal's death. Then, when Rue gives her a cup of tea (brought by Gross, the butler), she takes a few sips, falls to the floor, dies!

Again the police visit the Hatterick home. This time they interrogate everyone. Their experts report that poison caused the girl's death, and that the case is a puzzling one because the victim's hands *have turned green!*

That night, while Rue is sleeping, someone enters her room and puts some gray-white powder (identified later, by the police, as poison) in a glass she uses every morning. She tells Andy of this. Whereupon, Andy informs her that Brule is having an affair with Alicia Pelham—an affair that has been going on for several years! He says that Brule had married Rue following a serious quarrel with Alicia. He implores Rue to go away with him—he tells her he loves her, wants to save her "before it is too late."

Brule comes in, joins them. They discuss Juliet's death. "What's your idea, Brule?" Andy asks, after they have gone over the salient details. "Who—who killed her?"

VI

I DON'T know," Brule answered. "But I do know—listen, Andy, do you know why I'm at home at this hour of the day? Well, guess. It's because there's nothing to do. My calendar had a busy day marked. I got there and old man Gillette had canceled his operation; three patients had telephoned to say they were better and were not coming in to the office; the only telephone calls were cancellations of appointments and the only thing in the world I had to do was make my sick rounds at the hospital. Until this thing is settled it'll be that way. Look at your own desk calendar, Andy, if you don't believe me. We can't dodge this thing. We're in it up to our necks. We've got to go through it and emerge scoured clean.

"You're ambitious, Andy; sometimes I've thought too ambitious, but I—" Brule looked at his cigarette and said with a curious tinge of sadness—"I'm the last who ought to complain of ambition. I only know what too much of it makes of your life. Well, that's beside the point. You're ambitious and you've got a brilliant start on what's likely to be a brilliant career. Well, you're in this thing along with the rest of us. You can't help yourself. The only thing to do is to emerge from it as clean as a whistle."

"That sounds fine and heroic, Brule," Andy said. "Exactly what does it mean?"

"What does it mean!" Brule's eyes flashed dangerously. "It means what I've said. Put our cards on the table. Give the police every possible help."

"I see," said Andy slowly. "Then—you wouldn't say that, Brule, unless you see a way through. Unless you know who murdered her and are willing for whoever did it to be charged with murder—or you know who murdered her and know also how to cover it."

Brule's face turned hard; it was a look Rue knew well; she'd seen that momentary stiffening at crucial moments over an operating table. It was like a mask. He looked at Andy for a

(Continued on page 51)

[illegible]

says [illegible]

One of the most popular and versatile seniors, Miss Wilder is active socially, a good student, President of the Athletic Association, and an accomplished tap dancer. She has won her letters for basketball, hockey and tennis. Her graduation timepiece will be the fifth ELGIN in the family.

$29.75 Model 2793

$25.00 Model 2837

$37.50 17 jewels Model 2973

$37.50 17 jewels Model 2867

$42.50 17 jewels Model 2913

$100.00 21 jewels Model 2845

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Your YOUNG GRADUATE DESERVES AN ELGIN. SEE THE NEW **Lord Elgin ★ Lady Elgin** MODELS AT YOUR JEWELER'S NOW

Lifetime memories are in the making now! Let them be the sort that will help keep you close to your young graduate in the years to come. Give an ELGIN at Commencement!

The newest ELGINS are the watchmaking sensation of 1938. They are *years ahead* in technical design. They are possible because ELGIN'S unique partnership of craftsmen and scientists is equipped with *exclusive* scientific aids heretofore unknown in watchmaking.

See these remarkable graduation ELGINS, including the new 21-jewel Lord Elgins and 19-jewel Lady Elgins, at your jeweler's now! They have all been star-timed by ELGIN'S own world-famous observatory. Lord ELGINS from $18.50 to $750. Lord Elgins from $50; Lady Elgins from $47.50.

MADE BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST FINE-WATCH FACTORY

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SINCE 1865 THE CHOICE OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN FAMILIES

A low price THAT TALKS big value

NEARLY every motorist would love to drive a car with the prestige and reputation of the world-famous Studebaker Commander.

So think of getting this great Studebaker now for almost the cost of a small, light car!

The Commander is big, powerful, completely new clear through. Its stunningly beautiful style lines prompted the authoritative Magazine of Art to name Studebaker the best designed car of the year. It's built with matchless Studebaker care and flawless Studebaker quality. And in this year's Gilmore-Yosemite run, it led its price field in gas-saving with better than 24 miles per gallon!

Drive the Commander 10 trial miles. Convince yourself that it runs better, rides better, steers better, handles better, accelerates better, holds the road better, takes hills better and stops better than any car you've owned.

Your present car may cover the small down payment—with balance on easy C.I.T. terms. And Studebaker Commanders always command a top resale price. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

STUDEBAKER COMMANDER $875

FOR THE 3-PASSENGER COUPE COMPLETELY EQUIPPED DELIVERED AT SOUTH BEND, IND. INCLUDING FEDERAL TAX

COMMANDER CLUB SEDAN, ILLUSTRATED ABOVE, $965

delivered at South Bend, complete with all equipment listed in panel at right, including Federal Tax.

Workmen who are master craftsmen— the finest in the industry—build these great Studebakers. Long-time residents of South Bend, they have a personal stake in the success of every Studebaker that's sold. Pictured is Wm. E. Perkins, veteran gauge inspector, and his son, Earl, who is employed on the final assembly line—one of numerous Studebaker father and son teams.

Your money can't buy you this much in any other 1938 car

- Planar independent suspension ... *The famous Miracle Ride*
- Automatic hill holder ... No rolling back on up-grade stops
- Non-slam rotary door latches ... Finger-touch closing
- One-piece steel body reinforced with box-section steel girders ... Battleship construction
- Fram oil cleaner and floating oil screen ... Better oil and motor economy
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Front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, metal spring covers, two windshield wipers, fender tail lamp, license bracket tail lamp, sun visor, cloth upholstery, five painted disc wheels, extra tire and tube. *Vacuum-actuated Miracle Shift and Gas-saving Automatic Overdrive available at extra cost.*

The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 48

moment, eyes bright and hard and scrutinizing. Someone walked along the hall and spoke to someone else who answered—women's voices, Madge and Alicia. There was no mistaking Alicia's clear contralto.

Brule said:

"There is another consideration, Andy. In fact, there are two other considerations, one of which is that an attack on Rue's life indicates Rue's—innocence; therefore, I want the police to know of it. But I assure you now that I do not know who murdered Julie and if I did I would go straight to the police with the knowledge. However, whatever my motives are or whatever motives you ascribe to me, this is the course we are going to take. Understand?"

IT WAS like the crack of a whip.

"Yes," said Andy.

"Good. Guy's coming this afternoon. I told him about this stuff in the glass in Rue's room when I talked to him over the telephone and he agrees with me absolutely about telling the police. Also, I rather imagine, the police will be here. I gathered from a short conversation I had with Angel this morning that they feel they've been pretty careful and cautious and altogether lenient. So we're in for some bad times now that they've come out with the official statement that it is murder. Staying to lunch?"

"No. Thanks, Brule. I've got a couple of sick calls—"

He looked at Rue and said: "Brule may be right. But I think it's a mistake to talk too much. However—"

Brule went to the door with him and closed it after him and came back to stand before the hearth—just below Crystal's portrait. His face still wore the mask that Rue recognized but had never penetrated.

"Andy hasn't much regard for any ethical consideration on my part," he said. "The curious and rather alarming thing about it is that he's a product of my own teaching. Except—except Andy has no basic strength."

She thought of Alicia and of Crystal and of Andy caught between Brule's own selfishness and Crystal's vanity.

"Some people," said Rue, "might call it ruthlessness."

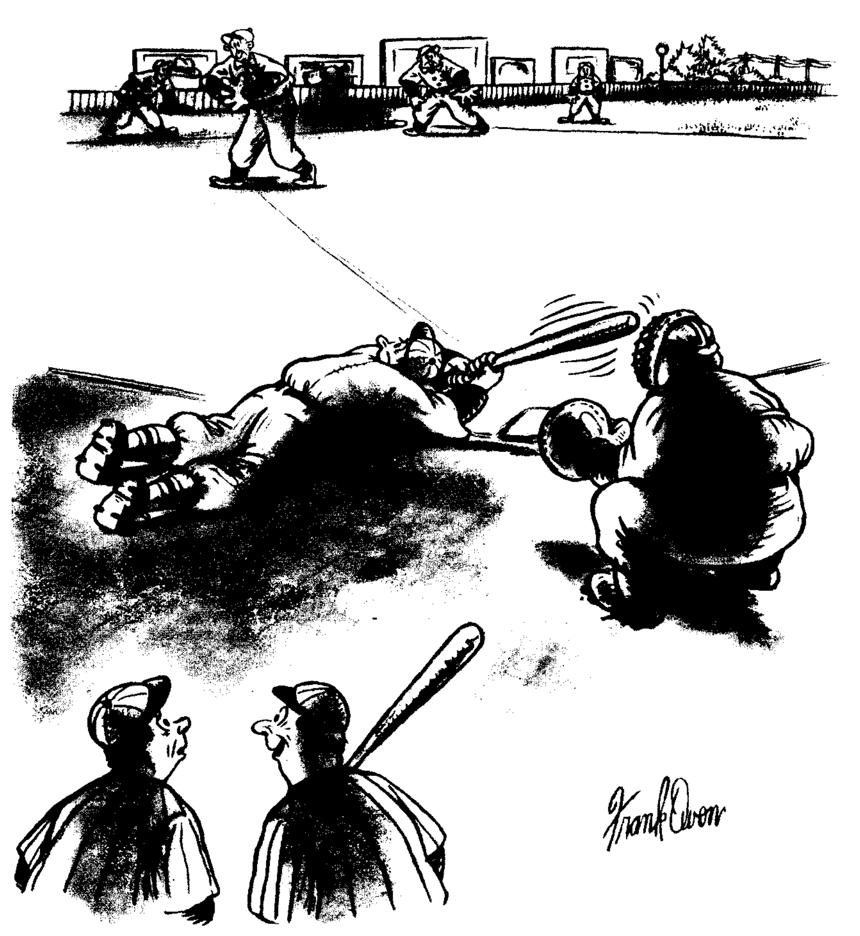
Again he shot her a quick, oddly discerning look.

"Ruthlessness?" he repeated. "Well, perhaps. His strongest characteristic is ambition; you've seen that. And I've taught him that there are times when splitting hairs does nobody any good; yes, I suppose I've taught him that. And that there are times when what some people would consider cruelty is actually mercy. As at the moment."

She fumbled for his meaning and was confused by the hard, knowing brilliance of his gaze.

"I mean," he said coolly, "it may appear cruel deliberately to help the police discover the identity of whoever murdered Crystal and Julie; cruel only because we all know in our hearts that it means some very public washing of some soiled linen, and—naturally, inevitably, in the end a tragedy." His face for an instant lost its hardness and certainty. If she had not known his innate indestructibility she would have said it became sad and yet strangely compassionate—foreboding, yet deeply perplexed. But she couldn't be sure of any of that strangely blended emotion except that it was emotion. And it was like getting the briefest glimpse into sentient, moving depths below the frozen surface of a lake.

He looked at her coolly and said, "But I do not consider it a cruelty to stop any further attempts upon your life. Has Andy been making love to you?"



"He's hard to pitch to!"

FRANK OWEN

"Andy—" She felt the crimson wave creeping upward over her face. But how dared he ask when Alicia was actually in the house! Rue's house, for she was his wife. He was smiling a little.

"Perhaps I've not much right to ask—considering our agreement. But if he has been—stop it."

Cold rage swept like a wind upon her. She tried to speak, tried to cry out against him and against Alicia and he said: "Don't let him. Andy's good at lovemaking. I don't intend to give reasons, however, Rue. That's an order."

"Because you've given me orders for years? Because you—"

"Never mind why. But understand that I mean it. . . . Yes, Gross?"

The butler opened the door wider and entered:

"Lunch is served, Madam."

It was, as somehow circumstances so often managed to be, to Brule's advantage to be interrupted just at that point. There was nothing she could say or do; she was obliged to bottle up her fury, to control it and the things she wanted to say, to acknowledge the butler's words, to go to the dining room, to face Alicia with rage and something very like hatred in her heart. Rue, who had never hated anybody before and didn't know the sears and scars that hatred can leave. For an instant flight appealed to her; she could go upstairs, plead—oh, plead anything—refuse to sit at the table along with the others—with an unbidden ghastly presence hovering there, too, and that was murder.

Brule, watching her, said with infuriating amiability: "Ready, my dear? If you don't feel like having lunch Alicia can take your place."

"Thank you, I feel perfectly well," she said icily and preceded Brule along the hall. She was unfolding her napkin when it occurred to her that Brule had bested her again; that there had been a knowing gleam in his eyes that foretold Rue's *instant decision.*

It was the first but not the last meal they had together in the isolation of those days. For it was, in the most positive way, isolation, and all of them were sensible of it; it was as if they were shut off from the rest of the world, held somewhere in captivity with invisible but strong bonds. Other people were going about their usual routine, were living their normal contented lives, but not they. It was an isolation that strongly pointed out (as tragedy or misfortune does) the happiness of other times, the great joy of the average, commonplace day and event.

THAT first meal was none too pleasant. Alicia and Brule talked, for Steven was silent, eating absently as if unconscious of what he did, and Madge was sullen, staring at Rue only to lower her thick eyelashes instantly if Rue returned her look. But Brule talked without hesitancy of the police inquiry, of the inquest next day, and of what line Guy would probably advise them to take. Alicia addressed her remarks altogether to Brule, Madge and Steven, pointedly and markedly ignoring Rue with the cool precision of one who has learned how to snub along with other more felicitous accomplishments.

There was never with Alicia any sense of guest and hostess relation: Rue was always quite subtly but definitely placed in the position of interloper, of intruder. So far, that is, as Alicia was able, with only Madge's sympathy and backing, to indicate such a position.

Alicia's accusation of the previous day had merely marked their relative posi-

You had luck, Arrow-maker!

Whatever game his arrows brought down had to do for his dinner. Those tough, chewy foods kept his teeth well-exercised and splendidly healthy! We moderns eat soft foods that give our teeth too little wholesome exercise.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
5
MOUTH HEALTHY

CHEW DENTYNE--
THE MODERN AID TO SOUNDER,
WHITER TEETH!

Dentyne's specially firm "chewiness" induces more vigorous exercise of mouth and teeth—stimulates healthful circulation of the blood in the mouth tissues—and stimulates the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. Helps keep your teeth stronger, more lustrous white!

ITS FLAVOR IS SPICY-INVITING!

The smooth, caressing spiciness of that Dentyne flavor brings joy to your taste! And note how the flavor *lingers.* Note, too, the conveniently flat shape of the package (exclusive Dentyne feature)—it slides so neatly into pocket or purse, handy for your enjoyment any time.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

tions. She had not repeated it in the presence of the police. Brule had said no word of it. Steven, lost in his own abstraction, appeared to have forgotten it.

Rue had not forgotten, yet she was obliged in that rather horrible emergency to accept Alicia's presence. If only she were not so beautiful, thought Rue, and so sure of herself. The older woman's worldly poise was, just then, a weapon. For Rue, too strongly aware of Alicia, had not the experience of dissembling Alicia had had; a word or a look would have betrayed her feelings to Alicia and to the others.

Pride is a hard taskmaster. But it was pride alone that kept Rue, more poised and certain of herself outwardly than she knew, in her rightful place that day at the table. Signaling to Gross and the waitress, giving low orders, replying now and then to Brule. Replies which Alicia apparently never heard. It was a relief when Guy came in, looking, as always, shiny and scrubbed and pink.

He was, however, too cheerful, so there was a meretricious air about it as if his sympathy were all on the outside and actually, inside, he was congratulating himself on being definitely and completely an outsider. Or so it seemed to Rue. Brule greeted him with an air of anxiety and relief as if, in spite of Brule's strength and indestructibility, he wanted Guy's help.

"Thanks, yes; I've had lunch but I'll have coffee," said Guy.

They went into the library for coffee. It was from the first word curiously like a council of state except it was so brief. For it lasted only half an hour or so and the burden of Guy's warnings was simply to maintain silence.

"Don't tell anything you don't have to tell," said Guy, as he had said the night before. He looked at Madge over his cup and his bland eyes had an extraordinarily cold look and he said: "And that goes for you, too, young lady, and don't forget it. There'll be no more hysterical outbursts such as the one last night."

ALICIA permitted herself, then, to look at Rue. Alicia was as always perfectly turned out. Rue felt herself pale and hollow-eyed. Alicia was flawless except, if you looked very closely, you might have noted that the fine small lines around her eyes were a little sharper. But Alicia knew things about light and shadows and when they enhance and when they betray. She had chosen a chair removed from the light on the table but facing it so there were no downward rays to discover shadows and hollows and lines. Yet her astounding beauty could have emerged from anything, without detection of flaw. She was wearing green, a moss-green wool that was a marvel of fitting and above which her pale skin was like a gardenia and her frosted black hair shone, and her eyes were as bright and gleaming as any jewels. Alicia had been wearing black the night before; that meant then —why, it meant she'd sent for clothes! That she intended to stay; that Madge wanted her and would insist upon it.

Brule said, "You were going to talk about alibis, Guy. You said if we all had alibis it would simplify things."

"Well, naturally," said Guy cheerily. "And I think you have. According to your statements at any rate, it seemed to me as I listened last night that you wouldn't be hard put to find alibis. Let me see." He looked at them consideringly; Steven was the nearest, standing at arm's length from Guy before the hearth, drinking his coffee meditatively, and he began with Steven.

"You, now," he said, "were in your studio all day, weren't you?"

Steven swallowed and said, "Yes. Working."

"At the piano, I suppose?"

"This is stupendous! But we'll never do it again!"

"Yes. Mostly. I transcribed some notes early in the morning."

Steven showed the effects of nerve strain. There were great dark pockets around his deep-set eyes and his fine, musician's hand was noticeably unsteady; but then Steven was never particularly well, never had the lean, hard look of good health and iron nerves that Brule had. That day, Rue supposed, in deference to Alicia's presence, Steven had discarded his usual sweater for a handsome smoking jacket and looked unwontedly dressed up; his hair (also rather unusual in the daytime) was brushed smoothly back from his narrow, high forehead so the gray at the temples showed clearly and would have charmed his matinee hearers had he been giving a concert that afternoon, as he often did. His deep gray eyes had as always a tendency to follow Alicia.

"But in the afternoon you were constantly at the piano?"

"I think so. Yes."

"I heard him," said Rue abruptly. "He was playing when Julie came and when Gross brought the tea tray and when—when Alicia came into the room just after Julie—died. It was the same piece—I know it well."

"Exactly," said Guy in a congratulatory way. "There you are. A perfect alibi. How about you, Alicia?"

"You know mine," said Alicia smoothly. "I've already told you. I was at the Sidneys'; I came directly here from there. Any of them—Mrs. Sidney or the maid who let me out the door—will back up my statement."

"You came directly here? That is, you didn't stop to shop or do any errands?"

Alicia's slender eyebrows went up in two black arches.

"Perhaps. I walked from Banks Street. I remember looking in a florist's window; oh, yes, and I stopped at a little place near Shubert Street and ordered some handkerchiefs—rather, intended to order them, but the girl I always order from was out, so I didn't. I believe I stopped for a moment in a book store."

Guy was looking worried.

"Anybody see you who knew you?"

"Why, I—don't know. Does it matter?"

"Well, my dear Alicia, it's not an alibi so far."

"I don't suppose it is. But, after all, I'm not accused of murdering the girl."

"No one is accused yet," said Guy. "Madge? Oh, you were in school."

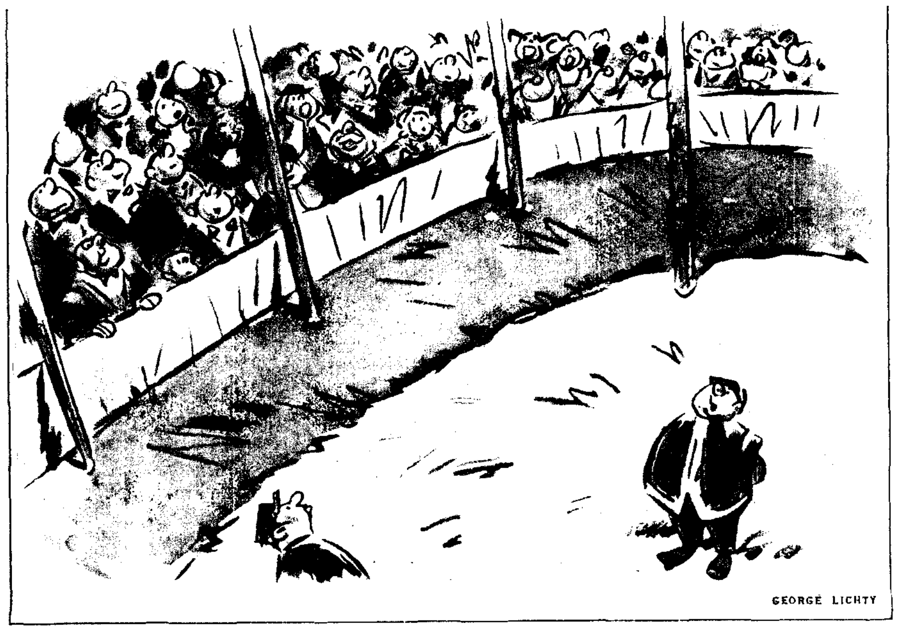
Rue made a motion to speak and Guy saw and said quickly: "What is it, Rue?"

"There's some question of how Alicia managed to enter the house," said Rue, holding her fingers tight together on her lap. "Gross says he didn't know Alicia was in the house, either—"

ALICIA'S eyes were lambent. "Rue seems to have been consulting with the servants," she said. "However, if anyone wants to know how I got into the house—"

"I'm afraid we do want to know just that," said Guy. "Or rather, the police will ask it."

"Well, then," said Alicia, moving her small head contemptuously, "I simply walked in. I've had a key for a long time; Crystal gave it to me. I came into the house and realized Madge wasn't home yet and—waited. But it was only a moment or two before I heard Rue scream. I saw no one while I waited. I think the police will understand my—being, as I've been for so long, free to come and go in this house; I don't suppose they will take me to be an intruder." She looked at Brule, who said nothing. Guy cleared his throat and said: "Oh, dear me, no, Alicia. Certainly not. Now then, Brule, what's your alibi?"



BRULE did not reply at once but seemed intent on the ashes of his cigarette. Finally he said: "I don't have one, Guy. I was in my car at the time the murder seems to have occurred—driving to the hospital, as a matter of fact, but I had stopped along the way. Due to the dark day there was a traffic mix-up—trolley car went off there at the bridge—held up a lot of cars for twenty minutes or so; I saw what was happening, managed to park the car and leave it and went into some little bar near there for a drink. I don't know exactly what the place was called but imagine I can find it—if necessary," he added with his eyes on Guy.

Guy wriggled very slightly.

"I'm afraid it will be necessary, Brule," he said. "You know how the police are when they get the bit in their teeth."

If they hadn't known before, thought Rue later, they were soon to know. At two o'clock exactly police arrived again. If they had been lenient the night before when there was a question of whether or not the girl had actually been murdered, then they regretted that leniency. For they were like locusts devouring; no room, no cupboard, no shelf was too insignificant to receive scrutiny; no person above suspicion; no questions too trivial to be asked.

And they did not leave.

They were still there at nine that night when Rue had that unexpected interview with Alicia.

Each witness, that day, had been questioned separately and at length. Rue herself was just emerging from two long hours spent, again, in the dining room with light beating down in her face and a constant bombardment of questions hurled at her. Guy was there, too, mouthing unlighted cigarettes, flashing her warning glances now and then, but unable to stem that flood of inquiry. She was trembling when they let her go at last, unutterably tired, her very knees unsteady, her head and eyes aching. But they had not arrested her. They had only shown her the teacup with her own fingerprints on it; had only demanded over and over again what she knew of poisons, what Julie had known of Crystal's death, why Julie had come to see her. How long she had known Brule and why they had married so soon after Crystal's death and how long they had planned that marriage. And, again and again, details of Crystal's death. What had Julie told her: had Julie told her anything they hadn't known about Crystal's death?

She didn't tell what Julie had said; didn't say to them: She told me there was something I knew of Crystal's death *—but I don't know: Julie was wrong.*

If only she knew what Julie had meant and could tell them!

The little man called Funk, who had first come to question her, was present, too. Skulking behind other and broader shoulders, examining the silver on buffet and serving table. And apparently obsessed with only one thing and that was the green on what he called the "deceased" hands. He kept popping out of obscurity to inquire, Had the deceased worn gloves?—No? Well, had there been any kind of stain—not necessarily green but any color on the hands of the deceased?—No? Well, did Mrs. Hatterick know what caused the green on the deceased hands—oh, Mrs. Hatterick didn't.

The thought of it was as always a little bizarre, a little frightening.

They had questioned no one else so long and so persistently. Yet in all that questioning they made only one or two perfunctory inquiries about the powder in the glass: Brule had told them, as he said he was going to do. Could they consider it a ruse to suggest her own innocence?

But if so, they still did not arrest her.

She encountered Alicia at the door of the small guest room, beside Brule's study.

Alicia was at the door of that study, her lovely hand on the doorknob as if she were just leaving it. She paused and looked at Rue. Below were police; all around them was a fabric of continuous movement and sound. But in the upper hall just then there was no one.

Alicia's bright gray eyes flicked once down the length of the narrow hall and toward the empty stairway and came back to Rue.

"Wait, Rue," she said. "Have they arrested you?"

"No," said Rue and opened the door to the guest room.

"Look here," said Alicia suddenly. "Why don't you confess and have done with it?"

I can't talk to her, thought Rue, and entered her room. Alicia's white hand shot out, amazingly strong and wiry, and gripped her wrist.

"So you won't reply," she said. "Very well. But understand this. I'm staying here, you know. It's my right to stay here. It's my right," said Alicia slowly, "because Brule really wanted me to marry him. He asked me to marry him. He only married you because he knew Crystal had been murdered. He knew that sooner or later the truth would come out. He thought if he married you it would divert any possible suspicion from me. Now—" she relinquished Rue's wrist and stood looking at her with bright, watchful triumph in her eyes—"so now do you understand just what your place is here? Just how much you can expect in the way of protection from Brule?"

THE really dreadful thing about it was that Rue knew Alicia's statement to have elements of truth.

It coincided in the most perfect way with what she knew and with what Andy had told her. It dovetailed completely with her own understanding with Brule; with the whole circumstance of their marriage. It fit perfectly, even, Brule's own admission about Crystal's death.

After a moment she said deliberately: "Why would you have been suspected—if you had been Brule's wife when Crystal's murder was discovered?"

Alicia blinked, opened her mouth, closed it, opened it again and said:

"I don't—because there would be talk—"

"Do you mean that you knew when she died that it was murder? How did you know?"

Alicia had recovered: her eyes had a bright, hard glaze.

"How could we fail to suspect it? You see now," repeated Alicia with cool brutality, "that you can't count on Brule's protection."

Rue said slowly: "Nevertheless I am Brule's wife." She closed the door.

It gave her the last word and there was a small element of satisfaction in that.

Except that what Alicia had said sounded true. It explained Brule's course; it explained her own marriage as nothing else had done. Andy hadn't been right in his own surmise—that is, that a quarrel with Alicia, regretted too late, had accounted for Brule's marriage to Rue. But in all probability that had been the answer Alicia or Brule himself had given Andy; if it had been a question of Crystal's murder with Alicia and Brule both hoping to keep it a secret—taking so drastic a step to protect Alicia in case the truth came out, then they would have told Andy (if they had to tell him anything) some such story.

But why was it necessary to protect Alicia?

And why had they been so certain Crystal was murdered?

After a long time she went to the telephone. She didn't know just where Andy would be at that hour, so she called the physicians' exchange, which gave her his club, the Town Club; the porter, however, assured her that Andy was not there and hadn't been there since noon of the previous day. She hung up without leaving her name. Perhaps it was better not to talk to him just then.

That night she locked the door. It was when she was trying to sleep that she remembered a curious feeling of something being not quite right about the telephone; something a little different in the listening quality—and thought quite suddenly, Why, of course, the wire leading from the house is tapped.

It was a customary thing, she supposed; but it gave her a somewhat chilling glimpse into the police activity that surrounded them.

THAT night the house was completely silent except for a quiet, very much subdued game of poker that went on in Crystal's gilt and satin drawing room with the silk curtains pulled—a game that was regularly interrupted for quiet rounds of the house, flashlights piercing the gloom of the butler's pantry and the studio and second-floor stairway.

"I don't like that studio," said one of the policemen returning to the drawing room. "Looks like a cave under that big piano."

"You mean you don't like murder. It's your deal."

"A machine-gun murder don't bother me." He unstrapped his heavy revolver holster and put it down. "It's these fancy killings that get under my skin. You can't figure ahead." He indulged in a flight of fancy. "An amateur killer's sort of like a lunatic. You don't know where he's going to break out next."

"Go ahead and deal."

Morning came slowly. Morning and the inquest.

It was, however, extraordinarily brief; all the witnesses were there, pale and uneasy in the cold morning light, in that official, barren room, laden with the mingled scents of stale tobacco and sweeping compound.

And almost all the witnesses were asked, briefly, to testify. It was not as difficult as Rue had feared it would be because of that briefness. Mainly it was a résumé of the circumstances surrounding Julie's death. Rue sat, in her turn, in the witness chair and faced the jury and the coroner, who had a cold in his head and questioned her sadly between sneezes. There were other witnesses, but the most important one seemed to be Lieutenant Angel himself, for at the end of his testimony he read a letter.

"Miss Garder's death immediately followed the opening of police inquiry into the death of another person about a year ago," he said.

"Whose death?" said the coroner, knowing full well and sneezing loudly.

"That of Mrs. Crystal Hatterick. The first wife of Dr. Hatterick, who is present."

"What brought about this inquiry?"

"A series of typewritten letters addressed to the police and to the district attorney."

"Do you have those letters?"

"Yes."

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"Will you read one and show it to the jury?"

He unfolded a sheet of paper and read while the coroner blew his nose.

"This one," he said, "was addressed to the chief of police. It reads as follows: 'This is to call your attention to the death a year ago of Mrs. Brule Hatterick; the writer suggests police inquiry into the circumstances of her death.'" He folded up the paper, handed it to a clerk, who gave it to the jury.

Angel looked down his nose. "There were a number of other letters," he added thoughtfully. "Some openly stating that the woman was murdered. We have them all. The one I have read is typical."

"How many were there altogether?"

"About eleven or twelve altogether. That is, that we know about. There may have been others to people in authority of which we were not informed."

"Do you know who wrote the letters?"

"So far we have been unable to discover the writer."

"And you have undertaken police inquiry into the death of Mrs. Crystal Hatterick?"

"Yes."

"And the results were what?"

"After securing an order for exhumation an autopsy was performed which revealed the presence of a poisonous drug in lethal quantity."

"Your conclusion is that it was a violent death?"

"Yes. Certainly."

"You performed an autopsy also upon the body of Juliet Garder?"

"Yes."

"And the results in that case were what?"

"The presence of a poisonous drug in lethal quantity was also discovered."

"Has the laboratory completed its findings?"

"Not yet; tests to determine the exact analysis of the specimens are in progress."

"But you have definitely determined that there was poison found in both bodies?"

"Yes."

"That is all."

THE conclusion was foregone. There were a few questions designed to show that suicide was not a likely theory; this was readily accomplished by the coroner's emphasizing the fact that Julie's death had almost immediately followed the opening of police inquiry into Crystal's death.

Rue was brought briefly to the stand again in this connection.

"Mrs. Hatterick—before your marriage to Dr. Brule Hatterick, you were a nurse?"

"Yes."

"You were one of the nurses who took care of the first Mrs. Hatterick during her illness?"

"Yes."

"You were, in fact, with her at the time of her death?"

"Yes."

"Was there anything unusual about her death?"

"No. That is, it was unexpected."

"How was it unexpected?"

Rue, feeling Guy's blue, humid gaze, said it was because they had thought she was better.

"But there were no symptoms of anything but a natural death," she said firmly.

"I see. Is there any possibility, Mrs. Hatterick, that your close friend Juliet Garder, who also nursed Mrs. Crystal Hatterick, had any knowledge of her death that suggested it was murder?"

Rue hesitated. "Will you repeat that, please?"

The coroner sneezed, gave Guy a baleful glance and said:

"I'll put it another way. Did you talk to Miss Garder at any time about Mrs. Crystal Hatterick's death?"

"I—I suppose we did in a general way."

"Do you remember what you said?"

"Not the exact words, but I'm sure we must have talked of it."

"Mrs. Hatterick—did you ever say it was murder?"

"No."

"Did you ever tell Miss Garder you thought it was murder?"

"No."

"WHY did she come to see you the day she died, Mrs. Hatterick?"

"I don't know."

"You didn't expect her?"

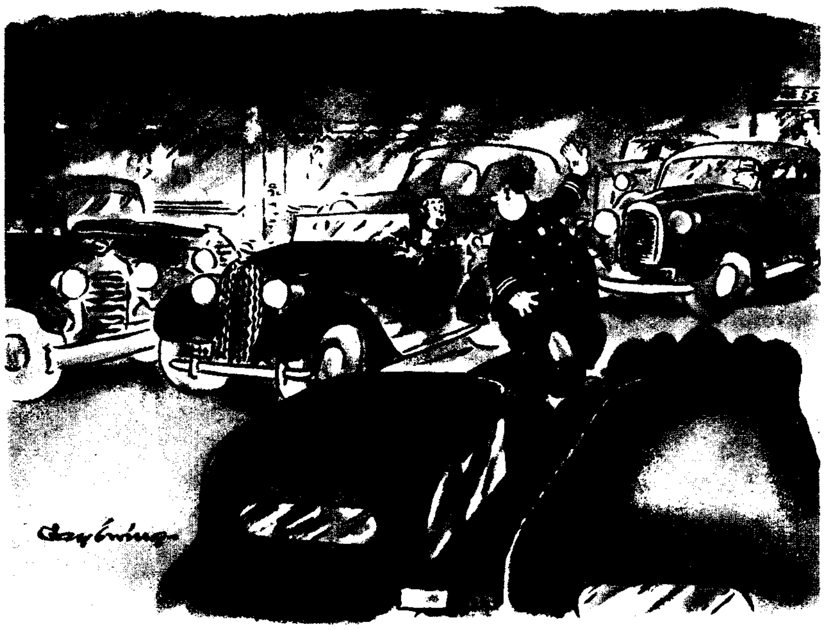
"No."

"Mrs. Hatterick — think: did Juliet Garder tell you that Crystal Hatterick was murdered?"

Rue was on oath; and the question permitted an honest answer.

"No," she said clearly but held her breath for the next question.

Guy was purple and, at that stage, could do nothing. An inquest is not a trial and there are leniencies.



"Oh, Officer, I'm a new driver. Couldn't I have even a teeny-weeny head start?"

JAY IRVING

"Did she tell you who murdered Crystal Hatterick?"

"No."

"Isn't it possible, judging from your knowledge of the situation, that Juliet Garder had some evidence bearing importantly upon the murder, if it was murder, of Crystal Hatterick?"

Guy got up and sat down again.

Rue said: "I don't know."

But the point had been made.

Rue was dismissed. A nurse from the hospital, trim and scrubbed-looking in tailored street clothes, gave Rue a recognizing little nod as she passed her, and went to the witness chair. She told of seeing Julie at lunch on the day of her death and that she was in good spirits and that there had been nothing that she knew of to suggest suicide.

"You talked with her at lunch?"

"Yes."

"Did she mention the police inquiry into the death of Mrs. Crystal Hatterick?"

"No."

"Did she—did you have reason to believe that she believed Mrs. Hatterick had been murdered?"

"No," said the nurse—Elizabeth Donney—after a moment.

The coroner frowned, "But she did seem to be in good spirits?"

"Yes."

"Nothing at all to suggest suicide?"

"No."

She too was dismissed.

After that there were only a few witnesses; the police who had first arrived at the Hatterick house, a man from the laboratory, the medical examiner and a porter who swore that the body upon which the medical examiners had performed the autopsy was the body of Juliet Garder and had been brought from the police ambulance direct to the autopsy laboratory.

It was not quite noon when the verdict was returned and it was that Juliet Garder was the victim of murder at the hands of a person or persons unknown. In the verdict, naturally, nothing was said of Crystal Hatterick. That inquest would come later; that they believed her murdered was an open inference.

That noon the papers made official statements. Both women had been murdered.

But there were as yet no arrests.

Guy talked of it in a matter-of-fact way as they drove home.

"They don't want to make an arrest until they have absolute jury proof of guilt. In fact, they don't dare; not with anybody as well known as Brule. When they do make an arrest it will be when they are willing to gamble on their murder charge holding. And their case has got to be so tight they can resist every possible pressure you can bring to bear upon them." He watched Kendal negotiate a State Street crossing, and leaned to take the automatic lighter in his pink, manicured fingers. Rue, sitting in the back seat, furs pulled tight against the cold, wondered what Alicia was saying to Brule, following the big car in Brule's coupé; she wondered just how Alicia had managed to ride with Brule, while she and Madge and Steven and Guy rode in Crystal's car, with the scent of roses clear and sweet below Guy's cigarette. He puffed smoke and watched uneasily, sitting on the jump seat with his head bent to peer through the windows, while Kendal crept along Randolph, threading his way among the noon-hour crowds and turned, slowly, northward on Michigan—the most beautiful boulevard in the world.

IT WAS again gray and cold with the raw, desolate weather that is typical of late November. The lake was slate-gray and met in the near distance a heavy gray sky. Pedestrians were scurrying against the wind; policemen at the traffic lights wore heavy winter uniforms. Guy said at last:

"The point is they've got you exactly where they want you. As good as under arrest right now. Every one of you. Servants included."

Madge stirred at that and said: "I'm missing the school play. But I can't go back to school. That school. Ever. People will never, never forget—"

Rue put her hand lightly on Madge's and Madge withdrew her own hand instantly.

It was that night that, besides the columns devoted to the inquest, a curious, small story found its way to the newspapers.

A bartender in a little restaurant and bar on a back street not far from the Hatterick house claimed that on the day of Julie's death a girl much resembling her pictures and wearing a plain brown hat and coat had come into the restaurant and had had two cocktails. The first one she had poured into the potted palm near her table; that was why he had remembered her. The second one she drank.

The story, it developed, had reached the police and the newspapers by way of an excited bus boy, who had telephoned to both, saying that the bartender, seeing a picture of Juliet Garder in the paper, had commented on the likeness. But the bartender's story, amplified under police inquiry, was actually not amplified. He wasn't sure it was the girl, the restaurant had been dark because it was a dark day and, in the slack time between lunch and dinner, not lighted. And she had been alone.

He told the police that and stuck to it. He wasn't able, even, to make a definite identification of Julie.

Had he not surrounded his story with so strong an atmosphere of uncertainty it would have lent color to the suicide theory, which, at that point, Guy said he intended to build upon when it came to a trial.

IT WAS that night, too, that Rue asked Brule to send Alicia away.

She did more than ask, she demanded it—shaken by her own courage.

It was, really, because of Andy.

That night as she entered the little guest room Brule called to her from his study next door and she went in. It was a small shabby room with great fat medical books nudging the old leather couch and the chintz-covered chairs. A room Crystal and her decorator had not touched. Brule's old desk was there, the one he used, worn, with cigarette marks on it.

Guy had just gone away after a long talk with Brule in that little study, with the door closed.

Brule said abruptly: "Sit down. Rue—you're not forgetting what I told you about not seeing Andy?"

She had not seen Andy, except at the inquest briefly, that day. Brule's straight black eyebrows made a line across his face; he went on brusquely: "Not that Andy isn't all right; he is. But just now—"

Again an unexpected current of rage caught her.

"Don't you think then—just now—it would be better to send Alicia away?"

Instantly that impenetrable mask seemed to slip over Brule's face; there was a moment of silence while he watched her. Then he said: "I see. So, that's the way the land lies. Who told you?"

It was like Brule. She would meet his own method of attack.

"You were honest enough about our marriage; I believed you. But you didn't tell me you asked me to marry you because of—Alicia."

His eyes narrowed a little.

"I suppose it was Alicia who told you. Well, you want to know the truth and I'll tell you the truth. I did marry you because of Alicia." He leaned back in his chair, waiting for what she might say.

(To be continued next week)

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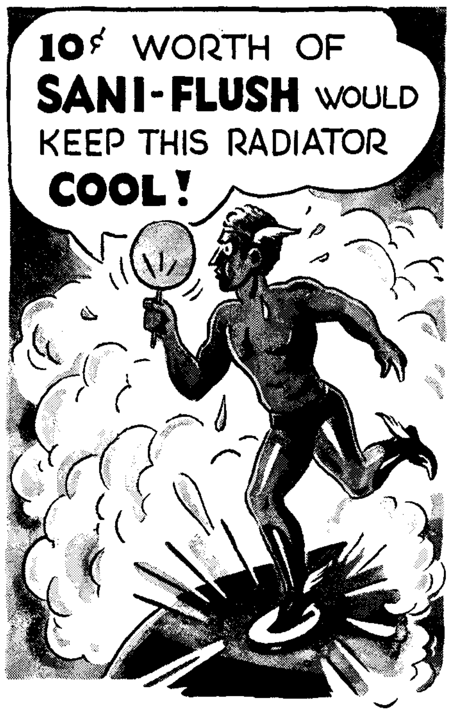
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Spot News

Continued from page 22

manual, physical and chemical. Its journey is taken in three stages. The first, dry cleaning proper, paradoxically consists of immersion in liquid—not water, but dry solvent—which dissolves general dirt of a greasy or oily nature. About sixty per cent of the solvent in commercial use today is Stoddard Solvent, a petroleum distillate. It shares, of course, the great advantage of all dry solvents over water; *i.e., it doesn't alter* a garment either physically or chemically. Pleats remain pleats and colors remain colors after saturation, and dirt can be removed from fabrics that would never stand wet washings. Besides, this answer to a cleaner's prayer has a high ignition point, it does not corrode machinery, its fumes are not toxic, and it is commercially practicable not only because it evaporates slowly but also because it can be clarified by a variety of processes and used over and over again.

In a model plant you'll see a huge cylinder filled with crystal-clear solvent combined with special soaps that take out stubborn grease. Into this washer is dumped a load of garments, previously inspected and tagged, and the washer is rotated. Clean solvent runs through constantly. The soiled fluid, impregnated with particles of dirt, passes into a still for clarification and then, purged, is pumped back into the washer much as used blood is sent back into circulation by the heart, after purification.

A few plants are so highly mechanized that the washers work automatically, dump in fresh soap when needed, and ring a bell when the load is clean. The moist garments are then put into an extractor and hung up to dry. Glorified hair dressers' apparatus blows warm air over them, and thus eliminates the role of the back porch as odor-remover.

The second step in dry cleaning is spotting—removal by hand of stains that have escaped the solvent. At worst the spotter uses trial and error methods, even as you and I. At best he is a chemical and textile expert.

Synthetic Complications

Knowledge of fabrics has as much to do with successful spotting as knowledge of the solubility of stains, for protection of materials is as vital as getting out spots. Gone are the halcyon days when men's and women's clothing was made only of silk, wool, linen and cotton, all of them perfectly dry-cleanable.

With the use of synthetic fibers and novelty weaves, complications arise. The chemical that removes stains may also remove material; the solvent melting them away may act with equal power upon the original dyestuff. Cures, in short, can sometimes be worse than diseases. The special solvent, for instance, used for removing paint and grease from all-wool fabric is death to the fibers of a cloth that looks like wool but is fifty to seventy per cent acetate or rayon.

There are all kinds of tricks of the spotting trade. Old perspiration is alkaline; if fresh, acid, and must be differently treated. If deodorants have been used that complicates matters still further. Grease isn't *just* grease—vanishing-cream stains disappear in a dry solvent, but salad oil won't. Paint may be made with a linseed oil or a white lead base, and the chemical effective for removing one kind doesn't work with the other, the average cleaner uses about fifty kinds of chemicals for spotting. A master of the art may stock his kit with as many as a hundred and twenty.

The final step in the dry-cleaning process is finishing. This is the restoration of garments to their original form and texture, and mechanical and textile engineers have developed it into something more than mere pressing and steaming.

Steam irons, instead of the press cloths formerly used, apply steam directly to garments. Steam guns finish velvets and other nappy materials. Puff irons solve the difficulties of full puffed sleeves and flounces. And these devices are made foolproof against scorching by thermostatic control.

That's No Bargain

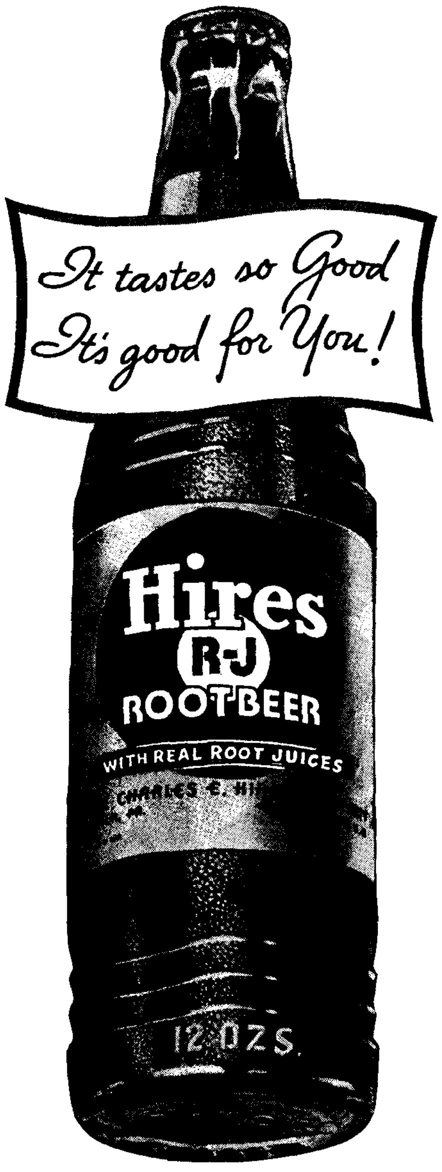
Really good work takes time. And time means money. So shun the bargain cleaner. He may give your garment what the trade calls a mud drying; instead of dissolving the dirt, he distributes it evenly so that though your garment looks clean when it comes home, after a few wearings it's as soiled as it was before. He may eliminate the expensive spotter by skipping the spotting stage, or fail to remove breakable buttons and ornaments before immersion.

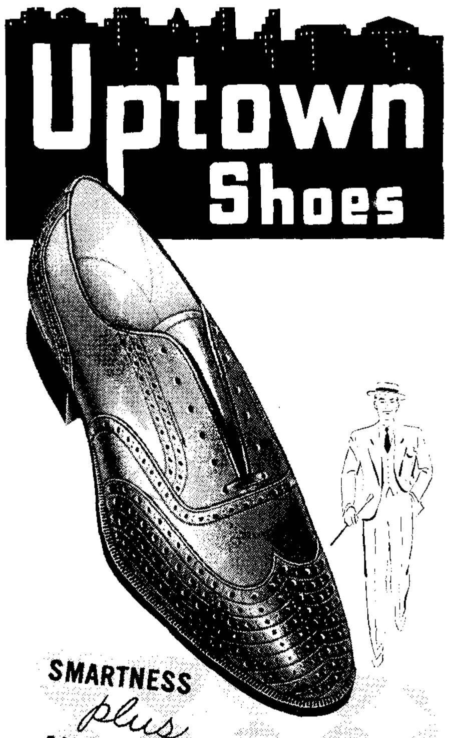
If an operator properly finishes garments he can turn out only four an hour. The establishment that goes in for speed and low prices rather than quality often finishes—perhaps in more senses than one—twelve to fifteen.

Even the master cleaners are not always able to protect you completely. They have their own troubles with manufacturers. The makers of ink, for instance, have a perfectly legitimate desire to make ink as indelible as possible, and the lipstick manufacturers *have a similar objective.* And this means war with the cleaners, who have an equally legitimate desire to render ink and lipstick soluble. These campaigns have been fought and won, with victory to the cleaners.

The real difficulties come when things are not what they seem. Gum and rubber, for example, melt in solvent. So your "fur" collar is bound to fall to pieces if it consists of knotted wool, dyed black to look like karakul or astrakhan, and stuck onto cotton cloth with rubber. A "suède" jacket disintegrates if it is nothing but finely woven burlap cloth coated with rubber cement and ground leather. You can't blame the cleaner when, though his load has been properly sorted, white fabrics emerge from the solvent tinted. When this happens the color was in the fabric when it came from the mill and had been neutralized with another color. Rinsing simply brought out the original hue. Manufacturers are sometimes not above stretching materials; the cleaner can't help it if they shrink after passing through his hands. Oil, waxes and dyestuffs are employed by unscrupulous textile makers to cover up defects only visible when the coating is gone. Weighted silk deteriorates with time.

The honest cleaner will also warn you that he cannot cope with certain stains. The damage done by soft drinks, fruit juices and some other substances may not be visible until a nasty brown discoloration appears *after* a garment has been exposed to the heat of the finishing process. So difficult are such stains to remove when they reach this stage that a trade journal has a standing offer of a thousand dollars reward to anyone who will solve the problem.





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Hollywood Ghost

Continued from page 15

besides, suffering from a third-degree case of awe.

Charley was having a fine time, playing the grand host, feeling very lordly and charitable, telling Monroe he would gladly give him a few pointers on screen writing.

Monroe haltingly inquired about that job he had hoped for as a junior writer. Charley told him he had thought it over and decided it would be better for Monroe just to hang around for a couple of months and get the feel of the place.

Monroe and June almost cried with delight—this well-known writer to teach him the game—it was so much more than they ever had hoped for, they couldn't begin to thank him enough. And Charley laughingly told them not to mention it—it was compensation enough just to see them so gay. Charley really had a way about him. There was nothing ever tense or forceful in his manner. He always seemed so cultured and refined and relaxed, such a perfect gentleman.

CHARLEY wasted no time in talking over his story with Monroe. It was a yarn about a banker and a bum who had been roommates in college. It's just the old hokum, Charley explained, but we've got to give the public what it wants.

Monroe listened to the story quietly, looking into Charley's eyes. Charley had never met anybody as earnest as this little Bronx rabbit. When Charley finished, Monroe said very shyly, "I realize I don't know anything about movie stories, sir, but if I were writing that as a short story I would add a good woman character, the girl who loved the bum in college but married the banker because he stood for security. Then, later on, you've got tension between the two men, when the bum is able to get the banker out of some jam and has a strong scene with the wife whom he still loves, but leaves because he realizes that now the banker is back on his feet he can only complicate matters by staying on."

Charley looked at him. "That may work," he said casually. "Why don't you write it out, just for practice?"

Next morning when Charley was leaving for the studio, Monroe handed him a few typewritten pages. "I did what you suggested," he said simply. Charley took the pages unconcernedly and stuffed them into his pocket.

"Good work," he said. "Somebody once said the only way you can become a writer is to write."

For the next two months Monroe was very busy. He sat out in the sun and got his first tan and wrote stories all day. June was glad to see how easy they seemed to come to him. She read them and said she couldn't criticize them, they were all so fine, and she couldn't wait for him to become famous. He should show them to Mr. Twogrand right away.

"He's too busy to bother with my stuff," Monroe said, and for a while he had his way.

Charley didn't pay much attention to them, except to talk over his studio assignment with Monroe, who wrote out a scene for him here, or a story outline there—always very grateful to Mr. Twogrand for spending all this time with him when he could be working alone.

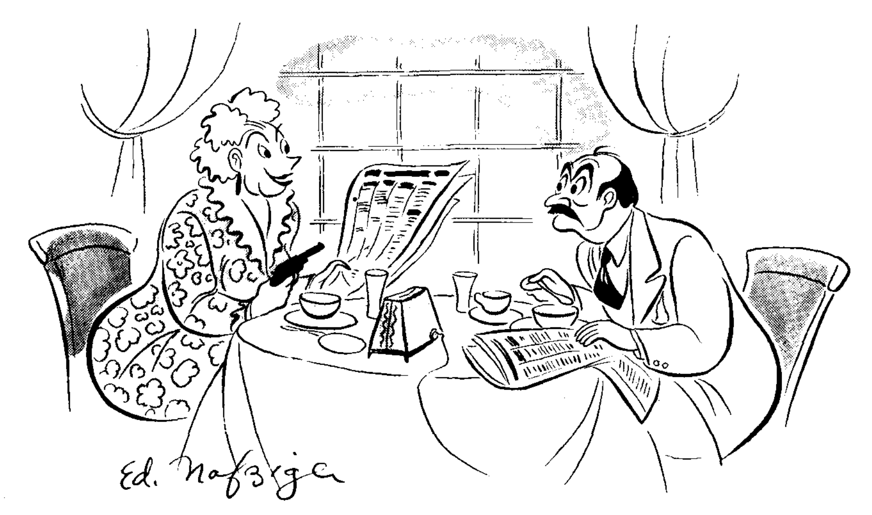
One day Charley overwhelmed Monroe by offering him an allowance of fifteen dollars a week, explaining that he still wasn't able to land a job for him, but that he and June could stay on as long as they wished. June said nothing, but Monroe blushed and said, "Thanks," and choked up a little and showed his gratitude by writing scenes for Charley every chance he got.

After this had been going on for some time, Charley came home one night with two tickets for Monroe and June, to the preview of the Banker and Bum picture. It was one of those big openings, with searchlights cutting great paths through the sky and autograph seekers with bulging, frenzied eyes, and all the Hollywood personalities getting on the microphone to tell the world how much they were going to enjoy the picture they were about to see.

Monroe and June stood in the lobby and stared. They turned with the others and watched as Charley emerged from a long purple car with a fluttery blonde stunningly simple in ermine, and flashing two big green orchids.

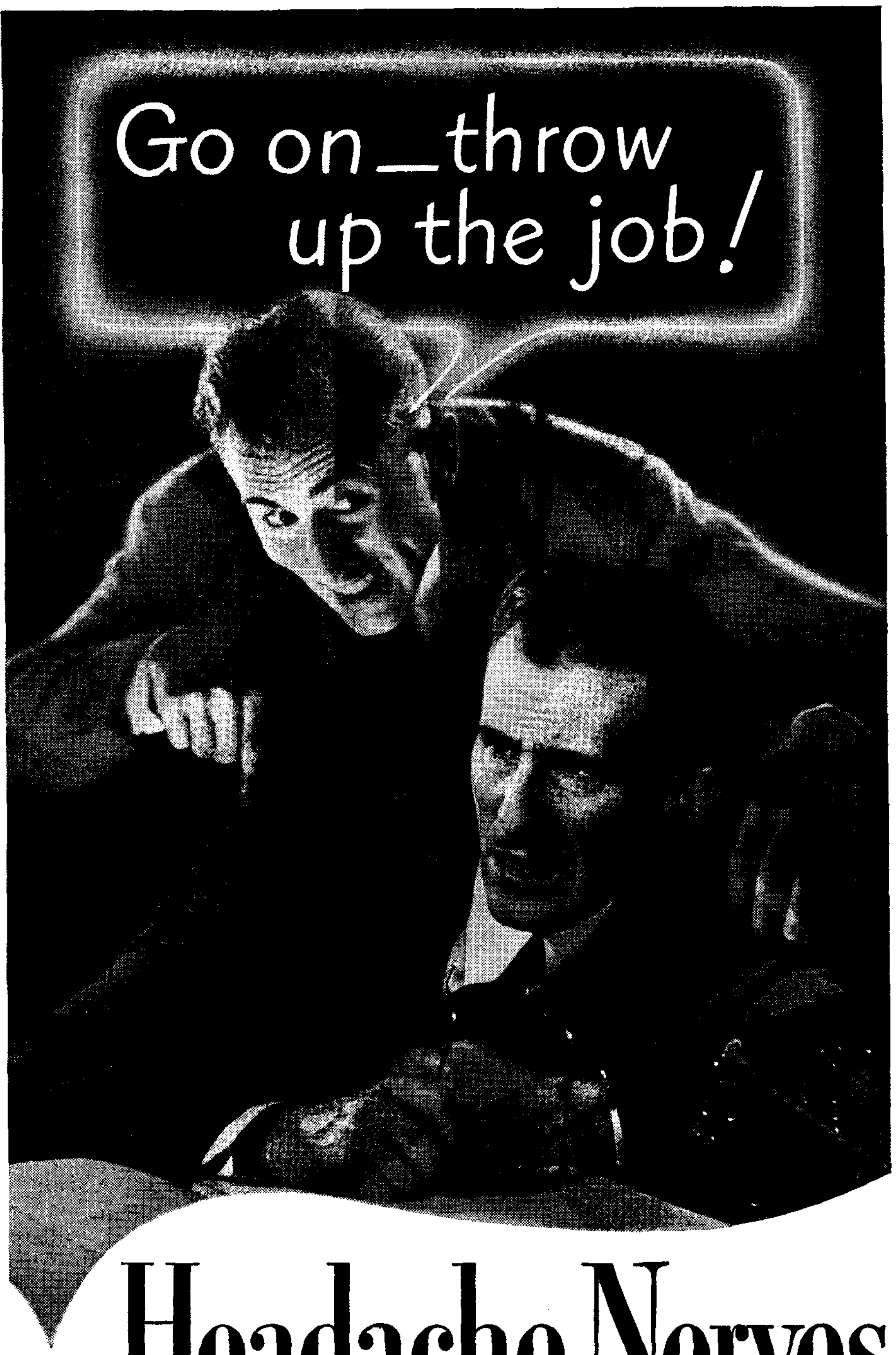
CHARLEY sidled up to the mike and spoke so charmingly: "I only hope you enjoy seeing this picture as much as I did writing it"—and the blonde fluttered her eyes at him—she seemed to feel this was enough—and they moved charmingly on into the theater.

As the picture began to unfold, Monroe and June began to whisper excitedly to each other. "Why, that's my scene," he said, "that's the first scene I wrote—it sure is a kick to hear your own words on the screen." And soon she recognized something of his too, and leaned over and whispered, "I knew you were a scenario writer," and she felt very flushed and happy, and then more of Monroe's scenes appeared, and she began to think of their fifteen-dollars-a-week allowance and to wonder why Mr. Twogrand



"What's this I see about you not being responsible for any more of my debts, Henry?"

ED NOFZIGER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hadn't mentioned any of this before.

When it was over, they met Charley in the lobby. He was very busy taking bows, and when he saw them he said, "Well, kiddies, how did you like it?" and June mumbled something, but Monroe at least had presence of mind to say: "Congratulations, it was a peach." Charley Twogrand patted him affectionately on the back and said, "Well, run on home, children, I'll be late tonight."

By the time they reached home, June felt like fighting. She told Monroe he was throwing away the best years of his life sitting around in a Beverly Hills garden, and she said maybe she didn't know anything but she wouldn't let a big windbag like that make a meat ball out of her, and Monroe couldn't make her listen to reason. He explained to her that after all Mr. Twogrand had been terribly nice to both of them, and couldn't be expected to tell them everything that went on at the studio.

June got more excited.

She finally made so much noise that Monroe said, "All right, I'll show him all the stories I wrote and ask him to do something—does that suit you?" And she warned him not to talk to her in that tone of voice, there were plenty of nice boys back home who could appreciate her. She was sorry after she said this, because he looked so hurt—he was a fool, this genius of hers, and she went over and slid into his lap.

NEXT morning June brought the manuscripts down to breakfast with her so Monroe couldn't procrastinate, and Monroe was very nervous about it, a rat of fear scurrying inside him—maybe it would be better to wait a while. But June was looking at him and finally he said: "Mr. Twogrand, I've been doing a little writing and I wondered if you'd please be so kind as to read through one of my stories—if you have time, of course."

Charley said, "And why not?"—he was glad the boy had taken his advice, and he began to read the first one immediately, about a swing-band musician who has to bring up his motherless boy in a dance-hall.

"That's a background!" Charley commented as he turned the first page. His coffee got cold as he went on reading. Of course he knew the kid had talent, but this was rounded out, concentrated; it was the core of something very good. When he finished he said, "That story is not bad, not bad at all, my boy." And he looked at Monroe, who would have wagged his tail if he had been a dog. And Charley thought, "This guy is all right, and he sure came along at the right time; he's got heart and a real wallop." But all he said was: "Let me read another, son." And he read all the stories before he left for the studio and there was a new light in his eyes when he got into his limousine, saying, "Keep right on writing; you'll get there yet."

Monroe and June couldn't wait for him to come home that night to hear how he made out with the stories. But when Charley arrived he only shook his head, and said the producer wasn't so crazy about the yarns, but not to get discouraged, they still had a prayer.

This went on for a week, and Monroe was all set to tell June he was fed up and ready to go back to the Bronx, sinus or no sinus, when Charley came home and pumped his hand and said: "Congratulations—I sold two of those stories for you."

Tears came to Monroe's eyes, and June thought to ask how much, and when Charley said five thousand dollars, Monroe was so happy he felt sick, and June hugged him and then stopped and asked how much again; she was afraid Charley was just having fun with her.

"The first thing we do," June said, "is move out of here and get a little place all our own, one of those cute, white little houses with a *real* fireplace and wisteria and everything."

Charley was swell to them and sat right down and planned the whole thing out. Monroe was as gay as he could be, and in his own way felt pretty cocky about making Hollywood sit up and take notice.

When Charley Twogrand came home the next night, June happened to glance at the Hollywood Reporter. There was a little squib in it about the sale of a couple of originals by Charles Twogrand. June didn't recognize the titles, but when she read that one of them was a story about a swing-band player and his kid she began to get steamed.

She pointed it out to Monroe right away, and this time a flash of color streaked that lean, sad face, but all he said was: "That's very funny."

June knocked on the door of Charley Twogrand's den, and found him stretched out on his settee, smoking a meerschaum. "Come right in," he said; "I'm just reading one of Monroe's stories."

"I thought you wrote them," said June, "at least that's what I read in the papers."

"I didn't quite understand it, Mr. Twogrand," Monroe said, looking at June for support.

Charley sat up. "You're not letting a little thing like that bother you?" he asked.

"Yes," said June. "I guess we people from the Bronx are funny that way."

"But it's all so simple," Charley said. "I realized you children needed the money more than the publicity—nobody bothers to read the names of screen writers anyway—and I found that by using my name I could make the producer buy them twice as fast."

"Don't you think you might have consulted us on that first?" June asked.

"But, my dear young lady," Charley persisted, "I simply didn't have time."

He was calm, so assured and established, a big light that June was trying to smash with her moth wings.

"That's the way it goes in Hollywood," Charley said. "I think Monroe here understands."

MONROE said he guessed he did, and Charley shook his hand and said, "Attaboy, I've always had a feeling that we were going to hit it off—now if you can just knock a little sense into this sweet little wife of yours, we'll all make a lot of money."

So Charley made him a proposition right there. He told Monroe that he was lining up a big job for himself, something really terrific, and that as it would be impossible for him to get Monroe a regular job with this outfit, he would pay him a hundred a week himself, and they could work on the script together.

June didn't exactly like the idea, but as Monroe patiently explained to her later, it was their only chance at the moment for a steady income, and if they were going to get a little house with the story money, they would need this dough to keep it going.

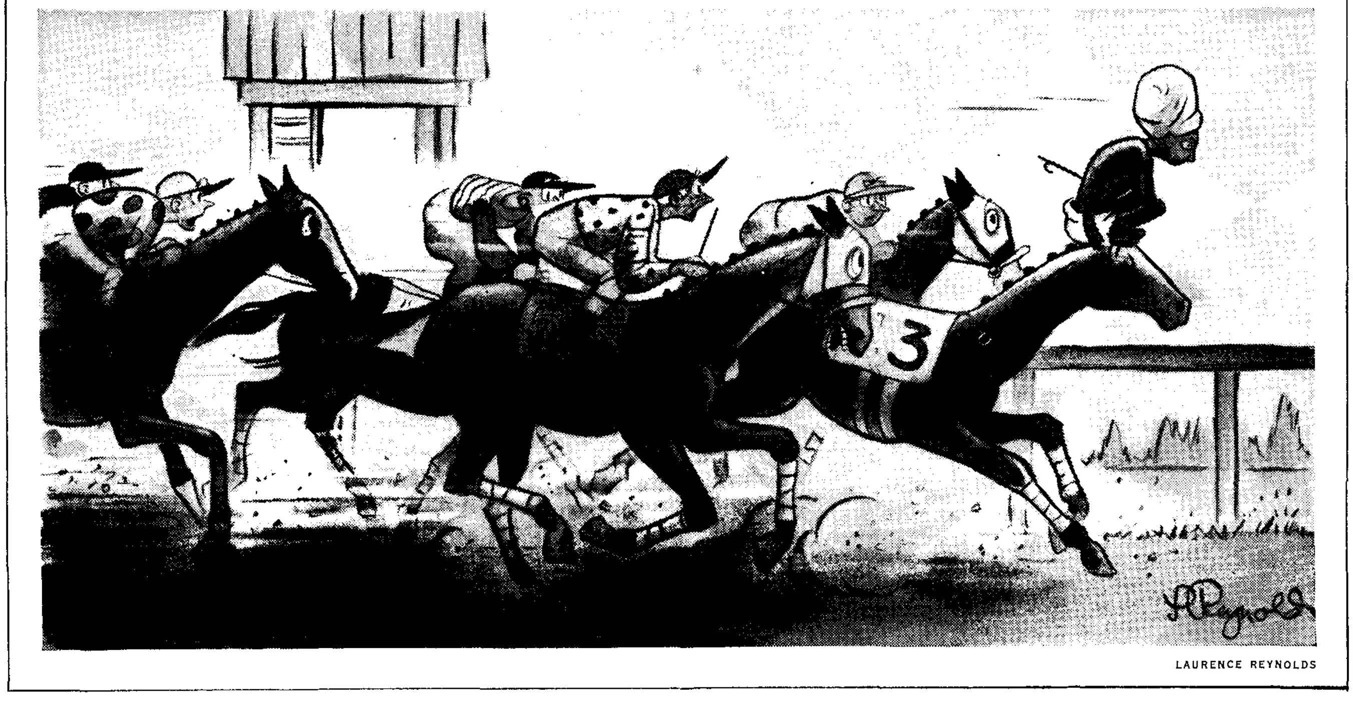
So that's what happened. Charley Twogrand would get his assignment from the studio, come home and talk it over with Monroe and Monroe would sit down and write it out. Charley said he was pleased to be able to say that Monroe was catching on fast. At the studio, the producer praised Charley's work and said he was becoming the fastest writer in the game.

When the script was finished, the producer pronounced it sensational and told Charley to take a good vacation for himself before getting to work on the new co-starring vehicle for the new child star and Great Dane they had just signed.

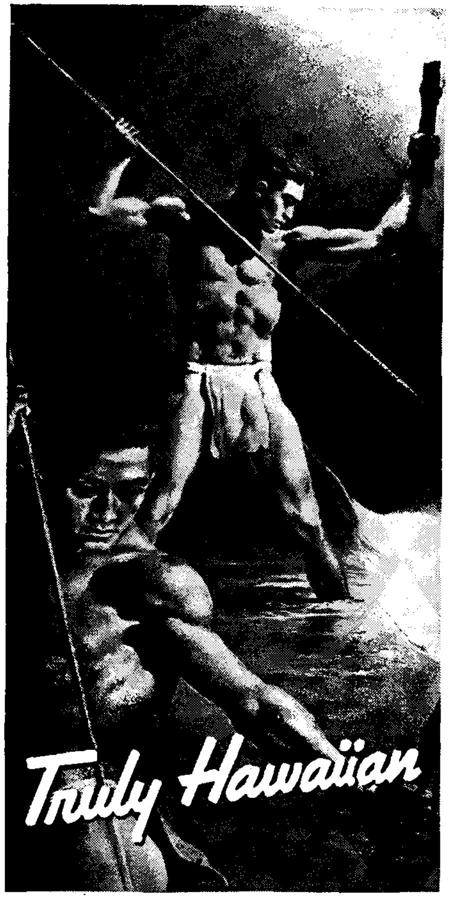
Charley gave Monroe an extra two hundred and fifty bucks and went on a vacation; he told Monroe they would huddle together again in three or four weeks.

By this time, Monroe had color in his cheeks, the sun was bringing him back to life, he was laughing more—next to being a real writer, he had always wanted this.

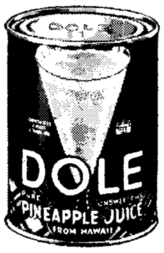
But June's laughter was too gay. There



LAURENCE REYNOLDS


TORCH FISHING *Lithograph by* ROBERT RIGGS

Truly Hawaiian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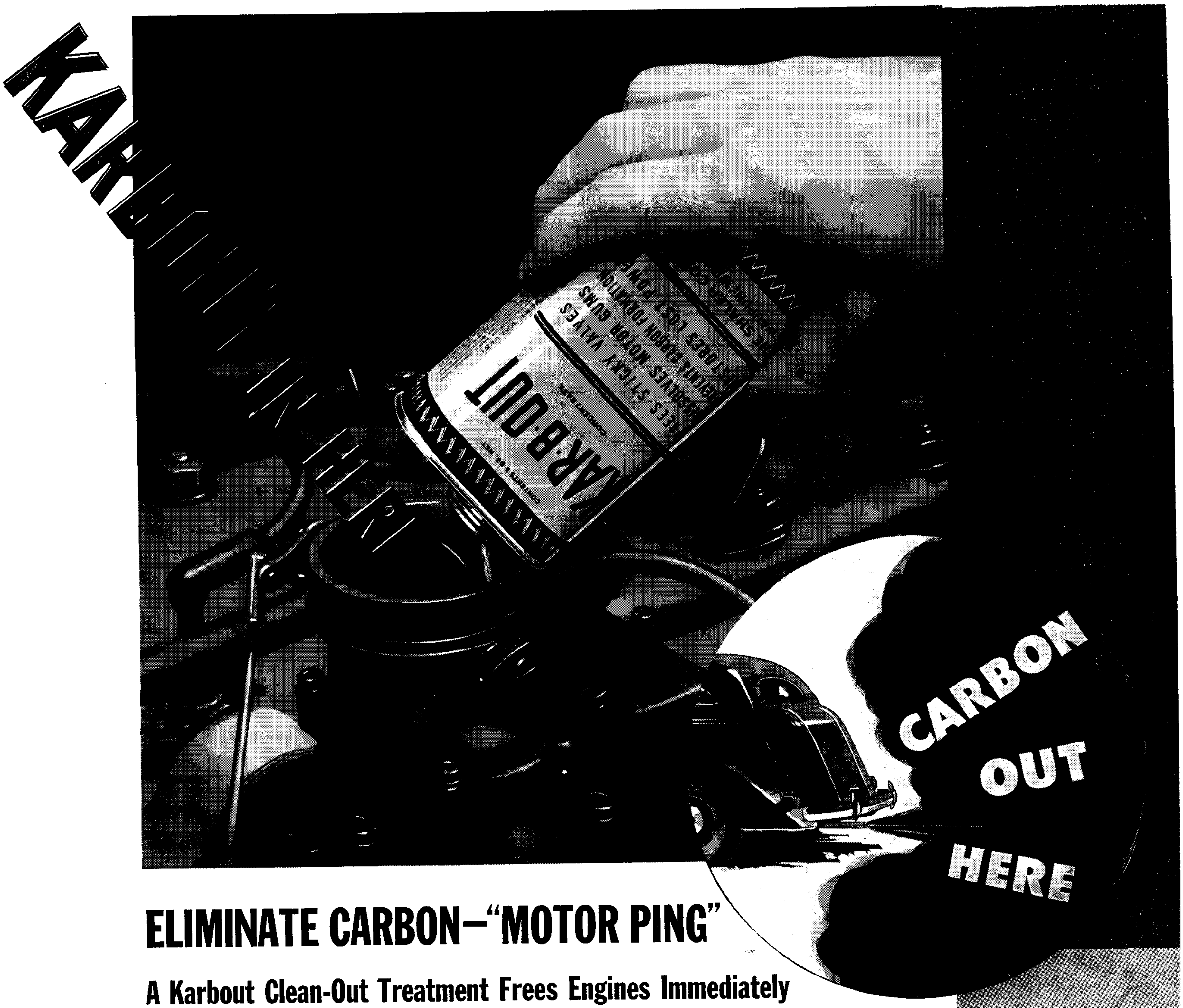

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was something wrong. It was nothing Monroe could put his finger on—it was something creeping silently between them.

One day a letter came from home. It was from Monroe's mother. She gushed with happiness over the news of Monroe's success, and the little home, but what was he doing? She had told the whole neighborhood about what a big man Monroe was becoming in Hollywood, but what was going on? A whole year for his screen credit she looked. Was he really a movie writer, or was Juney just trying to make her feel good about all the luck they were having?

June read the letter slowly, sitting out on the front steps while Monroe did some weeding. Monroe came over and sat down beside her. "Juney girl, you aren't sick?" he asked.

June stiffened and said, "I certainly am. I'm sick and tired of seeing you play stooge for that man."

Monroe tried to argue with her. The way he saw it, he was learning, and being well paid at the same time.

June said: "If you don't make that guy take you into the studio and put you on as a legitimate collaborator, we're through."

Monroe laughed weakly; he didn't want to do that. He was perspiring. "Juney, you're kidding," he said.

HE WAS such a weak, sad butterball, this Monnie of hers—all he had was genius and that wasn't enough in this world of grasping hands—it wasn't a strong enough balloon to give her breath and her life too, not while genius and success were still so far apart. She had to take a stand.

"You see if I'm kidding," she said. "You just wait and see if I'm kidding."

When Charley got back to town, he called them to come right over. On their way, June reminded Monroe of her threat. "If you don't speak up this time, I'm leaving," she said.

"I still can't understand your being so mad," Monroe protested.

"Don't you see, Monnie?" she said. "How would you feel if you were married to a ghost? And that's what you're becoming—a Hollywood ghost."

Monroe squirmed and promised. He hated to make a scene . . .

Charley was very tanned. He looked great. He said he had been down in Mexican waters on his boat, doing some fishing with a couple of producers. He took Monroe's hand warmly and asked him if he was all set to get to work.

June looked at Monroe.

Monroe said, "Mr. Twogrand, I've been thinking things over very seriously during this vacation, and well, I've been thinking about my future, and I was wondering—I mean, do you think it's wise for me to go on writing in the dark this way?"

"What are you getting at, old fellow?" Charley asked, beginning to tighten up.

Monroe looked over to June for help. She winked back at him.

"Well, it seems to me," he said, "that if we're going to work together, as you say, the producer ought to put me on the pay roll and I ought to get mentioned along with you."

This was the crisis, and Monroe waited fearfully for the outburst.

Charley Twogrand flashed a smile without any joy in it, and said: "If you prefer to work that way, I'll ask the producer about it again tomorrow."

So next morning Charley Twogrand went to his producer and said he had found a young kid with real promise, who he thought would work for nickels and might be helpful on the story. The producer said it was all right with him, if Charley thought the boy could really help him. It was as simple as that.

Charley Twogrand came home and told Monroe the good news—from now on he was to be an established writer at one hundred and fifty a week. Monroe thanked him very much, and June didn't mind this—she was so happy and victorious.

Monroe would get to the studio at nine in the morning, after thinking his work out in bed almost all night—he took to screen writing easily. He and Charley would talk their story out all day, or rather Monroe would lay it out, and Charley would say, "That's tuhriffic; that'll kill 'em!" And then he would proceed to act the scene out as Monroe had indicated and end by asking, "What do you think of that little twisteroo?"

In the evening, Monroe and Charley would meet with the producer, and Charley would tell the story with such asides as: "I feel a tremendous emotional scene here."

Monroe would sit very still and listen to his scenes roll by, never quite catching on to the lingo, and suddenly the producer would turn around to him and ask, "What do you think of it?"—as if Monroe were hearing his own ideas for the first time. And Monroe would just blush and say, "Why—I think it's all right," and the producer would wrinkle up his nose and look down his long cigar at him, and then turn back to Charley and say, "Well, go ahead, Charley, I think it's in the bag."

They finished the script in four weeks, and the producer was so pleased he told Charley, confidentially of course, that he was going to give him the biggest job of the year—the million-dollar production of a big English novel—one of the toughest writing jobs ever tackled because the story had to be thoroughly Americanized while still retaining the spirit of the original. That was the producer's own hunch on how to lick it.

Charley told him that he and Monroe would take it in stride, and the producer said, "Oh, speaking of that young kid, he didn't seem to me to be giving anything—on the level, Charley, I don't think you need him, so I've had him taken off the pay roll beginning tomorrow."

Charley was in a bad jam. He couldn't very well speak up for Monroe without belittling himself. All he could say was, "I know the lad's pretty green, but I thought he might develop, working with me."

CHARLEY went back to the office and tried to break the news to Monroe with his usual grace.

"You go off the pay roll tomorrow, kid," he said, "but I wouldn't be too discouraged. The boss says he likes you and I'm sure he'll have something for you again. Meanwhile you can stay home and help me on this new job I've got to do, this English thing, and I'll pay you what you've been getting."

Monroe's skin seemed to draw tight over his face. It had taken a long time, but he had more confidence now, and June was teaching him to stand up.

"Nothing doing, Mr. Twogrand," he said.

"Don't be silly, kid," Charley advised. "It'll tide you over anyway."

"Listen, Charley," Monroe said, almost hysterically, "I'm fed up with this—I'd rather be myself at twenty-per in the Bronx than a two-hundred-dollar Hollywood ghost."

Charley looked worried for the first time. This was serious. Just his luck, a two-grand-a-week job on the biggest picture of the year, and look what happens.

"Look here, Monroe," he said, "I've been in the racket for ten years—you're making a bad mistake."

"And I'm going to start making it right now," Monroe said. "I'm going home and pack."

June had never seen Monroe come in the house like that before, slamming the door behind him. He dragged his suit-

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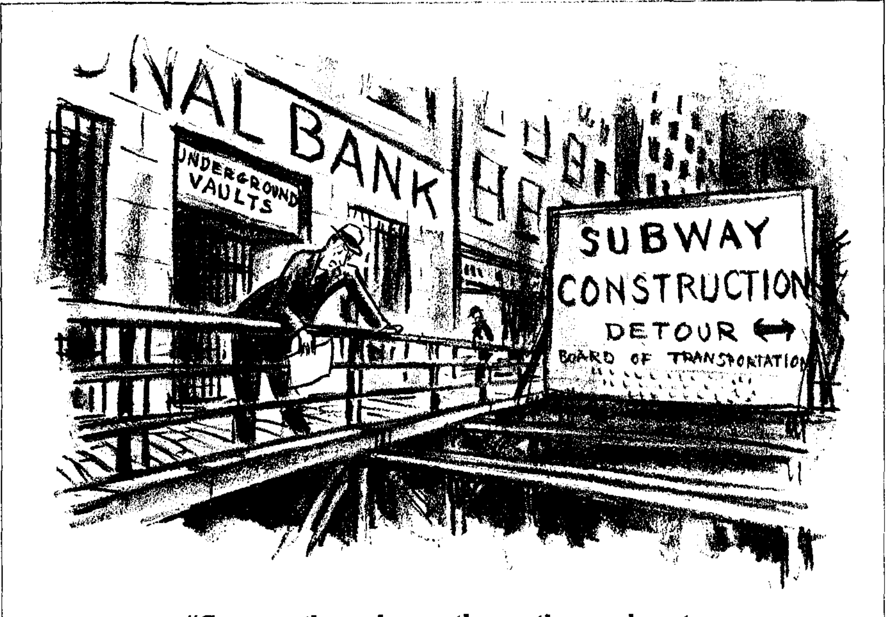

"Go easy there, boys—the earth samples at this point are assaying $500,000 to the ton!"

ALAN DUNN

case out and started to throw his clothes into it. "Can you imagine that guy?" he said. "I write his script for him and he gets a raise and I get the gate. It's cockeyed. We're getting out of here."

June took the blow calmly. "If we're leaving right away," she said, "there are a few things I've got to arrange." She kissed him and went out. Monroe went on packing.

Charley came in. He had been drinking. He had lost his *savoir-faire*.

"Monnie," he said, "be a sport; you know I need you—I can't do this job without you. Is it my fault if the producer doesn't see it our way? I'll tell you what I'll do with you—I'll make it two hundred and fifty a week."

"It took me a long time," Monroe said, "but I'm fed up."

Charley wouldn't give up. You couldn't blame him. It never was easy to find good ghost writers in Hollywood, and especially a boy with something on the ball like Monroe. Charley was feeling very sorry for himself. Here he was, alone, with this staggering contract on his hands, two thousand dollars a week, which meant he had to deliver. And he was afraid, he wished he were back to a hundred a week when it wouldn't matter how he did, but this was terrifying—he had counted on Monroe—the kid had to come through.

Monroe finished his packing, and called the Santa Fe depot. He said he wanted an upper and lower leaving for Chicago, the sooner the better.

CHARLEY gulped a brandy and brooded. Suddenly the phone rang. Monroe answered it. It was June.

"Darling," she said, "you'd never guess where I am—Colossal Studios, and oh, Monnie, it's so wonderful! I don't know where to begin, but anyway I brought up all your own stories, and the stories you wrote for Twogrand, and the man here, he's so nice, he said he's suspected that phony Scranton Englishman for years, and anyway, where am I? You've got a job here, a regular job with your name on the door, and they want you to come right over, and you're not going to be a ghost any more, and by the way, Monnie, I love you more than ever for wanting to go back to the Bronx."

Monroe banged the receiver down. "I'm not going back home," he announced. "I've changed my mind."

"She wants you to stick with me?" Charley asked hopefully.

"I've got a job," Monroe said, "my own job—at Colossal."

He rushed out and banged the door behind him, much too solidly for any ghost. Charley called the studio. He got the producer on the wire. "Listen, Sam," he said sadly, "I hate to back out on you like this, but my liver is raising hob with me . . . Yeah . . . It wouldn't be fair to you to take the job. Doctor says I'd better duck out to Hawaii for a month or so."

AL MANNERS paused and smiled. "And that's the end of my Hollywood ghost story," he said.

Everybody wanted to look at Remmy without seeming to. There was a sticky silence. Finally, when it seemed that the silence had to break or suffocate them all, Remmy said, "Bravo, Al, but we wanted ghost stories, not confessions."

But it didn't take. Remmy had lost his audience. Nobody laughed. Al just looked at him. Nancy didn't say a word. Nobody knew what would happen, until the starlet said, "What's everybody so mopy for? That was fun—and I'm going to tell the next one."

Off went the lights again. Al looked at Nancy as they blinked out. She had a funny, tentative look on her face. Showdown, Al thought. I laid it on the line. The old wheel's spinning around in her head. Oh, Zanuck! make it stop on my number.

"*The wind is blowing whooooooo . . .*" the little starlet began, remembering to keep her mouth oval the way her dramatic coach had instructed.

Everybody slumped down into the back of his chair and reached for a glass. There was nothing particularly exciting about this Hollywood darkness. Except that some of them saw Remmy steal out through it, his rat courage draining out.

Al and Nancy watched him go, and Al waited—would she follow him and apologize? The answer was a firm, silent no as she edged over and slipped her hand into Al's. And Al couldn't stop grinning. From now on ghost stories would be his favorite game.

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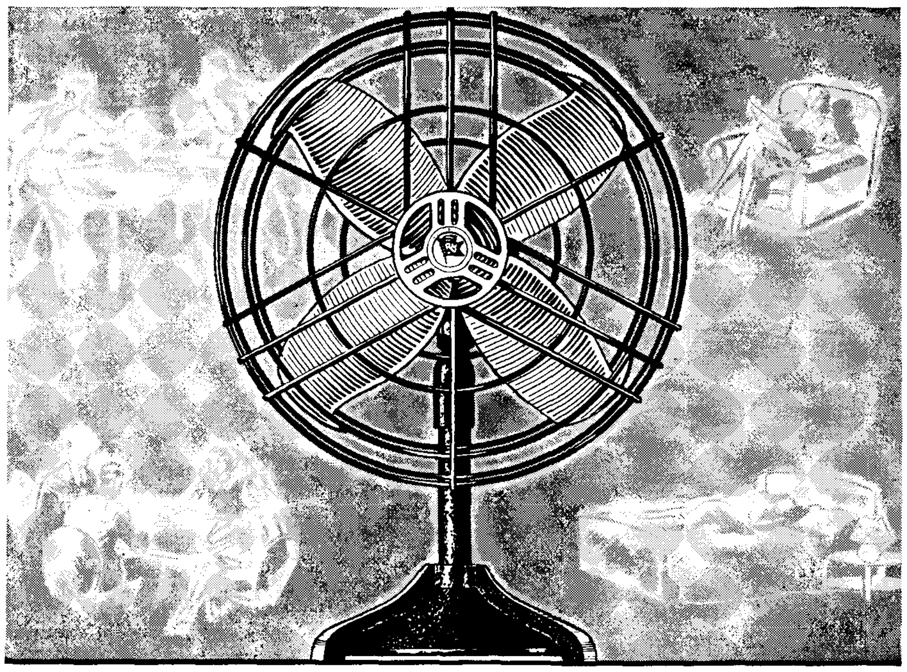

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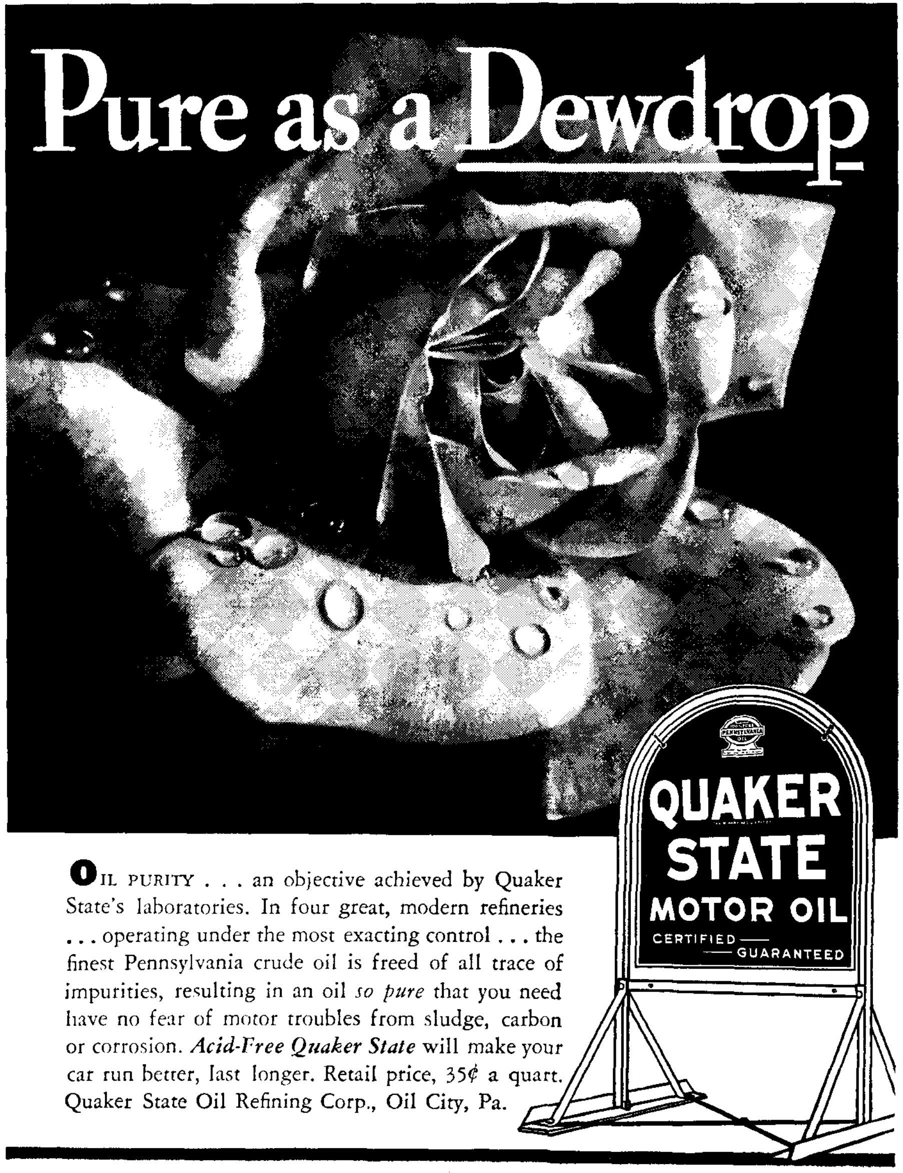

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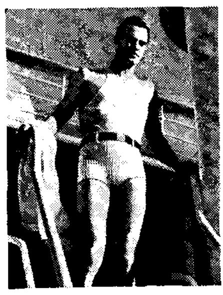
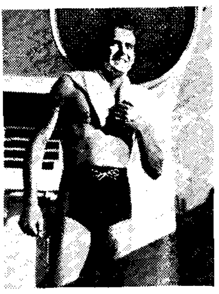




Poor Man's Fishing

Continued from page 13

shallow brackish sloughs to spawn. The best fishing is in these incoming tides.

Striped-bass anglers are an entirely different breed of cats from your trout fishermen. The latter wander off alone to whip the streams and lakes in solitude. The bass enthusiasts like to fish in crowds. They gather on wharves and along the bay shore or the sloughs, or pitch their legs on the sands behind the pounding surfs, shoulder to shoulder, casting and wrangling. They gang up on boats, a dozen of them chipping in two bucks apiece for elbow room on a trolling launch. Hundreds of them have their own outrigger motors for rowboats they rent, and some carry their own craft on trailers.

They are the most garrulous, social anglers that evolution has turned out, and they can't wait until next week end to talk rods and reels and "hardware," which includes the most formidable array of plugs, spoons, wagglers, pork rinds, basserinos, and cork flies imaginable.

For early-season trolling the bass enthusiast swears by the big redhead plug, though some anglers like them green. When the water's clear, he's an apostle of spoons with the pork-rind trailer. But that's when the anglers bring out their fancy hardware, all kinds, all colors.

Mr. Striper tries them all. He has a funny way of striking—two gentle nibbles, generally—and then, zowie, he's off for the races. He takes two to three hundred feet of line off the singing reel before you can stop him. Then it's a twenty- to forty-five-minute game of patience to tire him out and ease him in near enough to gaff or net him.

"Once you've landed these babies," declared Mr. Lamb, pointing to a wall crowded with prize winners, wreathed in smiles, and their fish, "you're bass-conscious for life."

Another evidence of bass-consciousness is the seventy-odd clubs of anglers in the cities and towns that line the bay, each with its annual prize for the heftiest striper of the year caught by a member. Some, like the San Francisco Rod and Gun Club, have their own clubhouses and have been going for forty years.

Several, like the Light Tackle Club, handicap their members to give Mr. Striper a more sporting chance. The Light Tacklers like to match their wits and a five-foot, four-ounce rod with a nine-thread line against the striper's wiles. For ten- to twenty-pounders caught with this delicate equipment, the club awards a bronze button. Catch a twenty- to thirty-pounder and you win a silver button; a thirty- to fifty-pounder and your button is gold; over that, and it is diamond-studded.

For Amateurs Only

The wharf and shore and surf contingent, who constitute the vast majority of every week-end group of anglers, are inclined to poo-poo this light-tackle philosophy. Mingle among them on the Marina, or at Hunters' Point or Baker's Beach, and you get the idea that it's fun enough to catch even a five-pounder without making the game any harder.

Their idea of equipment is a fourteen-foot stick of Calcutta bamboo, which grows under water and has but a very small hollow inside. It is tough and full of whip and sells for as little as seventy-five cents. Tie on a couple of guides and a reel of good line, and you have a two-fisted pole with which you can heave a four-ounce sinker and a sardine four hundred feet out into the surf, beyond the inner breakers. That's where a medium-sized bass is liable to be feeding any day of the year. The boat anglers have a season, roughly February to November. The surf fighters fish all year round.

No fish has ever been subject to more controversy than the striped bass, particularly on the Pacific Coast. He has had apostles and godfathers galore willing to fight all comers to conserve the striper as a game fish. On the other side of the fence are the commercial fishermen of both coasts, who claim that the bass belongs to the market.

While the California Fish and Game Commission has been alert to protect the striper with various devices to encourage propagation, it has sided with the commercial fishermen, whose nets dragged over a million pounds a year out of the bay at spawning time for the markets. The state first forbade catching fish of less than three pounds, then required the commercial fishermen to use nets with five and one-half inch mesh, which enabled the four- and five-year oldsters to escape to spawn at least once.

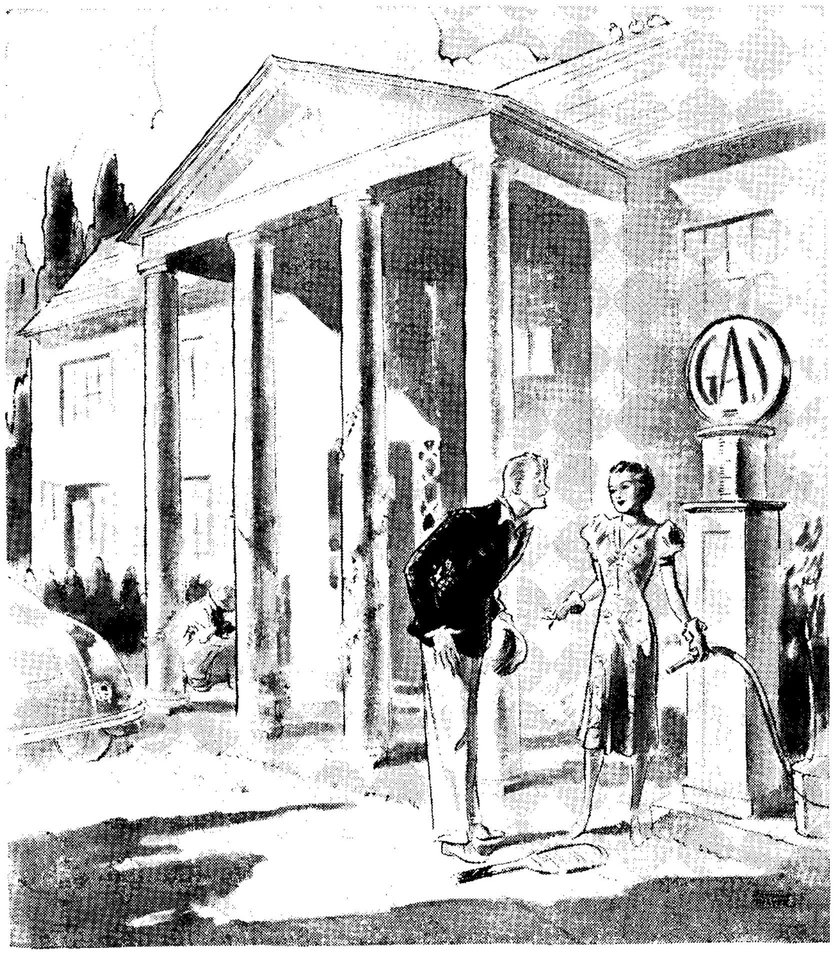
None of these measures satisfied the sportsmen. Rallying behind that grand old angler, Howard Vernon, known as "the father of the striped-bass bill," they stormed the state capitol year after year and raised such a hullabaloo that three years ago, against the advice of the commission's experts, the legislature closed striper fishing to the commercial men. Today, no one may buy or sell a striper in California without running afoul the law, and any bass caught accidentally in the nets of the shad fishermen must be turned over to the game wardens to be delivered free of charge to charitable institutions. But any sportsman may take five a day—if his bait or hardware and the tides are just right.

The California experiments are significant to anglers everywhere, because San Francisco Bay and its thousand miles of tributary waters, and the eight hundred miles of ocean to the north and south, where the stripers migrate to sea, are under control of a single fish-and-game commission. To attempt a similar control of striped-bass fishing on the Atlantic would call for at least a nine-state agreement, a difficult deal to bring about until it is proved beyond doubt that the bass can be saved for poor man's fishing by more strict regulation, not only of the catch but of pollution.

The Striper's Worst Enemy

The California anglers have another advantage. Although there are a dozen cities and a considerable number of factories on the Western striped-bass waters, the communities are becoming "bass-conscious" about pollution. The state itself is strict with industries that once dumped chemicals, oils and poisons in the bay. The fish experts all agree that the real enemy of the striper isn't the commercial fishermen, but the industries that have sprung up along hundreds of once clear sloughs and rivers where the fish used to spawn. It's a good deal as Skipper Gene Copp says:

"I can remember when there was a fish for everybody just ten minutes from the heart of town, and I'm not so old either. Then we started dumping rubbish and sewage on the flats, and the bass went away. Now we have to go after them in boats. If we'd keep the waters clean they'd come back to town again and there'd be fish enough for everybody. That's the real answer to poor man's fishing."



"So many motorists mistook this for a filling station that we put in a gas pump" RAYMOND THAYER

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Looking You in the Eye

Continued from page 25

that's between the cornea and the iris, then through the little hole in the iris to the lens and through the lens and finally through that clear jellylike substance called the vitreous humor—vitreous for glassy—to the retina.

If you have ever looked at your arm under water you know how it seems to bend a little where it enters the water. Well, that's because the rays of light coming from something fairly solid like the water into something light like the air actually do bend, and that in reverse is what the cornea and aqueous humor and vitreous humor all do to the light rays entering your eye. And no matter what you're looking at they bend the rays just so much. But the job of the crystalline lens is a lot bigger than that. It has to bend the light waves enough more so that they will focus right smack on the retina. It has to do the same job, as a matter of fact, that a camera lens does when you move it away from or close to a film before taking a picture, only it has to do it without moving.

If you were a fish it would be simple, for the lens in a fish's eye actually does move back and forth depending on what he wants to see, just like a camera lens. But not in your eye or mine—nothing so simple. Instead, the lens has to flatten out or thicken up, has to take the place of a hundred different lenses and all in the space that it takes you to look up from your book to see who is entering the room. You may have the rays of that dress right on your retina, but you haven't seen it yet, not by a long shot. You still have those nine layers of cells to deal with.

The Eye's Chemical Laboratory

The first eight layers, which act a little like plumbers' assistants helping the ninth layer to do its job efficiently, are transparent, so the rays go right through them to the last layer. This is made up of a lot of little specialized nerve fibers that stick up like a microscopic field of mixed grain, and these fibers are called rods and cones. Now here's where the chemical laboratory I promised you in the beginning comes in, for most scientists believe that those rods and cones are just full of chemical substances that react all in a flash to the different waves of light, and actually print a picture of what you are seeing on the surface of your retina. And while they're going through the chemical changes that print the picture, those changes are stimulating the different little nerve cells that are attached to each rod and cone. And the nerve cells are carrying the stimulus along to the optic nerve, which comes off from the middle of your retina and which incidentally you've heard of as the blind spot in your eye. For where the central nerve goes off there aren't any rods and cones to react to the light. The optic nerve carries the stimulus to a certain part of your brain, which inefficiently enough is way in the back part of your head, and you've seen the dress.

But a lot more has to go on for you to see it than I've told you so far, because the rods and cones each do very definite and highly specialized jobs. The cones, which look like a lot of tiny closed-up tulip bulbs on stalks, are what you see color with. A good many scientists believe that there are three different chemical substances in the cones, which react to three main lengths of color waves, one to the short violet, one to the long red, and one to the medium green. And all other colors, these scientists believe, are mixtures of these waves.

Color-blind people, according to this, are apt to have been born with something wrong with their cones so they don't react properly to all these color waves. That's why some color-blind people can't see red, for instance, but can see other colors perfectly, while others can see red but can't see green.

But that isn't all the cones do. They are also what you see sharp details with, and there is a little spot on your retina, just outside where the optic nerve goes off, that's called the fovea. Here all the nine layers of cells have thinned down to only one and there aren't any rods, just cones, and here is where you see things most clearly. That's why, when you want to get a really good look at something you turn your head right toward it, so that the image will fall directly on this little cone-filled fovea.

But don't get the idea from this that the rods aren't important, too. From a standpoint of safety they're really more important. In the first place, the rods, which stand up all over the retina outside the fovea, scattered among the cones and outnumbering them toward the outside, are what make us able to see any sudden motion out of the corner of our eyes, such as an approaching automobile, and avoid it. And what's still more important, it's the rods that allow us to see at night.

"Mr. Carruthers is out and I mean out!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

There has been a lot of talk lately about night blindness because there have been so many serious automobile accidents caused by people's inability to see as much at night as they should. Well, when people have night blindness it means the rods in their eyes aren't working properly, because what makes us able to see at night is a certain chemical that's in the rods, called visual purple, or rhodopsin, if you feel scientific.

Scientists have examined this visual purple and found that chemically it is

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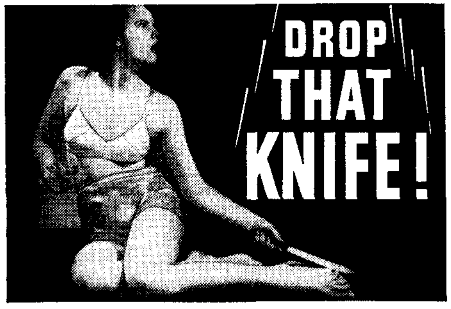
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*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

pretty closely related to one of the vitamins, the one called A that is found in egg yolks and butter and cream and cod-liver oil. Night blindness, they have found, is due to a deficiency of this vitamin A, and people can usually be cured of it by feeding them up on these nourishing little delicacies.

Almost the strangest thing about the retina, however, is that with all this complicated apparatus it very seldom gets out of order, and even when it does the trouble is often with the network of blood vessels that lies very near the surface of the retina, and not with all the complicated chemical works. Even total blindness is much less often due to trouble with the retina than to other causes. And when people have to wear glasses it is practically always the less complicated parts that are at fault and not the retina.

If people are nearsighted, for instance, it has nothing to do with their retinas, but is usually because their eyeballs are too long and so the rays of light fall short of the retina. Often they were born that way, but sometimes they were born with a weak coating on the eyeball and pressure from inside has lengthened it out. If people are farsighted, and this is almost always congenital, it is because their eyeballs are too short and the light waves, instead of focusing on the retinas where they should, focus in back. So if they're looking at a newspaper, for instance, they have to hold it farther away to make it focus right. When people have what is known as astigmatism it is because there is some irregularity in the curve of one or the other of their eyeballs, making the image in their retinas fall off center. And all those things, as well as the gradual stiffening of the crystalline lens with age, are what people commonly wear glasses for, a second pair of lenses, helping the lenses already inside their eyes to focus the light waves from outside directly on the retina.

Of course all around the eyeball, and inside it as well, are ten or so tiny muscles and when the lens doesn't focus as it should these muscles work as hard as they can to overcome the trouble, trying to turn the eye nearer the object or vice versa, trying to curve the lens more or flatten it out. And when they work too hard we get headaches or feel dizzy or ill or exhausted, and that is what is meant by eyestrain. It is because of all those tiny muscles that oculists put drops in your eyes. The drops are usually medicine known as homatropin that relaxes the muscles inside the eye so that they can't strain to help you focus. Then the oculist can make tests and find out how much you can see when you're not trying and what sort of glasses you'll need so that you won't have to try.

Glasses Strengthen the Eye

Incidentally you may have heard people say they don't want to begin wearing glasses because they don't want to grow dependent on them. Well, that is all nonsense. Wearing the right glasses, as a matter of fact, often so rests and strengthens the eyes that they grow to need glasses less and less.

If you're having any trouble with your eyes you'll be wise to see an oculist or ophthalmologist about it. A skillful optometrist can undoubtedly do a pretty good job of fitting you to glasses but there are a lot of other things besides eyestrain that might show up in your eyes to someone who has had medical training. Cataract is one, a gradual filming over of the lens of older people until it becomes entirely opaque and sometimes has to be operated on and removed. Glaucoma is another eye disease common among older people. In this, too, great pressure from the vitreous humor causes terrific pain and inflammation and sometimes, if it isn't very promptly treated, even blindness. Then there are various inflammations and injuries of the cornea and iris that can cause serious trouble. One of the commonest of these, some years ago, was due to gonorrheal infections of the eye contracted during birth. But doctors got to work on that, and it is now the law in most states that a weak silver-nitrate solution must be dropped in the eye of every infant almost the moment it is born. This simple but vital little procedure has cut down tremendously eye trouble in children due to corneal inflammation.

There is still, however, a great deal more eye trouble among school children than you would possibly imagine. We are finding this out because a good many states now have compulsory sight tests in all public schools. They show that from ten to twenty per cent of all children have more or less defective eyesight.

Sight-Saving Glasses

If the children's eye trouble is the sort than can be corrected with glasses it is all very simple. The teacher or parents can see that they get the right glasses. But suppose it's beyond that. Suppose the child's eyesight has been damaged by a corneal scar, or suppose he is too nearsighted to work with normal children, yet not handicapped enough to be grouped with completely blind ones. He has to be educated and learn to be a useful citizen, and yet it is very important to save what sight he has left. The solution of this, all over the country in hundreds of schools, has been special sight-saving classes, classes where children who can't see as well as they should can go right ahead with their lessons with the help of extra large type, particularly fine lighting, and as much oral instruction as possible.

It is inevitable, of course, the eye working as it does, that as people grow older their sight-seeing apparatus will become less flexible and need glasses to help it out. But there is no doubt that a good deal can be done to delay this time and keep eyes that do need glasses from growing any worse. There are societies for the prevention of blindness growing rapidly in this country, as well as abroad, that are trying to do everything possible to co-operate with physicians to help people save their sight. These societies are the strongest force behind the sight-saving classes I just told you about. Another important thing they are working for is better laws for the protection of eyes in industry. There are already some laws, but not enough, and every year hundreds of people become blind or partly blind from wrongly directed chemicals, abrasives flying off polishing wheels, and glaring lights such as acetylene torches.

But perhaps almost more dangerous to our eyes and our children's eyes is the damage that is done every year in factories and stores and theaters and people's own homes from just plain bad lighting. The Society for the Prevention of Blindness, working with various medical societies, is doing everything it can to make proper lighting be defined and required by law in public places. They can't have laws passed requiring you and all your friends to turn on enough lights in the proper places but they're trying their best to make you conscious of how important it is. A good many electric companies now will send an expert around to your home, free, to look over your lighting, measure it with a scientific instrument and tell you whether you have enough of the right kind in the right place. They probably sell more bulbs because of this service but even if they do it is a good work. All this in time may do a good many oculists and ophthalmologists out of a job, but they apparently don't care, for they're working for it just as hard as if it wouldn't.

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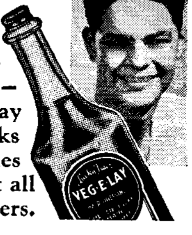

HELPLESS BEFORE THE SHADOW OF DOOM!
HIGH-POWERED FATE ROARS DOWN ON UNSEEN COUPLE

"It was dark and overcast on Lake Minnetonka that night with just a sickle moon showing," writes Mrs. Allan S. Dempsey of 4729 Park Avenue, Minneapolis, "but it was lovely and cool after the heat of the day.

"We were just drifting, enjoying the peace and quiet. Presently, way off, came the muffled roar of a high powered speed boat. We paid no attention for a while. But the roar became louder and louder.

"The boat was coming right for us, wide open! It had no lights, but its black silhouette was like the shadow of doom and the roar of its motor seemed to fill the night!

"We could scarcely hear our own screams, and wondered whether to jump or stay in our rowboat...then Allan's hand went suddenly to his pocket, and an instant later the beam of his flashlight cut the darkness!

"The speed boat swerved, hit us only a glancing blow instead of cutting us in two, thanks to Allan's quick wits and the ready power of the fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries in that light.

"The boys in the boat got us home, badly scared, soaking wet, but *alive*. I understand now how it can be a matter of life and death whether your flashlight batteries work or fail. We are mighty grateful to those dated 'Eveready' batteries.

(*Signed*) Mrs. Allan S. Dempsey"

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AUG. 1938
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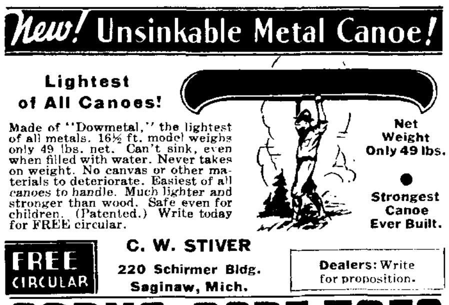
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Scout Detail

Continued from page 17

"Indian Peak," said Parke Stobo.

Fort Tonto gossip had already informed Philip Wells that every foot of this ground was dangerous. The watchword was: If you see Indian sign, be careful; if you see no sign, be more careful. He could detect, however, no particular vigilance in Stobo's continuing dismal silence, or from Charley Boren, who never turned his head and never appeared to open his shuttered eyes. What he did not observe was the constant traveling of Charley Boren's glance. It reached from the ground underfoot forward to the limits of the trail; it lay on the massed mesquite and touched the rising barricades of flinty earth.

Behind Wells the troopers rode with that perfect disposition of weight that comes only from long campaigning. Sergeant O'Mara's gaunt Irish face was the color of weathered terra cotta and his black dragon's mustaches swept hugely across an expression permanently melancholy. Von Lauff, the junior sergeant, was an ex-member of the German Imperial Guard. He had a Prussian neck and an old soldier's stony, angular features. Trumpeter Martin was merely a boy, a tough lad from the Eastern pavements; the front brim of his hat creased upward and his cheeks were smooth. Behind these the column advanced stolidly, half enveloped in its own mica-shot dust.

Stobo said: "What's news from Tucson, Charley?"

"Heard it said Geronimo's back in the Dragoons again."

"I was thinking of fresh strawberries," said Parke Stobo. "Fresh strawberries and clotted cream." Stobo was a reserved, olive-skinned officer, thick of hip and leg but slender at the waist, and somewhat hard to know. He wasn't many years older than Wells, but he had been on the frontier three seasons and showed its shrewd weathering. Any man who fought Apaches that long was old.

Charley Boren pointed a hand. "Over there—base of that butte—is where the Parker outfit was killed." His glance touched Philip Wells with a brief and indirect force and went away.

"Why are we out today?" asked Wells.

Stobo said: "Routine detail. We make an appearance on this side of the Mesquites so that it may influence the Apaches to keep on the other side, which helps the troops at Bowie to find them. The game is played that way."

"You mean the Apaches are observing us?"

"Very likely."

"Now?"

"I imagine so," said Parke Stobo in his dry, reserved voice. "The game is played that way—by both sides. Apaches are clever. Very clever. We can teach them nothing—and learn a good deal."

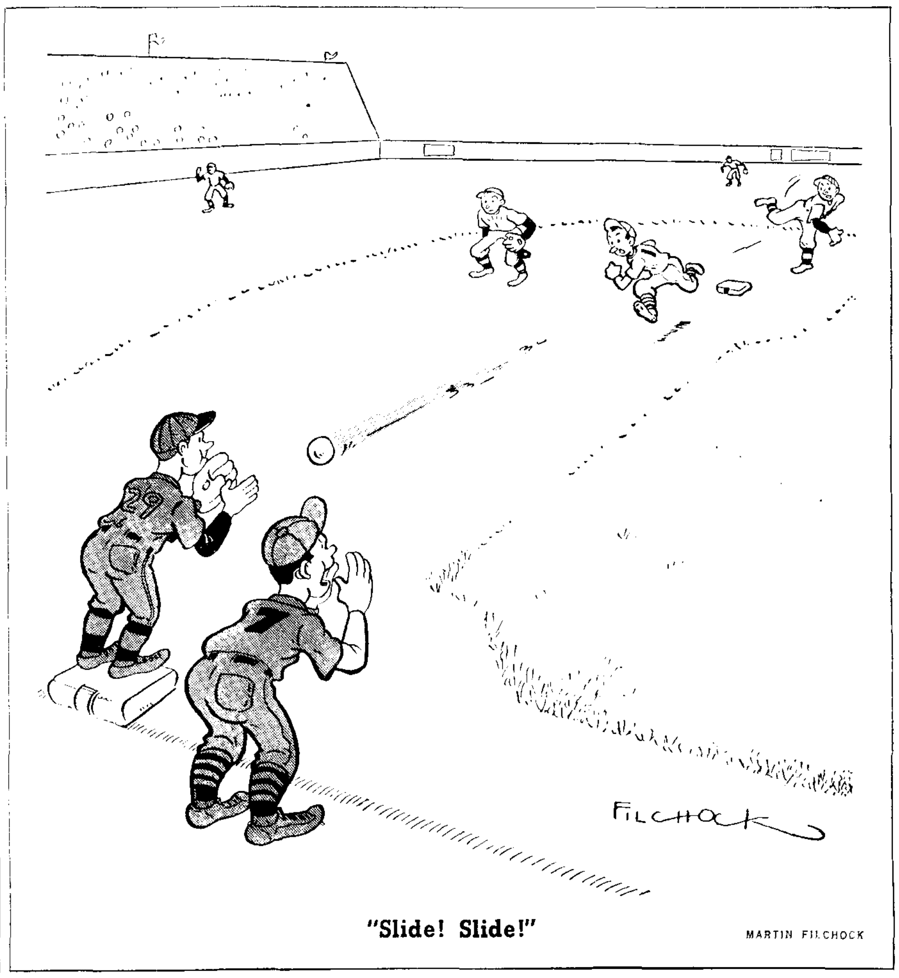
"A savage is a savage," said Philip Wells, the faint intolerance of his youth coming up, "and not to be compared to a white man. My attitude is that we have temporized. There is our mistake. We ought to smash them, once and for all."

"It is an attitude," commented Parke Stobo.

Charley Boren's quick glance again touched Philip Wells, but when Wells looked at the scout he saw only a motionless, expressionless profile.

AT NOON, and without warning, the column broke over a rim and came upon a 'dobe ranch house sitting beneath the half shade of thin mesquite trees. Water from a spring played into a shallow pond. This was Pete Kemmel's ranch.

The detail stopped for noon meal, which was a cold bacon sandwich out of the troopers' saddlebags. A few men came from the shadowed interior of the 'dobe, one of them stopping by Charley Boren. He was high and lean and old, with a great hat seated down against a sail-like pair of ears; he walked in a loose and exhausted manner.



"Slide! Slide!"

MARTIN FILCHOCK

“How the hell are you, Charley?”

“Seen Indians, Pete?”

“Ain't looked.”

“Signs all around here. Fresh.”

“ 'Bout time, I guess.”

A girl appeared, whereupon Philip Wells straightened himself and stared. She was perhaps eighteen, with hair as yellow as he had ever seen. A thoroughly plain dress lay carelessly against a robust shape. Her shoulders were firm and her breasts full and pleasantly molded against the dress. She smiled at Parke Stobo and spoke to Charley Boren; and then Philip Wells noticed she was barefooted. Her eyes came around and Wells felt the quick, thoroughly alive force of her glance. It made him flush up and remove his hat. Parke Stobo said: “Lieutenant Wells, Pete. New to the command. And Kitty Kemmel, Lieutenant.” Philip Wells bowed. Charley Boren and Parke Stobo talked a little while with the rancher and around one o'clock the detail moved off. Just before this pocketed ranch was lost to sight Philip Wells looked behind him, strongly stirred, and saw the girl standing against the 'dobe's wall, a hand shading her eyes as she watched the detail go. She waved once.

“If this is risky country,” he said, “why do they stay?”

“Pete figures he's got to live someplace,” said Charley Boren.

“Just the same, I should think he'd regard his daughter's safety.”

“She's a pretty good shot, too.”

BUT Charley Boren was more alert than he had been. He showed it in the way he occasionally bent from the saddle to study the earth; in the way his neck began to swing. “They're over here, Parke,” he grumbled to Stobo. “A lot of 'em. Whut's brought 'em across the Mesquites, I dunno. Maybe Tucson is right and Geronimo is back in the Dragoons.” He said, an hour later. “Left,” and the column moved into more rugged ground, breaking across another small rim. Mesquite half rimmed a clearing that showed marks of a fire and of recent habitation. Charley Boren grunted: “Rancheria. Recent as yesterday.”

“Indians?” asked Wells.

“Thick enough to smell,” said Boren.

“I smell nothing. And see nothing.”

“It is something you will acquire,” said Parke Stobo.

At four they stopped for water at a high pool and even Philip Wells saw the unshod hoofmarks around it. Charley Boren said: “This mornin'. They're swarmin'. So I guess Geronimo's back all right.”

“We're a routine detail, Charley,” said Parke Stobo, with that touch of dry and elusive irony in his voice. “Our only purpose is to display the panoplied majesty of the government's might before the untutored savage, and so throw the fear of God into his simple heart. The error of that conception, Lieutenant Wells, is that the Apache isn't much impressed by the sight of a cavalry detail lumbering along at three miles an hour.”

Charley Boren added: “You can say it quicker. The Apaches don't scare easy.”

Parke Stobo murmured: “All this day the damnable fragments of a poem have rattled around my head.” He lifted his voice and at once melody came to it:

“ *'For oft when on my couch I lie,*
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They float—' ”

He said: “You know the rest of that, Wells?”

“No.”

“Well, it is nothing but a silly distraction. But you will come to appreciate distractions if you campaign long on the border.”

Philip Wells made his meal that night, unutterably tired. He was quick-eyed enough to see that Charley Boren showed minute signs of restlessness. The guide's head kept swinging as though he were scenting this stifling black. The heat held on. Somebody was singing and Trumpeter Martin broke into a short, youthful laugh. “Von Lauff, you don't know Mexican women at all. That girl at Bowie damn' near carved you up. She told me, next night.” Sergeant O'Mara stood over the adjoining fire, gaunt-shaped, the blood glow touching up that permanent melancholy of an old soldier.

Parke Stobo said: “ 'In vacant or in pensive mood, they float—' ”

Charley Boren rose off his haunches and made a half turn, the derby pushed back on his head. He faced the south and he was stiffly listening. Out of the near shadows came the slow tone of Trooper Eads:

“ *'They float upon that inward eye,*
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with rapture fills
And dances with the daffodils.' ”

Stobo said: “Thank you, Eads.” Philip Wells looked around and saw Trooper Eads' thin and bitter face fade away from the firelight, as though he had betrayed some inner secret.

Boren slapped a hand sharply against his thigh. At once Parke Stobo was up and Philip Wells was up. O'Mara was saying, down the line: “Easy, bhoys. 'Tis a bad smell somewhere.”

The whole line had risen and everybody was drawing away from the firelight. Motionless on his weary legs, Philip Wells strained for some sound.

“One rider,” murmured Charley Boren. But it was a full five minutes afterward before Philip Wells heard the rider break the profound stillness. Far off this messenger started calling: “Hello, camp! Hello, camp!” Sergeant O'Mara wheeled and vanished. The messenger's hoofs pounded on the flinty flooring of the hills and even then, from the unbridled rush of that oncoming pony, Philip Wells knew there was trouble. Sergeant O'Mara's bronze voice set up a beautiful racket down by the horses. “Come up—come up. We'll be ridin'. Cawprul Gibbs, where the hell are you?”

THE messenger heaved into the dimming circle of firelight and stopped there. He was a long, red-haired cowpuncher leaning down from the saddle, the streaked pattern of sweat and dust on his face. “Pete Kemmel's place. I knowed you'd be around here somewhere's. Apaches got everybody but me, I guess.”

Stobo's calm call went out: “O'Mara.” But even then the detail's horses were coming up and the column had formed. Philip Wells accepted his horse from Trumpeter Martin and presently they were at a trot, reaching through the scatter of rocks in a thoroughly sightless night. Charley Boren and the red-headed puncher led the way.

Stobo said to Wells: “This is a routine detail, but you never know. Something has been in my craw all day, and this is it. You get a feeling about these things if you stay on the border long enough. Never trust an Apache, Wells. We have seen nothing since sunup, yet these hills have been swarming with the devils.”

They went alternately at a trot and a gallop, back down the undulations of the Mesquite Hills, and somewhere in the night—Wells had long since lost sense of time—the smell of wood smoke began to taint the still heated air. Dropping over a stringer of land he saw the dying glow of a fire below him in the Kemmel yard.

There had been a fire inside the house

Mary Jane Brown
March 16, 1938
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SHELL
SALES HINTS

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Boy, am I layin' for that guy! Nearly every day he rolls in here and asks me "What's new?"

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"And three-quarters of engine wear happens in starting.

"Well, you do a lot of this stop-and-go driving. Now Golden Shell—only a quarter, too, Mr. Gimple—gets going like a flash o' lightning the second you step on the starter." That ought to sell him!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

P.S. It didn't work. He came in this morning. I says, "Mr. Gimple, you know what happens when you park?" He says, *"Sure—I get a ticket every time!"*

and one outside. The outside fire still smoldered and shed a low, saturnine light on the scene. Wells dismounted with the others. Charley Boren wheeled to the doorway and dropped on a knee. Somebody called from another quarter of the yard. "Pete's lyin' over here with Ben Vorhees." But Stobo and Wells followed Charley Boren and then Wells saw the yellow-headed girl lying stripped and broken and dead there. Her hair was no longer full and yellow. Wells whipped himself around and went away, remembering how she had smiled at him that noon. His stomach muscles tightened: he felt sick physically. He stood with one arm against his horse, for support. Stobo's voice was slow: "Nobody left. How many were here?"

"Five," said Charley Boren. "Pete fought Apaches too long. He got careless."

"Where's the best water now, Charley?"

"North side of Indian Peak."

"So they'll be there. O'Mara, lay these people inside the 'dobe and block the doorway."

THE troopers moved around the dark, lugging up Pete Kemmel and the others. The surviving cowpuncher said: "I'm going to ride through to the Glory Mine and bring the boys up here tonight."

The troopers were assembling again. Parke Stobo came up to Philip Wells. The firelight vaguely touched his face, showing it narrow and pointed and alive. All this man's sardonic indifference was gone. His bright glance bit into Wells. "The first detail usually is a little hard," he said, and swung into the saddle. Philip Wells followed suit and the detail climbed out of Kemmel's meadow and was lost again in the consuming dark. He heard Charley Boren say: "I recognize Tansan's style in this. Well, Tansan likes the rough rocks northwest of the Peak. The lower trail, Stobo."

They traveled slowly into a world Philip Wells couldn't see. Now and then Charley Boren's shape faded away, not to reappear for a quarter or half hour. Long later they rested, and went on. The blackness got deeper as the night wore through and a more obstinate shadow stood before them. Stars scattered the sky like diamond dust. From somewhere a faint breeze arrived.

Long past midnight, after two or three extended stops, Stobo said: "You are in charge of the command, Wells. Wait here." And disappeared with Charley Boren.

Dismounted beside the horse, Wells felt loneliness bear him down. His senses grew violently alive, and tricky and false shadows moved around him and his ears began to hear a thousand sounds. He made a complete turn. Sergeant O'Mara's voice, old and weary and quite soft, came from an arm's distance. "Did the lieutenant speak?"

"No," said Wells, but relief instantly eased him.

"There are no darker nights than Arizona nights," said O'Mara in his reassuring tone. "Like maybe the good God got ashamed of the day and wanted to wipe it out."

Stobo and Charley Boren materialized after a long wait. The column proceeded again. The ground began to lift beneath Wells and that ever-present shadow before them showed a blacker substance. Stobo murmured, "Indian Peak." It was then, Wells judged, around three o'clock. They passed between rocky shoulders, with a draft of air striking their faces, and came out into what seemed level ground. The smell of pine was in the wind. Stobo said: "O'Mara, we leave the horses here."

Stumbling on afoot, Philip took a good deal of pains to plant his boots before him; he was that incredibly weary. The big muscles of his thighs were altogether like lead. The day's sunlight had turned his face raw; when he swung his head the collar of his shirt scraped on cooked skin. There was a first milky color in the darkness, sign of day. Stobo murmured, "Here." The column faded against the earth. Somewhere in the distance a dog barked and Philip Wells sat down with his back to a rock.

Something struck his ribs and he opened his eyes and was ashamed to know he had fallen asleep. Parke Stobo murmured, "You will stay by me in what follows." A sharp-slanting earth had risen out of the night and in the gray dawn Wells saw the detail flattened against a kind of rocky parapet. Behind them the loosely pine-studded ground went swiftly downgrade. Turning, he saw Charley Boren on his hands and knees, peering over the natural parapet. Wells caught the smell of wood smoke. Charley Boren drew back and fixed his derby more securely on his head. He looked at Stobo and nodded. O'Mara watched Stobo's face and caught a sign; and the sergeant lifted his hand in signal to the waiting line.

Blood raced through Wells and his mouth was extraordinarily dry. All this line breasted the parapet, kneeling as though in prayer. Trumpeter Martin, whose post was properly behind the detail's commander, crawled over on his stomach, his young lips showing a tight, flashing grin through a solid mask of alkali. Charley Boren adjusted his hat again and took a fresh chew. Private Eads, adjoining Wells, lowered his thin, bitter face and drew a quick breath. It was not, Wells thought, the reaction of a man in any degree afraid, but rather the gesture of one who went into a disagreeable chore without interest. Parke Stobo made another signal and rose and stepped across the rocky parapet. The whole line rose immediately.

In that moment, one hand drawing his service revolver and the other knocking the trailing saber away from his legs, Philip Wells saw the scene distinctly. Ahead of them a hundred yards the gray mists of morning curled over a clearing in the high pines. There was a fire burning and Indians were just rising off the earth; and he saw one squaw. At this instant the line of troopers let out a rattling yell and fell into the charge, their carbines already beginning to blast the stillness.

KEEPING abreast of that rolling line, he saw the Apaches break and weave and wheel. Some of them raced for picketed ponies on the clearing's edge. The detail's guns were searching out that corner, dropping Indians and horses alike. All this was telescoped confusion, with the bronze yelling of the troopers rising and the sudden whoops of the Apaches coming back and gunfire rocketing the meadow and dust boiling all about. Wells found himself in front of the squaw, who drew a long knife out of her skirt and lunged at him. He parried it partially with his revolver and felt the tip slice the skin of his upper arm. Private Eads came across his vision, knocking the squaw down and going on. An Indian rolled like a cat on the earth and presented a gun at Wells, firing point-blank. The scorch of that powder was on Wells' face as he fired in turn and saw the savage sink.

He saw them rise and he saw them fall. It was all a gray and blue and brown mixture. Parke Stobo made a stand, his right arm kicking back from the discharged revolver, and crooking for another shot, and kicking back again. He was a cool shape in the melee, with Trumpeter Martin kneeling and firing beside him. The big carbines rolled up a heavy thunder. Apaches were rushing away and horses were sinking on their forelegs. Sergeant O'Mara appeared beside Wells and fired twice and Wells, half wheeling, saw a tawny, naked shape fall away. O'Mara yelled: "Watch sharp, Lieutenant!"

But it was over then. The squaw knelt on the ground with her head bowed over; she was wailing up a sound that turned Wells' blood cold. The remaining handful of the raiding party rushed away, barebacked, while the bullets of the troopers went booming after. And presently the firing died and silence came creeping into this powder-stenched clearing on the high flanks of Indian Peak. Wells saw horses and Apaches lying as a distorted scatter of color on the earth. As for himself, he could not recall his actions, and was half surprised to find himself with his feet straddling a dead brave and his gun in his fist.

TRUMPETER MARTIN whipped his instrument to his lips and blew recall. Parke Stobo turned, the balls of his eyes white in the gray morning and his face quite strict. "Well done, Lieutenant." The troopers came back in loose-kneed reluctance. Charley Boren stood over the squaw, talking her tongue brusquely. Turning, Wells saw Private Eads lying dead near the campfire.

"That will be all," said Stobo, and looked a long while at Private Eads on the ground. . . .

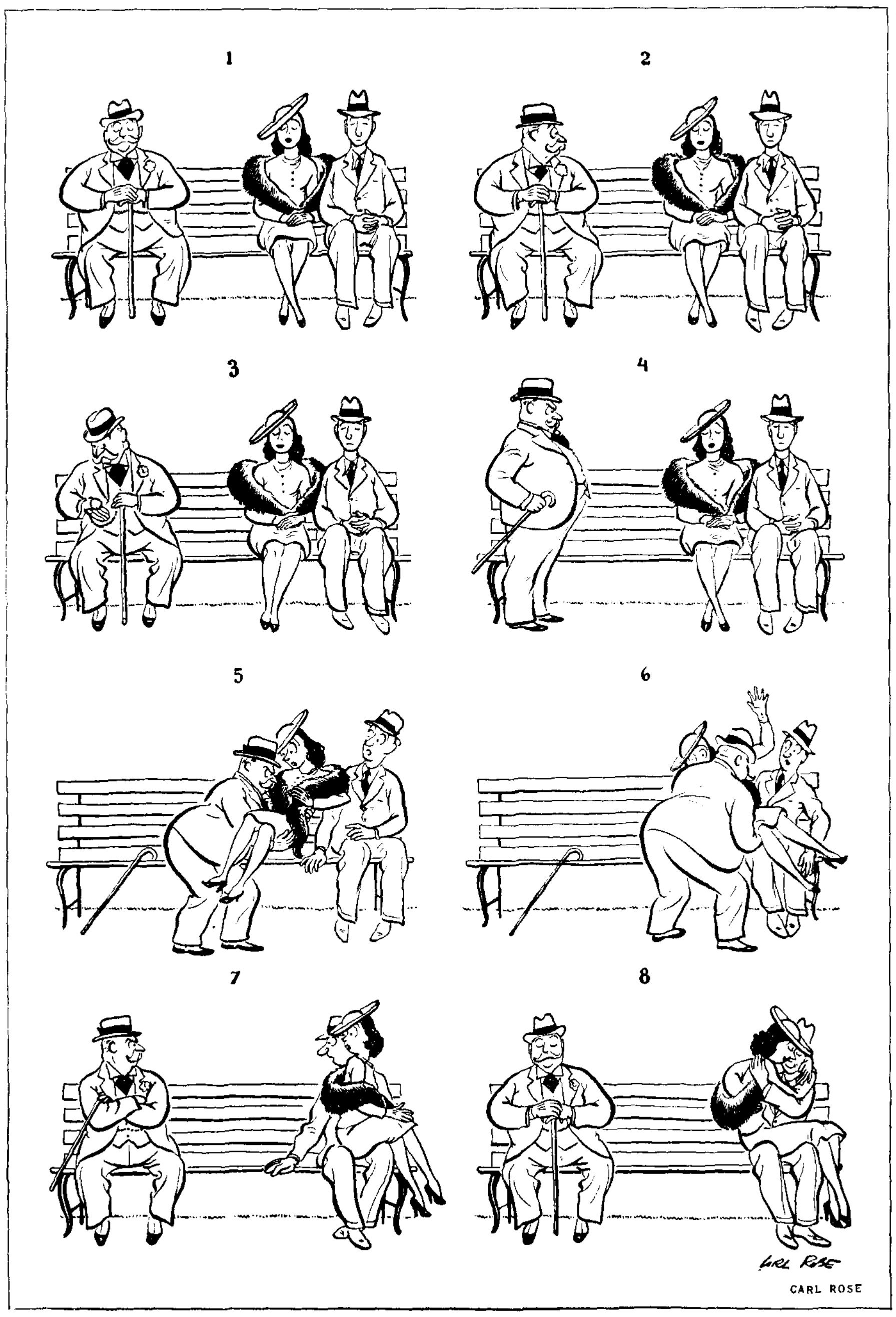
Late in the evening of one more blistering day, Parke Stobo's detail came by post No. 1 at Fort Tonto with Private Eads lashed across a saddle. The brutal force of thirty-six hours' riding weighted them down. Wells dismounted with difficulty and turned over his horse and stood spraddle-legged, watching the colonel come over the parade. Parke Stobo said to the colonel:

"Reporting back from detail, sir. A band under Tansan raided Pete Kemmel's ranch and killed them. We made chase and had a brush with them on the Salduro Park, killing several and dispersing the rest. I regret to inform you of the loss of Private Eads."

"Very well, Lieutenant."

Charley Boren shook Parke Stobo's hand, and shook Philip Wells' hand—the grip as brief and lifeless as ever—and ambled over the parade with his derby hat well tilted. Philip Wells walked to his own quarters, stiffness increasing in his legs, not hearing Stobo's remark to the colonel: "He'll do, sir."

He lighted a candle and immediately upended the water jar on the washstand and drank with an immoderate haste. Water spilled out of his lip corners, down the front of his shirt. He pushed his legs farther apart, oppressed by the trapped heat of this little room. He remained on his feet with difficulty, a robust and half-handsome young man turned stupid by his weariness. Alkali coated his scorched face and he could scarcely move his lips and he saw the neatness of his suspended dress uniform and the orderly row of books on the packing case through a red and cloudy haze. He was thinking of the yellow-headed girl when his eyes fell on the diary. Suddenly he said, with a thick tongue, "Gallant, my God!" And reached for the diary on the packing case. He threw it into a corner, and sat down on the edge of the cot, and rolled out full length. He was asleep before he had drawn another full breath.



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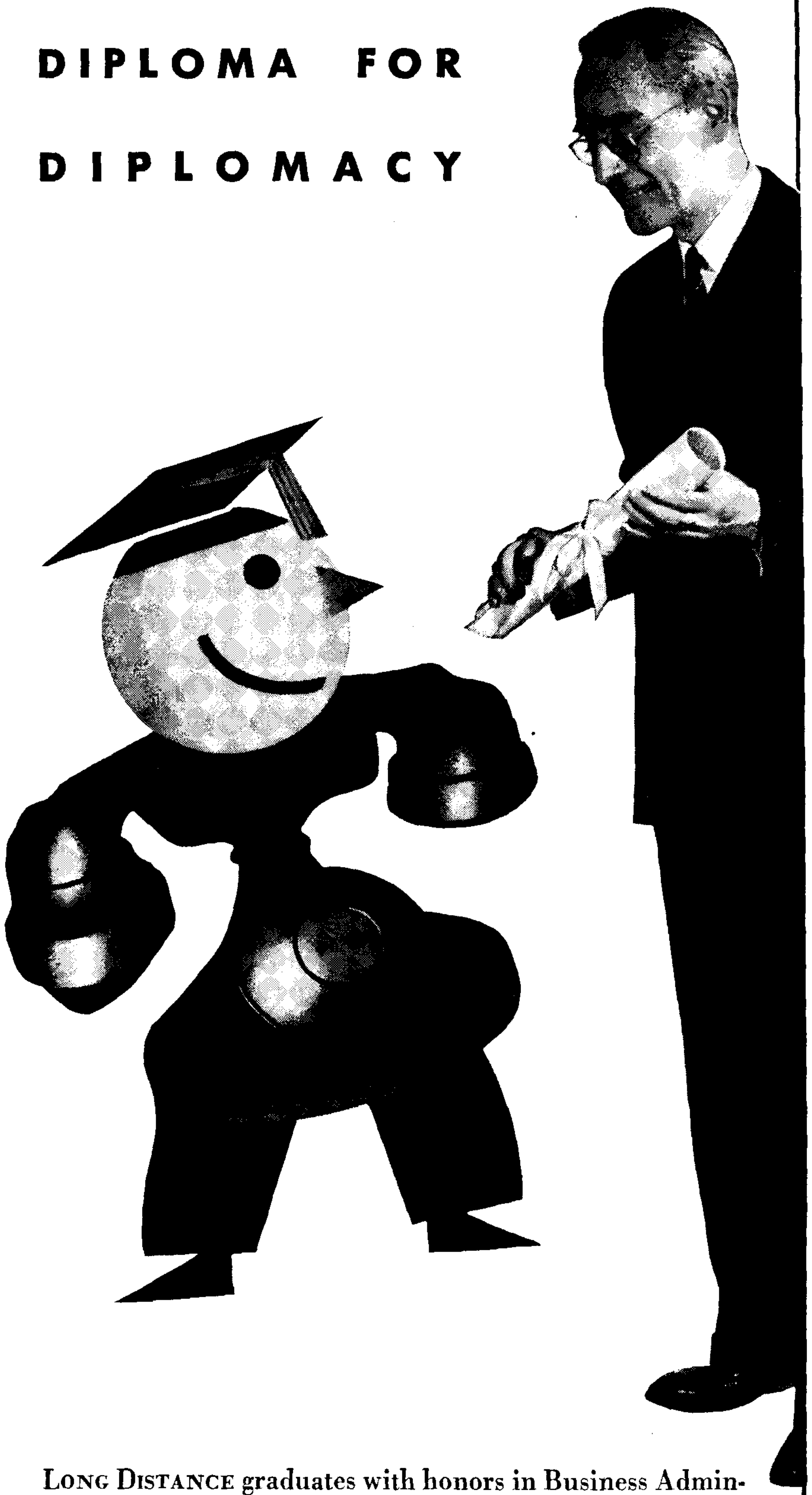

Look Before You Hit

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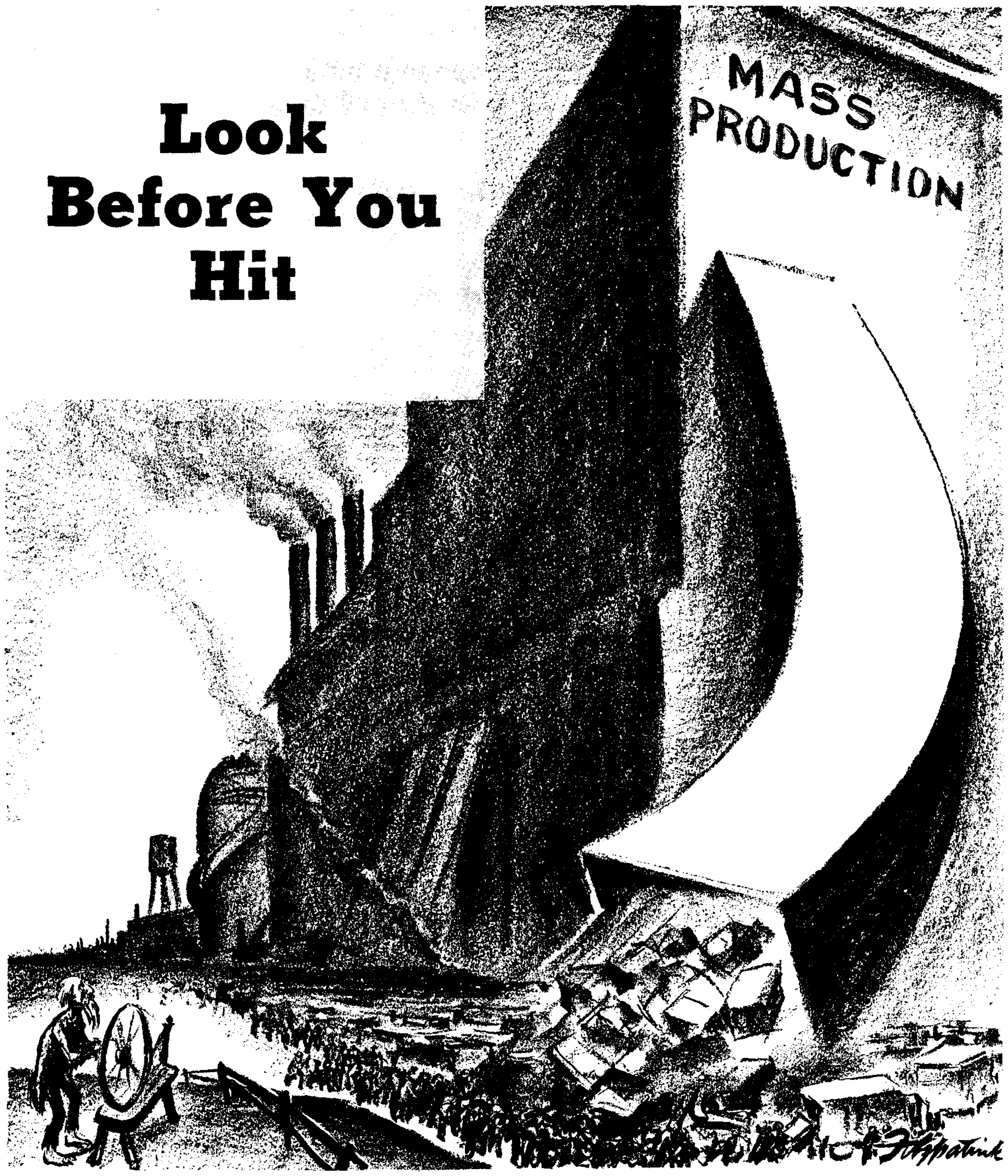


OUR old friend monopoly is about to take another wordy beating from the politicians. In all our star-spangled history a more durable whipping boy has never been found. When other issues lose their magic, it is always possible to denounce monopolies, trusts, banks, corporations or some other variety of organized business.

Monopoly, in the politicians' lingo, merely means large business. Actual monopoly does not exist in the United States except where authorized by law. The Constitution provides for patents, which give to inventors monopoly rights to their inventions. The statutes give railroads and other utilities certain monopoly rights purely for public convenience. These legally authorized monopolies are regulated almost to the point of strangulation by state and national commissions.

The politicians are not talking about public utilities or patents when they denounce monopolies. They merely have in mind business organizations.

The politicians assume that we, as voters, dislike large business concerns. They promise to make the government an ally of those of us who are competing with larger rivals.

The politicians have never been willing to take the trouble to understand the problems they offered to solve. There is no indication of any effort on the part of the government now to understand the facts with which suggested new laws are to deal. Certainly neither Congress nor the Administration has made any thorough inquiry. Like the previous antitrust laws, this season's crop has been improvised. Politicians still rely heavily on last-minute inspiration.

The obvious facts about American business are simple enough. The essential contributions of American business to the world are mass production and mass consumption.

Mass production means large business organizations. You don't find mass production in one-man shops. Maybe the politicians are right in thinking that mass production is unpopular with a majority of the voters. Also, maybe they are wrong.

It is fairly sure that automobiles are popular. More than twenty-eight million motorcars are registered in the United States. We have nearly three fourths of the world's automobiles.

Automobile manufacture is a big business, the biggest in the United States and in the world, for that matter. American manufacturers produce the best cars made and sell them at the lowest prices.

The immense use of automobiles by Americans of all income classes, including those on relief, is possible only because of mass production. If we outlaw mass production, automobiles will be the luxuries of the few, not the possessions of the many. We will hardly permit the politicians to take away our motorcars.

What are the other large businesses that might conceivably be outlawed if the anti-big-business crusade were to be taken seriously?

The electrical industry is highly organized. A few great corporations produce a vast proportion of the electrical utilities we use.

The American girl is the best dressed inhabitant of the globe. She gets her clothes, her shoes, her hats and all of the gadgets that enhance our own sense of well-being from highly organized business.

The establishments that produce clothes for women are smaller and more numerous than those that make motorcars or radios, but the production methods are essentially the same.

The outstanding reality is that American business is the most productive form ever developed by men. More and better goods and services are made available to a larger proportion of the people than anywhere else. We are far from Utopia but we have evolved a system of business that by long odds sustains the highest standard of living ever reached.

You might think that an intelligent politician would seek to discover ways of making our highly productive industry more productive still, so that our standard of living would continue to rise. If the politician had the wisdom to ally himself with the great productive forces that alone can elevate the standard of living of the great masses of the people, he would have a cause capable of inspiring the highest statesmanship. Indeed, we have politicians talking of destroying what they refuse to understand.

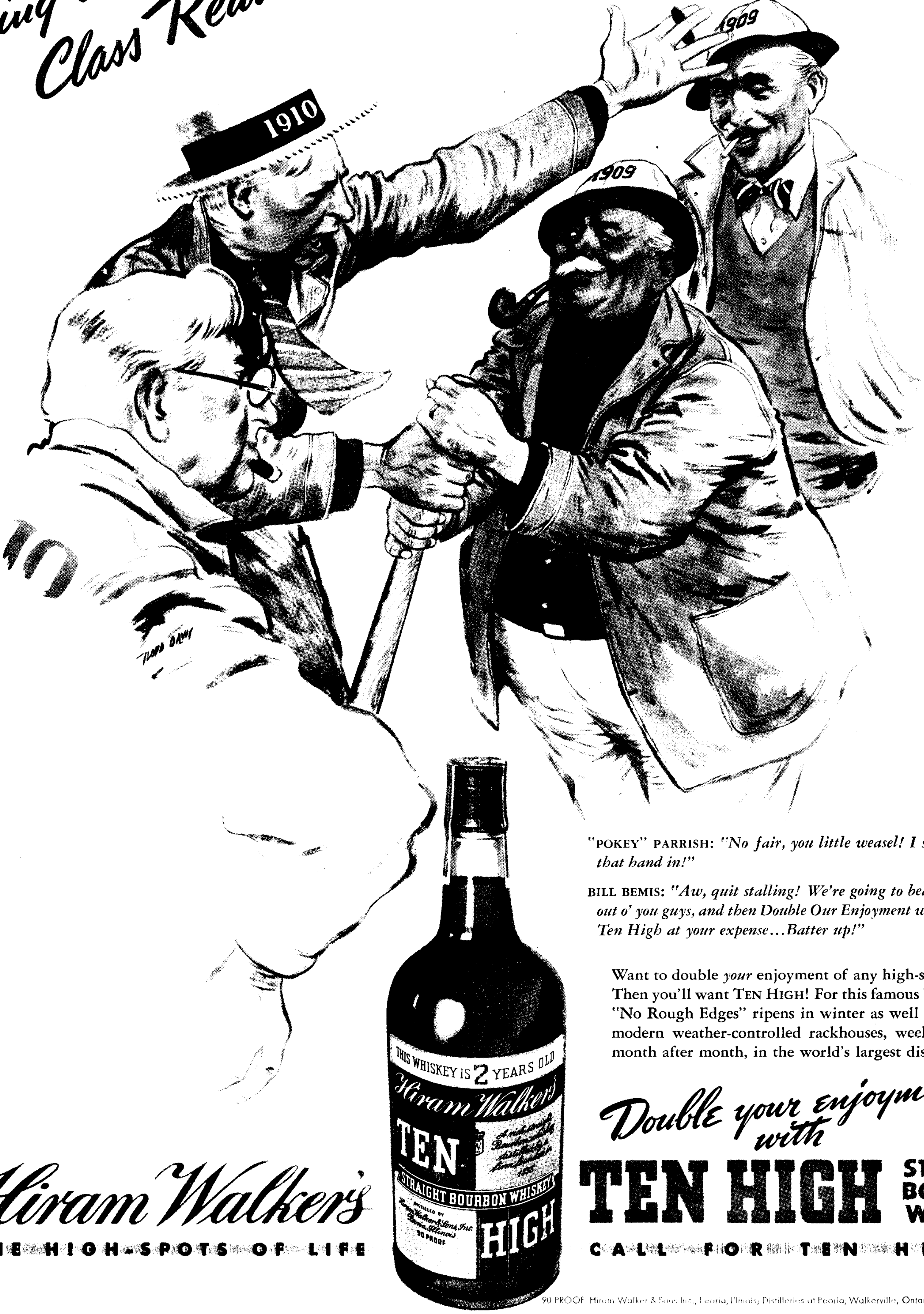
Obviously there are abuses and wrongs in any system of production. In every group there are good and evil men, wise men and fools, the just and the unjust, the greedy and the generous. Human nature continues under all systems to have its endless variety.

The essential problem of government is to police men's activities so that wrong may not be done. The politicians forget this. Instead of seeking to prevent injustice between citizens, they blindly attack a system of production that, by its results as shown in our standard of living, is the best so far devised.

If this Congress, or any Congress, sincerely desires to enact a useful law affecting monopolies or trusts or any of the other manifestations of large-scale enterprise, the first necessary step is to assemble the relevant facts. When the information has been assembled and considered, it will unquestionably be practicable to devise legislation of actual benefit to the great majority of Americans. Improvised laws drafted without investigation will not cure any evils.

Our high standard of living is the practical measure of our system of production and distribution. We want to keep what we have and most of us want to live better, not worse. Politicians will do well to keep this basic fact in mind if they expect to earn the good will of the American people.

Going to your Class Reunion?


1910
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THIS WHISKEY IS 2 YEARS OLD
Hiram Walker's
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH
90 PROOF

"POKEY" PARRISH: *"No fair, you little weasel! I saw you sneak that hand in!"*

BILL BEMIS: *"Aw, quit stalling! We're going to beat the stuffing out o' you guys, and then Double Our Enjoyment with a round of Ten High at your expense...Batter up!"*

Want to double *your* enjoyment of any high-spot occasion? Then you'll want TEN HIGH! For this famous bourbon with "No Rough Edges" ripens in winter as well as summer in modern weather-controlled rackhouses, week after week, month after month, in the world's largest distillery!

Double your enjoyment with

TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

CALL FOR TEN HIGH

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THE HIGH-SPOTS OF LIFE

90 PROOF Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois; Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland

Delicious and Refreshing

ICE-COLD
Coca-Cola
DRINK
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It's part of the game to take "time-out" for ice-cold Coca-Cola . . . adding to relaxation what relaxation always needs, – pure, wholesome refreshment.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES